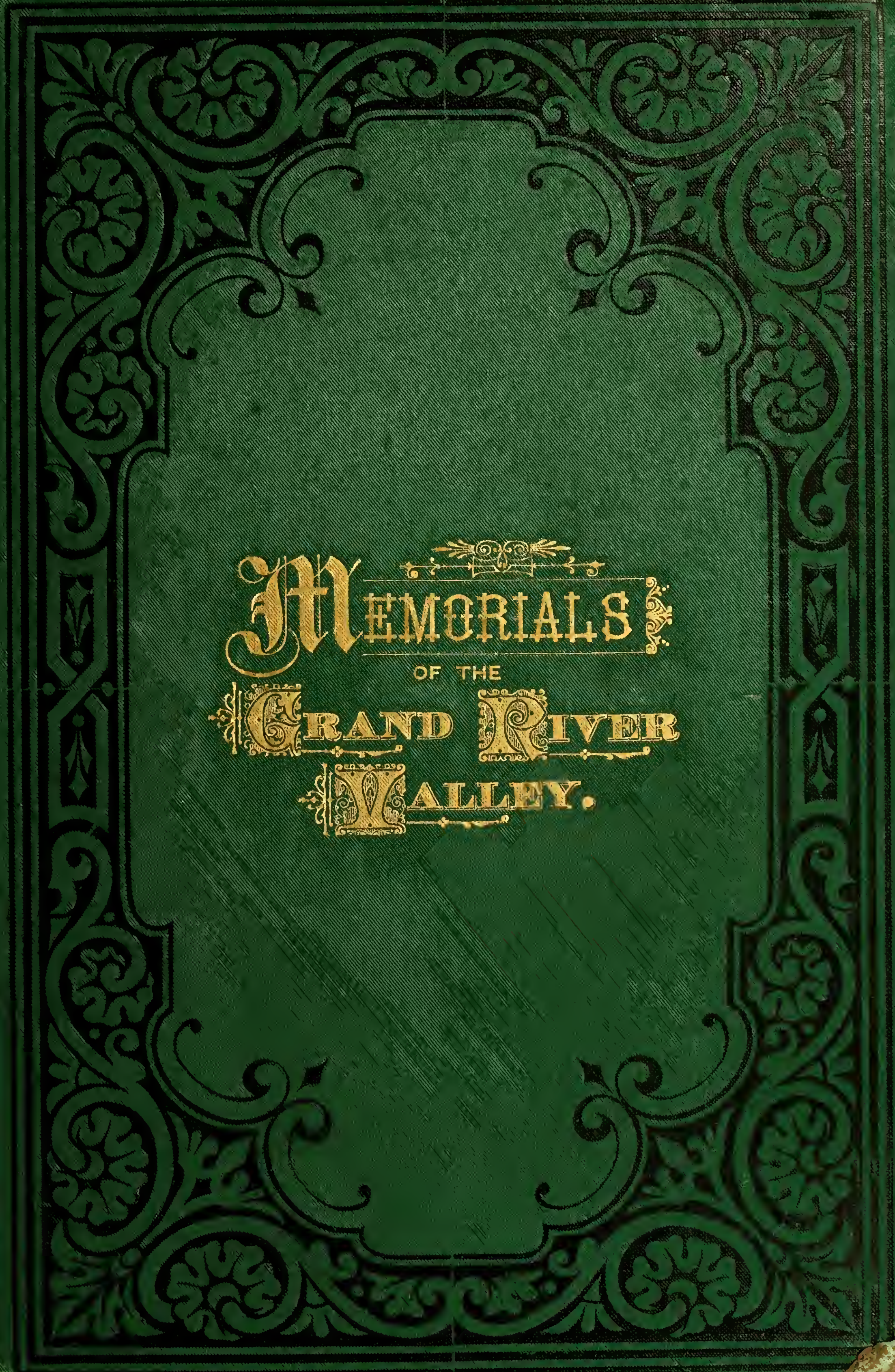

MEMORIALS OF THE GRAND RIVER VALLEY.

CROSSCUP&WEST PHILA.

John Ball.

[*For Sketch of Life see Page 14.*]

MEMORIALS

OF THE

GRAND RIVER VALLEY,

BY

FRANKLIN EVERETT, A. M.

Has Oblivion a right to the Past?

CHICAGO:
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PREFATORY NOTE.

This work was prosecuted under the auspices of the Old Residents' Association of the Grand River Valley, the members of that body having the desire that the scenes of the past should not pass into oblivion.

No pains have been spared to make it authentic, and to render it worthy of the kindly reception of those for whom it was undertaken.

Without the aid of those who felt an interest in the work, it never would and never could have seen the light. Knowing very well that those who have been my patrons would not choose that their names should be given, I must still be indulged in the public expression of my heartfelt thanks to them collectively and individually.

The illustrations are mostly from Crosscup & West, of Philadelphia, and challenge comparison.

For the critical accuracy with which the letter-press is presented, the book is indebted to the accomplished proof-reader, Miss Mary Tomlin, of the Chicago Legal News.

With this brief statement, the work is committed to the public, with the hope that it will not be idly cast aside, or lightly appreciated.

F. E.

Grand Rapids, Nov. 15th, 1877.

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MEMORIALS

OF THE

GRAND RIVER VALLEY.

FIRST OCCUPATION.

That the Grand River Valley was explored by the French Indian Traders, we have authentic traditions. Michigan has long been known, and the two posts, Detroit and Mackinaw, have been occupied for a long time as the centers of the Indian trade, and as military posts. Missionary stations and trading posts had been established before the region was open to actual settlers. So it was with the Grand River Valley. A mission station was established about 1825 on the west side of the river at Grand Rapids, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Slater; and two Indian Traders had located themselves among the Indians. Soon after the treaties had opened the land on the right bank of the river to settlement, Slater and his band moved off. Their history is of little importance here, however interesting in itself. It left no permanent impression. The Indian Traders, too, might be passed by, were it not for the fact that they both became citizens, foremost in developing the region, when the white man took possession. These traders were Rix Robinson and Louis Campau.

These Indian Traders were living on Indian sufferance; had no rights but such as were given by them, and by a license from the Government. There were until 1833, no white persons in the valley, except such as were connected with the Mission, or with the Indian trade.

By common consent Robinson and Campau are considered the pioneers; not merely as Indian Traders, but as settlers, and workers for the settlement and development of the Grand River region. As they will be more particularly spoken of in biographical articles, no more will be said of them in this connection.

The settlers of 1833 are spoken of in connection with the places where they located. The four points occupied that year were Ionia, Grand Rapids, Grandville or Wyoming and Grand Haven. At first there was a diversity of opinion as to where the big town would be. Louis Campau and Lucius Lyon had faith in the Rapids; secured land, and platted it; the one as "Grand Rapids" and the other as "Kent." The settlers at Grandville had faith in their location; and there platted a city. Those who came to Ionia believed in land; and thought less of founding a city than of cultivating the soil.

At and near Grand Rapids we at this time find the Campaus, and those in their employ.

In 1833, and while the settlement was Louis Campau and his dependents, a young physician, Dr. Willson—a man whose name is held in singularly affectionate remembrance—came to try his fortune at the Rapids. He was fresh from the schools, and brought nothing with him but his youthful wisdom and gentlemanly manner; and these were his passport to public confidence, and resulted in perhaps the deepest and most affectionate respect ever felt for any person in the Valley. All concur in pronouncing Dr. Willson *a gentleman*. No single voice has ever claimed for him less than that he was the ideal nobleman—gentle, agreeable, sympathizing, generous, intelligent, manly. He came poor and empty-handed, without medicines or instruments. Mr. Campau liked the young man, and took him under his wing; bought for him a complete set of instruments and a stock of medicines. When the boxes came Willson fairly danced with delight. There was the young Esculapius fairly launched into practice among a population of fifty persons. He died about twelve years afterwards, leaving a great blank—a dark, vacant spot in the

Grand River Valley. The feeling with which the early settlers speak of him, shows how strong a hold he—the manly physician—had on the hearts of the people. May we have many more like him, and fewer of those soulless quacks, whose only object is to grow rich on the sufferings, or unnatural crime of the base, the ignorant or confiding.

It has been said that the basis of civilization is the blacksmith's anvil block. This much is certain: that man can make but little advance in the arts, or anything, that distinguishes savage from civilized life, without the labor and skill of that artisan. The superiority of the Philistines over the Jews is manifest in this: the Jews had no *smiths*. The United States, in their laudable endeavors to civilize the nomadic tribes on our frontiers, do not send the cabinet maker and jeweler, but the farmer and blacksmith.

The first who placed his anvil and bellows in the Grand River Valley, was A. D. W. Stout. His shop was at Grand Rapids, at the foot of Pearl street, where now stands the Opera House. There his bellows breathed its long-drawn sighs, and there he fashioned, first a *fish-spear*, and afterwards the many different articles demanded by the wants of the white man or the Indian. This Mr. Stout was afterwards one of the first settlers of Cannon. At the present writing (1876), he is living in Plainfield. Mr. Campau during this year put up some buildings; built a pole-boat—the "Young Napoleon;" and the same year the Indian Mill was built, on the creek that enters the Grand River in the north part of the city on the west side. Its site was some 60 rods from the mouth of the stream. It was a small concern; just the cheap mill appropriate to the circumstances and time. It was of the old sash saw. flutter-wheel pattern, capable of cutting 1,500 feet of boards in a day. The creek was dammed so as to make a pond; and the stream being insufficient to run the mill continually, it was operated by the pond; that is, when the pond was drawn down, stop until it was filled. The cheap run of stones put in that mill were a wonderful convenience to the inhabitants, as there was no chance for grinding elsewhere nearer than Gull Prairie. The, it is to be hoped, perpetual memento of that mill is the horse-block of the Hon. John Ball. May no sacrilegious hand ever break up those stones. Let them do service in their present conspicuous place, with the addition, that they be inscribed, "The first in the G. R. Valley." They are among the few existing mementos of olden times. The last of the pioneer buildings has given way to something better. The mill-stones may be an historical monument. Perhaps they may become as noted as the "Rock of Plymouth"—the "Blarney Stones" of Grand Rapids. There is this advantage in favor of the Grand Rapids mill-stones: they are an entity, while the Rock of Plymouth is a non-entity. There is no rock at Plymouth, except some scattered boulders, but the poet had sung—

> "The breaking waves dashed high
> On a stern and rock-bound coast;
> And the woods against the stormy sky
> Their giant branches tossed,
> And the heavy night hung dark
> The hills and waters o'er,
> When a band of exiles moored their bark
> On the wild New England's shore."

Great was the dismay, in later times, of those who came as pilgrims to the spot where the May Flower pilgrims landed, to find no "stern and rock-bound coast;" only a sandy beach. And looking for the woods, that tossed their giant branches against the sky, they saw only sand barrens, with scarcely a shrub. Still, like Beecher's dog, Noble, they concluded, as it was poetically a stern and rock-bound coast, a *rock ought to be there.* That so much good poetry might not be spoiled, they found a boulder, and made it *poetically* the rock on which the pilgrims landed.

We are under no such necessity in doing poetic justice to the Indian Mill. The chain of evidence is complete. Many can bear witness to seeing the neglected stones, before Mr. Ball, appreciating their historical importance, elevated them from their obscurity by the side of the brook, and placed them where they are seen of all. Wo to the man who shall remove them from that place, or break a fragment from those consecrated stones. Such a wretch would deserve to be talked to! Let him be compelled to spend a year reading Tupper's poetry! If we knew a direr retribution, we would invoke it upon him.

The same year Mr. Barrigau, since Bishop of the Lake Superior region, came on as a Catholic Missionary among the Indians. He built on the right bank of the river, for a school house and chapel, what was afterwards known on the left bank as the "Yellow Store House." Barrigau, discouraged, went off; and Mr. Campau moved the building across the river on the ice.

It will be seen that a beginning was fairly made in 1833. Five little bands of settlers were in the valley—at Lyons, Ionia, Grand Rapids, Grandville and Grand Haven.

It may not be uninteresting to record how those pioneers performed their journey, and how they fared after their arrival. The only roads were the Indian trails—mere foot-paths. With these for a guide, they cut the roads for their teams as they came along. They camped at night in the woods, and were serenaded by the wolves. Arrived, they lived in huts, until they could build log cabins for the winter. Winter found them almost without food. Flour was not to be thought of. Their life approximated to that of the savage. It was a struggle, not to enjoy life, but to *live.* If one had brought on provisions for his own family, his sympathies led him to divide with those who had not; and, in turn, the common hard fare was his. But the pioneer has faith and hope. The first year struggled through, they have food in store—and *they are rich.*

If the incomer had located on land, he spent the winter in cutting down trees to browse his cattle, and to have a chance in the spring to put in a crop.

Provisions had to be brought around the lakes, or packed in from the southern part of the State. Pork could be bought for $40 a barrel, potatoes for $4 a bushel, and flour was worth a shilling a pound. Those who came in a year or two afterwards, although their privations were many, had not the pioneers' hard lot, and are not entitled to the pioneers' credit. The lips of those old settlers curl with scorn, when we grumble at our food, or apologize for the poorness of our accommodations. Years afterwards, one of them, in the full enjoyment of competence, called at our humble residence. Like a fool, we apologized for the humility of our house. "You should see," said he, "the first house I lived in. Yours is a palace compared with it." We meekly stood reproved, and silently determined never to apologize again, unless we had done wrong; at the same time comforted with the thought, that the house, humble as it was, would be treated with respect by a *gentleman* or *lady;* and that what others thought, was matter of indifference.

If you find yourself cold, and without shelter, a wigwam with a fire is a beautiful thing. If tired, a heap of boughs and a bear skin are a delightful couch. If hungry, a hoe-cake is a feast. Good Christians may now enjoy their fine houses, and the other appliances of wealth ; but with a particular thankfulness they revert to the "good old times" when they lived in a log-house, rode on an ox sled, did their own work, and beguiled their evenings with a Jew's-harp. It did them good to rough it a while. They were better men, and better women all their days from the discipline that taught them the value of simple things.

But it must not be supposed that in this struggle for existence, the pioneer wore a sober face, or moved with the air of a convicted sinner. If such is your idea, we humbly beg you to be undeceived ; for a happier set, be they saint or sinner, do not exist, than those stray denizens of the wood. "Behold a new commandment I give unto you : that ye love one another." Nowhere is the spirit of this so fully appreciated, as in the back-woods. The few are a community, in full fraternity—each a sister or a brother. To the fullest extent they cultivate the social spirit. The hard work of the day done, the evening is for social enjoyment. A *neighbor*, perhaps several miles off, is visited. The welcome to each other's house is hearty and demonstrative. There is no aristocracy; they are all equals. They welcome with a cheer a new arrival ; and it is "Hurrah boys, to put him up a house." He soon finds that a neighbor is a friend, worth a hundred of the thousand *dear friends* he has left behind ; who made use of him, laughed at him behind his back, and deserted when he needed a friend. The settler in the woods is a friend just when a friend is good for something, in the day of trouble and the hour of need ; not a mere machine to help one consume his surplus provisions.

There are seasons of precious enjoyment for pious souls, and for those whose conversation is in things of this world. For the first, a stray preacher of the Gospel penetrates the wilderness. and to them "How beautiful are the feet of those who herald the Gospel of peace!" All far and near are notified that there will be a meeting. At the appointed place and time, all, saint and sinner, are present, and sit around the room in earnest expectancy. The preacher conducts the services; the hungry souls are fed; and they do not criticise. Their ears and hearts are open (that is, the pious ones), and they retire with souls refreshed. Small though the preacher may be, he is welcomed as a preacher of the Gospel; and his address is to them spiritual food. Should we find ourselves a preacher of the Gospel, with talents too small to command a salary, we would scout on the frontiers of civilization, and preach to the settlers in the woods. We should be sure of being appreciated at our highest worth. We should be certain no one would go to sleep while we were holding forth; that the best corner in the cabin would be given us for our repose, and that our coffee would be half molasses—"none too sweet for the minister."

Then, as it regards those who think more of this world than the next; they, too, have their hours of precious enjoyment. To the young man it is poetic, romantic and entrancing to yoke the oxen to the sled, and go to the jollification five miles distant, at the house of Mr. ———. There the lads and the lassies from near and far have met; "soft eyes, et cetera, and et cetera." Mr. Ellis, the fiddler is there, brought from Grand Rapids; and as his bow kisses the strings, light feet and heavy stogas respond in a hearty break-down. Did you ever dance like David, in the ecstacy of devotion? or, without devotion, in the ecstacy of enjoyment? If so, you can appreciate a back-woods dance. They have not the scientific cotillion, or the melancholy minuet. They don't know the steps, nor the calls; but they do know that there is fun for boys and girls shaking themselves to the music of the violin; and they do enjoy the moonlight ride; and the not getting home till morning. Don't pity them too much, you conventional denizens of cities. These back-woods rollickers pity you most contemptuously. Could you have one hour of their whole-hearted abandon, you would thereafter go to a fashionable formal party simply esteeming it a penance due to the sin of crushing out your better nature.

But where are we? In the Grand River Valley in the winter of 1833–4; ruralizing, meditating and philosophizing on the phases of humanity. Let us come back from our generalities, to Grand Rapids in 1834. Grand Rapids will be considered as a center, and not a town. The present city, made equally from two towns, cannot separate its history from them. The center of the settlement was the village.

1833 may be called the year of occupation. A few—a very few—had come in with reference to making homes for themselves. The two years that succeeded had the effect to attract attention; people came with different designs. One of the first ideas was—make use of the water power. In 1834 Abraham S. Wadsworth, a capitalist, came in, and purchased a good deal of land at Grand Rapids and Grand Haven. He expended his fortune in attempts to do business. Wadsworth is recollected by the pioneers, as a whole-hearted, noble fellow; too ardent for a business man, and too visionary to succeed. He did a good deal; but succeeded only in sinking his capital. At Grand Rapids he built the second saw-mill. The recollection now is that he built it in 1834. Its site was, where now is the Hotel at the corner of Canal and Pearl streets. A wing dam was made to turn some of the water to the left bank. An immense reaction wheel was operated by about two feet head of water. The mill never did much, and soon became only a thing of memory. The march of improvement has there filled the river. The spot, however, will ever be historical.

as will Wadsworth's visionary schemes; his labors and his failures.

In 1835, N. O. Sargeant, who also meant business, came on, to sink capital, by doing business on a large scale. He had purchased an interest with Lyon in the Kent Plat. He came in with a posse of Irish to dig a mill-race. His entrance was an "event" in the back-woods town. They entered the place with their picks and shovels on their shoulders; Crampton, a stout Hibernian, leading the van with his bugle, playing "Hail Columbia" and the "Shamrock of Erin" in the "Erin go Unum E Pluribus Bragh" style, as a patriotic expression of Sargeant and his crew. This Crampton played the same bugle on the first steamboat that ascended above the rapids. He afterwards became a thriving farmer in Ada. Old Noon Day thought they were enemies, come to take "Wagoosh" (the Fox), as they called Mr. Campau; and sent to him, offering his protection, and the aid of his band to drive out the invaders. The canal was commenced by Sargeant. But he sold out to C. C. Caroll; and died a year or two after.

The work went on under the name of the Kent Company. This company had great ideas; one of them was a monster mill, and another, a great hotel. The mill was to be a large flouring concern, and a saw mill with one hundred saws. The company laid the foundation of the great hotel at the corner of Bridge and Canal streets The flouring mill was built, and the *foundation* of the saw mill was laid. A "wing dam" was built, running diagonally half way across the river, turning the water through the "guard lock" into the canal, which was to supply the mill. The canal, enlarged, is the present left bank canal. The "wing dam" was near where the present dam crosses the river. The hotel and saw mill did not go up. Their grand enterprises were never realized. It is not to be recorded to the reproach of the Kent Co. that they failed. Who did not fail about that time? None *felt* the darkness of those times more than the inhabitants of pioneer villages. The Kent Co. made a good beginning; and, though they failed to carry out their great designs, they gave Grand Rapids a start, and left as the mementos of the existence of the company, the *canal* and the *flouring mill*, long, and still known as the "Big Mill."

At this time there was a *monthly* mail to Kalamazoo.

Jefferson Morrison and James Lyman and his brother came on to do business as traders. Morrison brought the first stock of goods for "white folks"—in value about $1,500. This store was at the foot of Monroe street. Lyman's store was on Waterloo street.

In 1836, Richard Godfrey built the first steamboat, the "Gov. Mason." It was commanded by Capt. Kanouse. On its first trip down the river, Capt. Stoddard had charge of it. This Capt. Stoddard, who first run a steamboat on the Grand River, died in Barry county, in 1854. In 1838, the Gov. Mason was wrecked off the mouth of the Muskegon river.

The next year—1837—was among other things signalized by the starting of a miserable abortion of a steamboat above the Rapids. It was built by John Lloyd and others, and called the "John Almy." The Judge did not long enjoy the distinguished honor, for the boat never lived to do honor to him or its builder. It did indeed go up the river, Crampton waking the echoes of the woods with his bugle, and causing a few squirrels to climb a little nigher the tree-tops; but she never completed her journey. When she had got as far as the mouth of the Flat River, it became evident that her builder had mistaken her element; and had not thought of fitting her for swimming in the water. She sunk, and the men waded ashore.

In 1834, Joel Guild put up a building at the foot of Pearl street, where now stands the National Bank building; and occupied it as a boarding house and place of entertainment. About the same time Richard Godfrey built a store house some distance below Pearl Street Bridge. Mr. Guild took up land three miles north of the city. He died in 1855.

In 1834–5, arrived Eliphalet and Isaac Turner, Ezekiel Davis, Ezra, Lewis and Porter Reed, Joseph Marion (the first carpenter), Lewis Moran, the Ringnotte brothers (the first shoemakers), —— North (the first millwright), Wm. Godfroy (the first tavern keeper).

1835 closed with a resident population of from 75 to 100, at and around Grand Rapids. The next year the influx of people was great; and the spirit of speculation was rife, not only at that place but along the river. For a view of the place and of the valley in general, at the time selected as the bursting of the bubble, the reader is referred to the article of Mr. Ball. Some particulars will be noticed in addition.

GETTING EXTRAVAGANT.

In 1836, Jefferson Morrison, having been successful in business, having been elected Judge of Probate, and, more than all, being about to get married—*built him a house.* He ever afterwards, with tears of humble penitence, called it "Morrison's Folly." Everything was high, but he *must* have a fine house; so a house he built; finished it in style, and seriously embarrassed himself by so doing; run himself in debt $5,000. This house was near the junction of Monroe and Ottawa streets, where now stands a block of stores. To show the change in the fancy value of real estate: he sold that house to Mr. Campau for $6,000, and took his pay in lots at $1,500 each; and which, in the crash that followed, he could hardly sell for $150. This same house, as good as new, was afterwards bought by Capt. Gunnison for $700. Time did not work a greater change in the valuation of that property, than it did in the other real estate.

In 1837, the first newspaper in the Valley was started—the Grand River *Times.* It was edited by George W. Pattison, who was also its proprietor. The first impression of it is presumed to be in existence now. That impression was made on cloth, and presented to Louis Campau, and always by him sacredly preserved. In that paper, bearing date "April 18th, 1837," the editor announces his intentions in a modest salutatory, and states that the regular issue will be deferred until the 29th. It was then an enterprise to issue that sheet. The place was a mushroom frontier village, and Pattison had no golden prospects before him, when he sent out his comely little sheet. The leading article is here given:

"The Rochester of Michigan" in 1837.

[From the Grand River Times, April 18, 1837.]

Though young in its improvements, the site of this village has long been known and esteemed for its natural advantages. It was *here* that the Indian Traders long since made their grand depot. It was at this point that the missionary herald established his institution of learning—taught the forest child the beauty of civilization, and inestimable benefits of the Christian religion. This *has* been the choicest, dearest spot to the unfortunate Indian, and *now is* the pride of the white man. Like other villages of the West, its transition from the savage to a civilized state, has been as sudden, as its prospects are now flattering.

Who would have believed, to have visited this place two years since, when it was only inhabited by a *few families*, most of whom were of French origin, a people so eminent for exploring the wilds and meandering rivers, that *this* place would now contain its twelve hundred inhabitants? Who would have imagined that thus rapid would have been the improvement of this romantic place? The rapidity of its settlement is beyond the most visionary anticipation; but its location, its advantages, and its clime, were sufficient to satisfy the observing mind, that nothing but the frown of Providence could blast its prospects!

The river upon which this town is situated, is one of the most important and delightful to be found in the country—not important and beautiful alone for its clear, silver-like water winding its way through a romantic valley of some hundred miles, but for its width and depth, its susceptibility for steam navigation, and the immense hydraulic power afforded, at this point.

We feel deeply indebted to our Milwaukee friends for their lucid description of the advantages to be derived from a connection of the waters of this river with those of Detroit, by canal or railroad. A canal is nearly completed around the Rapids at this place, sufficiently large to admit boats to pass up and down, with but little detention. Several steamboats are now preparing to commence regular trips from Lyons, at the mouth of the Maple River, to this place, a distance of sixty miles; and from this to Grand Haven, a distance of thirty-five or forty miles; thence to Milwaukee and Chicago.

Thus the village of Grand Rapids, with a navigable stream—a water power of twenty-five feet fall—an abundance of crude building materials—stone of excellent quality—pine, oak and other timber in immense quantities within its vicinity, can but flourish—can but be the Rochester of Michigan! The basement story of an extensive mill, one hundred and sixty by forty feet, is now completed; a part of the extensive machinery is soon to be put in operation. There are now several dry good and grocery stores—some three or four public houses—one large church erected, and soon to be finished in good style, upon the expense of a single individual, who commenced business a few years ago, by a small traffic with the Indians. Such is the encouragement to Western pioneers! The village plat is upon a bold bank of the river, extending back upon an irregular plain, some eighty to a hundred rods, to rising bluffs, from the base and sides of which some of the most pure, crystal-like fountains of water burst out in boiling springs, pouring forth streams that murmur over their pebbly bottoms, at once a delight to the eye, and an invaluable luxury to the thirsty palate.

New England may surpass this place with her lofty mountains, but not with her greatest boast—purity and clearness of water. Our soil is sandy, and mostly dry. The town is delightful, whether you view it from the plain, upon the banks of the river, or from the bluffs that overlook the whole surrounding country. To ascend these bluffs, you take a gradual rise to the height of a hundred feet, when the horizon only limits the extent of vision. The scenery to an admirer of beautiful landscape is truly picturesque and romantic. Back, east of the town, is seen a wide-spread plain of burr-oak, at once easy to cultivate, and inviting to the agriculturalist. Turning westward, especially at the setting of the sun, you behold the most enchanting prospect—the din of the ville below—the broad sheet of water murmuring over the Rapids—the sunbeams dancing upon its swift gliding ripples—the glassy river at last losing itself in its distant meanderings, presents a scenery that awakes the most lively emotions. But the opposite shore, upon which you behold a rich, fertile plain, still claims no small amount of admiration. Near the bank of the river is seen the little rude village of the more civilized Indians—their uncouth framed dwellings—their little churches and their mound-like burying places. The number and size of the mounds which mark the spot where lies the remains of the proud warrior, and the more humble of his untamed tribe, too plainly tell the endearments of that lovely plain to the native aborigines, and how quick the mind will follow the train of associations to by-gone days, and contrast these reflections with present appearances. Thus we see the scenes of savage life, quickly spread upon the broad canvas of the imagination—the proud chieftain seated, and his tribe surrounding the council fires—the merry war-dance—the wild amusements of the "red man of the forest," and as soon think of their present unhappy condition ; the bright flame of their lighted piles has been extinguished, and with it has faded the keen, expressive brilliancy of the wild man's eye! Their lovely *Washtenang*, upon which their light canoes have so long glided, is now almost deserted!

It is from this point, too, that you can see in the distance the evergreen tops of the lofty pine, waving in majesty above the sturdy oak, the beech and maple, presenting to the eye a wild, undulating plain, with its thousand charms. Such is the location, the beauties and the advantages of this youthful town. The citizens are of the most intelligent, enterprising and industrious character. Their buildings are large, tasty and handsomely furnished —the clatter of mallet and chisel—the clink of hammers—the *many* newly raised and recently covered frames—and the few skeleton boats upon the wharves of the river, speak loudly tor the enterprise of the place! Mechanics of all kinds find abundance of employ, and reap a rich reward for their labor. Village property advances in value, and the prospect of wealth is alike flattering to all! What the result of such advantages and prospects will be, time alone must determine.

But a view of this place and its vicinity, where we find a rich and fertile soil, watered with the best of springs, and enjoying as we do a salubrious climate, a healthful atmosphere, and the choicest gifts of a benign Benefactor, would satisfy almost any one that *this* will soon be a bright star in the constellation of Western villages. Such, gentle reader, is a faint description of the place from which our paper hails—from which, we hope, will emanate matter as pleasing and interesting, as the town is beautiful and inviting!

BALL'S STATEMENT.

The following communication was sent by the Hon. JOHN BALL to the "Old Settlers' Association." Being a man who has always moved with his eyes in his head, it is specially valuable. To relieve it from the charge of egotism, it is but proper to say, that the design of the communication was to give a sketch of his own personal relations to the Grand River Valley in early times:

"Having resided some years at Troy and Lansingburg, N. Y., in that year of speculation, 1836, I entered into a contract with Dr. T. C. Brinsmaid, Dr. F. B. Leonard, Mr. J. E. Whipple, and a Mr. Webster, of those places, to go West, and invest for them, on speculation, so much money as *they* would supply, for *I had none.* The talk was, some sixty or eighty thousand dollars; but, from the change of times, it ended at about ten thousand. I was to operate in any of the Western (not slave) States; buy and sell in my own name, and receive for my services one-fourth of the profits. So, in September of that year I left Troy, and came to Detroit. There I was offered city property, but prices seeming high, I concluded that government broad acres would be a surer thing than corner-lots. From what I learned there and what I had learned before, I made up my mind that the Grand River district was the *promised* land, or at least the most *promising* one for my operations. So I purchased a horse, and mounting him, I started out through mud which I found so deep that I was unable to trot him until I got to Ypsilanti. I reached Ann Arbor the first day, where I fell in with some New York State acquaintances, traveling the same way. The next day we arrived at Jacksonburg (as it was then called), and the next at

JOHN BALL.

Mr. Ball was born in a little log cabin on Tenney's Hill, in Hebron, N. H., Nov. 12, 1794. He was the youngest of ten children. His early years were passed out of society, with no school advantages except such as were afforded by a winter school of about two months. Liking books better than hard work on the farm, and feeling that if he had a chance he could be something more than a poor plodding being, he became impatient, and importuned his father to let him go away to school. Consent was obtained, and for a time he studied with a clergyman, who had a few pupils. Here he pursued English studies with great diligence, so that after a few months his teacher set him to studying Latin.

Religiously trained at home, he, at the early age of twelve years, became skeptical, thoughtful and an independent thinker. He must see and realize for himself. The result has been with him as with thousands of others not anchored in unquestioning faith, he has ever been the prey of doubts and fears—uncertain, as all will be, who, by searching, try to find out God. Under the kindly encouragement of his teacher, he resolved to concentrate all his energies upon the one great object—an education. He fitted for col-

Marshall. From there, going to Kalamazoo, I met for the first time one Mr. Robert S. Parks. I then urged my friends to continue their journey with me north, but they declined, saying they were unwilling to risk their lives and health by going any further into the woods. Having roughed it some before that time, it sounded to me rather unmanly. Having bid good-bye to my traveling companions, the next day I mounted my pony and started, without any special fear and trembling, alone.

When I left Troy, at the urgent request of my friends I purchased a pair of pistols, and put them in my *trunk*. I left them in my trunk at Detroit, not wishing the trouble of carrying them, though I had considerable gold in my saddlebags. Everybody then carried money, and traveled on highways and by-ways; stopped by dozens in the same log cabins, and slept in the same common garret; thrusting their saddlebags and packages loosely under their beds, and perhaps leaving them there for days, though heavy with specie—for then only specie bought government lands. Still there were no robberies heard of. Nevertheless, it must be confessed, in bargaining, people did not always show themselves saints without guile.

I came on through Gull Prairie, where were a few settlers; and found no more until I arrived at Yankee Springs. There I stopped and enjoyed Lewis' rousing fire, and partook of his

lege at Salisbury Academy, living in the most economical way, and supporting himself as best he could. He entered Dartmouth College, and like thousands of other poor, but energetic boys, *went through*, helping himself by teaching and work, and by the backing of some friends. And here let the writer say, that any young man who has a mind *worth* educating, *can* educate himself. His character and his energy will open the way. Knowledge is not locked from the *poor;* it is from the indifferent.

After graduating, he went to Lansingburg, N. Y., where he taught school—studied law for two years. Then he started out to seek his fortune; went to Darien, Georgia. Was wrecked on the passage, but fortunately all but one got ashore with their lives. At Darien he kept a private school. The next summer he returned to New York, resumed the study of law; and in due time was admitted to practice.

He was soon after elected Justice of the Peace at Lansingburg. The death of his brother-in-law necessitated the abandonment of legal practice, and his devotion to the interests of the estate for two years.

wife's good cheer, as many of you have done. Continuing my journey, the next day I came to Mr. Leonard's, on the Thornapple, and observing some books drying in the sun, I was informed that the day before the stage wagon had spilled its baggage while crossing the river, and that the trunk containing these books was not at the time recovered; that it belonged to a Mr. Johnson, a lawyer, who was bound to Grand Rapids. This was Simeon Johnson, whom every old settler well remembers. I forded the river without wetting my boots. But then I did not go through that deep hole into which some sinners, for sport, one time led their fellow travelers.

Being bound for Ionia, on arriving at the McNaughton place, on the Little Thornapple, I took what was called the Flat River trail, which led to the Grand River at what is now Lowell. Arriving there, I stopped with Mr. Marsac, an Indian Trader, brother of our late worthy Mrs. Louis Campau. This was my arrival in the Grand River Valley, and the 14th day of October, 1836. Marsac and the Robinsons, at the mouth of the Thornapple, were the only people between Grand Rapids and Ionia. But soon after, Lewis Robinson settled at the mouth of Flat River, and Mr. Daniels and others in Vergennes.

The next day I went up the trail on the north side of the river to Ionia, and put up with Mr. Yeomans, since known as

Free once more, with a restless longing to visit other regions, in conjunction with a gentleman from Boston, he set out in the spring of 1832, for Oregon. On their overland journey they joined a party of mountain fur-traders at Independence. In this route, Mr. Ball passed over the same region that Fremont had the honor of exploring ten years later. On his return, at the request of Prof. Silliman, he gave the result of his observations in a series of articles in the *Journal of Science*. These articles were considered an important contribution to geographical science. Mr. Ball has not, as he should have done, vindicated his priority to Fremont.

He spent a year in Washington Territory, in the winter teaching the half-breeds at Fort Vancouver, and the next summer in starting a farm. He got tired of farming, sold his crops to the fur company, went to California, and from there to the Sandwich Islands—"Restless ever; ever roving."

Having seen what was worth seeing among the Islands of the Pacific, cruising awhile on a whaler, he turned himself homeward, and we find him soon in the Grand River Valley.

"Judge," who was then living in his original cabin. There I again met with Mr. Parks, and, as was no unusual thing then, occupied the same common room or chamber with him and his wife. There were many visiting the land office there, so every house and place was full, and there were so many purchasers, that Mr. Hutchinson, the receiver, soon took in silver to the amount of his bail, and had to shut up the office, and cart the silver through the woods to Detroit.

Having nothing else to do, a fellow boarder, Mr. Anderson, and myself mounted our horses, and put out to look for pine lands down in Ottawa, and came the first day to Grand Rapids. This was my first visit. We put up at the Eagle Tavern, then the only one in the place, and kept by Wm. Godfroy. It was then November, the nights cold, the house not plastered, the house full—two in a bed. When the lights were out, I heard from all quarters, bitter complaints of bed fellows that they *pulled the clothes off;* not just understanding that the coverings being narrow Indian blankets, if a man covered himself, he uncovered his neighbor. I rather enjoyed the complaining.

The next morning we rode down to Grandville before breakfast. There being no tavern, we were directed to Mr. Charles Oakes for accommodations. They answered that they could feed our horses, but not us; but after urging our necessities, Mrs. Oakes was moved to compassion, and gave us a cup of

As his history subsequently is given in the valuable contribution from his pen on the early times, which here appears, we will summarily dismiss Mr. Ball.

He has gone through a long life with his eyes open; has traveled extensively in Europe and America; has been a close observer of men and of nature; has in an uncommon degree won the confidence of those who have known him, and now at the advanced age of 82, is erect and athletic in person, and with intellectual powers unshaken by age, is still the careful observer and student of nature.

He has always been characterized by the youthfulness of his feelings, and by his love for, and interest in, the young. With them he has always been the genial associate and wise counsellor. Known as "Honest John Ball," he has made his mark on the financial, social, educational and moral interests of the Grand River Valley. He, in independent, cheerful age, is biding his time. He has the happiness of knowing that he is appreciated, and of feeling that he has good years of life still before him.

good coffee. But then we wanted something to carry into the woods, and were told that there was nothing to be had in the village; but that on our way a Mr. Ketchum was building a mill, and there we could get plenty. But on arriving there, where Jennison's planing mill now is, they informed us that all they had was some flour and beef. So we waited until they baked a loaf of bread, which we took, and some of the uncooked beef; put into the woods, and took our course to a point where we had some vague information there was pine timber. This brought us, at dark, into the south part of what is now the town of Blendon, and we camped on a branch of the Black River. During the night, we heard the deer tramping about us in the leaves, attracted, probably, by the fire; and the wolves, as usual, howling in the distance. The next morning we explored about for a time, but not finding what we were looking for, we turned to come out, for we had taken but one day's provisions. But after a time we found ourselves in the midst of a fine tract of pine timber, and immediately turned away to see its extent, and under the excitement kept on until dark. Then we lay down without supper, in order to have something for breakfast. On waking in the morning, we found our blankets covered with snow, and being still in the pines, we were unwilling to give it up until we had explored still further. We finally struck down towards the river, expecting to find some road leading out, but there was none. We met some Indians on the river, and offered them three dollars to bring us up to Grandville in their canoes. But they declined, and we tramped on, over bluffs and through swamps, till dark; kindled a fire with our last match, and lay down, hungry and weary. The next morning we got out to Grandville about 9 o'clock, and succeeded in getting something to eat, notwithstanding the scarcity. As yet nothing had been raised in Kent county or Ottawa, and nothing like a supply in Ionia; and all had to be brought by way of the Lakes from Buffalo or Cleveland. But we had not explored the lands minutely enough for purchasing. So, a short time after, my man, his son and myself, with a tent and better outfit, went in again, and spent two or three days. Giving them quite a bonus for their interest in the lands, I entered the whole tract, 41 eighty-acre lots, in my own name—the same lands from which the Blendon Company, long afterwards, lumbered. This company were the Messrs. Brinsmaid, Leonard and Whipple, mentioned before as furnishing the capital with which I operated. Finding the prospects of profit so small, I had before given them a deed of the lands, charging nothing for my services. *Speculation* No. 1.

I was little at Grand Rapids the first fall and winter I was in the State. But at one time, when there, I went up through the mud and among the stumps, to Bridge street, where Mr. Coggershall lived, and met a man at an office west of his house, and asked him the price of lots. He—it was Judge Almy—answered, that on Canal and Kent streets they were $50 a front foot, or $2,500 a lot. I did not invest, and made no further inquiry about lots in Grand Rapids.

One time, in the winter, I was at Grandville, wishing to look for lands farther down the river, a Mr. White and some other Grand Haven men there invited me to go down the river on the ice with them. They had a cutter, and the ice being smooth, we all rode. Arriving at Grand Haven, I stopped at Mr. Luke White's, where I got acquainted with T. D. Gilbert, Esq., Rev. Mr. Ferry, Mr. Troop, Capt. White, and most of the then few inhabitants of the place. I then employed a half-breed man, a brother of Mrs. Oakes, to go with me into the woods, though it was mid-winter and the snow knee-deep. We went out south, to and up the creek that falls into Port Sheldon Lake, and so, about the woods for four or five days, and came out at the mouth of the Bass River. When night came on, we encamped in the lee of some fallen tree, scraped away the snow, collected hemlock boughs for a bed, built up a rousing fire, and made ourselves very comfortable. But it was by the skill of my companion, for he was an old hunter, and knew well how to make camp. But I found no land that I thought it an object to purchase, so I came up to Grandville, and went out into what is now Byron. When there, Mr. Nathan Boynton, with his brothers, Perry and William, as boarders, were the only inhabitants. There I found some 1,000 acres of good farming land, which I bought. I think Mr. Osgood and Mr. Blake had then came to Grandville, and were keeping the first tavern there.

I passed part of the winter at Detroit, going and returning by different routes. One time I went directly south from Ionia, on a trail to Marshall, passing through Vermontville and Bellevue; stopped at the former place over night, finding there only three families. At Detroit I met Capt. Victor Harris, and told him about the Grand River country. Gov. Mason, Mr. Schoolcraft, with his half-breed wife, and many members of the Legislature, boarded at the American, where I had taken up my quarters. Judge Almy was the member from the Grand River district.

They legislated boldly that winter; passed the law for making the $5,000,000 loan; for the survey of three railroads and two canals across the State; and the general wild-cat banking law.

One day I was walking along Jefferson avenue, and overtook two boys talking, and there was the discharge of a cannon. One boy said to the other, "Now, Michigan is a State." And so it was. They were firing at the news of its admission. just from Washington. This was in February. But though just admitted, it had been running on its own account from October, 1835; had had the Toledo war, and all that. Finally she submitted, and took the Upper Peninsula.

I returned by what was called the "Northern Route;" found Pontiac a little village. They were building a mill at Fenton. Elisha Williams was the only man in Shiawassee county, and Scott in Clinton. So it was a day's journey from house to house. From Scott's there was a trail direct to Lyons, through the dense timber, 25 miles, and another road by Portland, where there were a few families. I well recollect finding very comfortable quarters in the tavern at Lyons, kept by Judge Lyon. One day, coming from Ionia, I was intending to stop at Mr. Edward Robinson's, but, from the snow drifted on the open Indian fields, lost my track, and turned back to a shanty where some men were building a block house, which was afterwards the tavern of Ada. They very kindly invited me to stop with them, saying they could put my horse in the shed, and could give me lodgings; and thus I should be the first traveler stopping at a public house in that place. One of these persons was Mr. Burnett. I traveled all winter on horse-back. Although the sleighing was good, I did not trust its continuance.

My business had led me to travel much up and down the Grand River country, and I had become more acquainted with the people elsewhere than at Grand Rapids. But in the spring of 1837, I sat down at Grand Rapids to make it my permanent home. I boarded at the Eagle, then kept by our late Mr. Moran. The *three brothers* Nelson were boarders, and had a store opposite. Being a little suspicious of Indian sugar, they used to bring sugar from the store for their tea and coffee. Charles Taylor had his shop over their store, and Horsford Smith had a store further down the street. Waterloo was then rather the business street. There were two warehouses on the river below, and two at the foot of Monroe street. Uncle Louis Campau's mansion is still a part of the Rathbun House. Richard Godfrey had a like house where the Catholic church was built (the sad fate of that house is elsewhere noted), and Myron Hinsdill lived where is now the Morton House. There was also a building on the north side of Monroe street, in which Drs. Willson and Shepard had their office, and Esquire Beebe (I think) his justice office. Dea. Page, with his three beautiful daughters, Mrs. Richmond one of them, and Judge Almy, lived where Butterworth & Lowe's machine shop now is; and A. D. Rathbun had a shanty office near Bronson street.

Though there were but few houses, there were a good many people. There were the brothers Lyman, and Edward Emerson, and then, or soon after, one Fuller. I cannot say precisely who were in Grand Rapids, as they were coming in fast, and all full of hope for a continuance of good money-making times that would make all rich. The citizens were friendly and social; a stranger was kindly welcomed, and all soon became acquainted. Quite a number of us who well recollect those good old times, are still here.

There were many others. Mr. Thompson was the first keeper of the Bridge Street House, and then Gen. Withey. Wm. Richmond was clerk of the Kent Company. Mr. Calder had a store near Mr. Coggershall's; Ed. Emerson, one on Canal street; and many French people had followed Uncle Louis—the Godfroys, Mr. Marion, and many mechanics, who, after the change of times, went to St. Louis and other parts.

The settlers out of the village were Judge Davis, and the Reeds out by the lake; Alvan Wansley, the Messrs. Guild and Burton, by the Fair Grounds; Esquires Chubb and Howlett towards Grandville; and then, over the river, Mr. E. Turner, Capt. Sibley, the Messrs. Davis, and afterwards, Mr. Scribner.

Others had gone upon the lately purchased Indian lands, and soon many more came in, and went upon the unsurveyed lands north of the Grand River.

There was no grist mill this side of one near Gull Prairie, nor was there need of any; for the little grain raised, whether wheat or oats, was bought up for horse feed, at $2 per bushel. There was a saw mill about where Sweet's Hotel now stands; one where the plaster mill stands, at Plaster Creek, and the Indian Mill, on Indian Mill Creek. They did put into the last named mill a run of granite stones to crack corn, and the like. At a later day, *coming in possession of that property after the mill had disappeared*, I removed these stones to the front of my house, where they are an historical horse-block.

The Indians still lived on the west side of the river, and planted large fields of corn. They had a little church and a priest—the simple-hearted and good Vizoski. Horace Grey and his brother Lyman were also here; and that spring Horace and I went down the river to Grand Haven in a kind of keelboat, sailed by Capt. Sibley, and propelled by the current. We walked down the lake shore to Muskegon, where were then living only Mr. Lasley and Mr. Trottier (called Trucky), Indian Traders. Martin Ryerson, the last time I saw him, told me *he* was then clerk of Trottier, at $8 per month. On our return up the river, we came as far as Yeomans (Lamont) in a little "dug-out" canoe, as big as a clam-shell. Stopping over night, we concluded that it would be easier to foot it up through the woods than to paddle the canoe around by the river. On our way, who should we meet but Capt. Victor Harris, who said he had come out to the Grand River on my recommendation of the country when he met me in Detroit.

That spring there was great activity in business here and all over the country, and an expectation of a continuance of the good times. But, as unexpected as a sudden thunder-storm, a change came over the country. The New York Legislature passed a law authorizing the banks to suspend specie payment; and Gov. Mason convened ours for the same purpose. At that extra session they not only authorized the banks then in operation to suspend, but also such banks as should go into operation under the general banking law lately passed; which resulted in the killing of 40 wild-cat banks.

When I left Detroit in April, all was hope and expectation of as good a season for speculation as the preceding one; but when there again in June, all the plats of choice lands and villages were removed from the walls of the hotels and public places, and all faces had so changed that one could hardly recognize his acquaintances; and it was taken as an insult for one to speak of land operations. But we were so deep in the woods that we did not seem to realize, for some time, the great change that had come over the rest of the world.

Among the Grand Rapids' enterprises, a steamboat had been bought at Toledo to run on the Grand River. But on the way it was wrecked on Thunder Bay Island, of Lake Huron. But the engine was saved and brought around, and Mr. Richard Godfrey built a boat, which made its first trip down to Grandville on the 4th of July. We had quite a celebration; an oration on the boat, and great rejoicing generally on that account.

Though I met no one in the Grand River Valley who had ever seen me before I came into the State, still, strangely, they nominated and elected me to the Legislature, to represent the Grand River district, consisting of Ottawa, Kent, Ionia and Clinton counties. Almy and some others were aspirants, and had their friends, still, my nomination was almost unanimous. Capt. Stoddard (captain of the steamboat), a brother-in-law of Mr. Bostwick, was the Whig candidate; a worthy man, who lived afterwards at Charlotte.

There were then the two taverns—the Bridge Street and the Eagle. The convention was held at the Bridge Street House, and I was boarding at the Eagle. In the evening who should arrive but the Hon. C. C. Woodbridge, the Whig candidate for Governor—out canvassing. He was acquainted with the landlady, Mrs. Moran, and she introduced me to him. He inquired of me for his friends—Messrs. Henry, Bostwick and Stoddard. So, after he had taken his supper, I showed him where they lived. The gentlemen being out, I introduced him to the ladies. The next morning, on meeting Mr. Trowbridge, he expressed, as well he might, his surprise at seeing in the backwoods such a circle of accomplished ladies; and, also, that a political opponent should have been so civil to him.

There were but five places of holding the polls—there being but five organized townships in the four counties. In Kent county, Byron and Kent; in Ionia county, Ionia and Maple; and in Clinton county, DeWitt. The election was held at the Bridge Street Hotel. All the voters of Ottawa county came up on the steamboat, and, in a line, marched to the polls. I was elected by a large majority, and in January, 1838, went to Detroit on horseback. The going was very bad, for there had been heavy rains and snow. At Detroit I put up at the National, now the Russell House.

The great questions before the Legislature that winter, were the location of the railroads, and the amount to be expended on each road. For the improvement of the Grand and Maple Rivers, $30,000 was appropriated, which was applied to improving the harbor at Grand Rapids, clearing out the river channel at the foot of Monroe street, and removing the sunken logs all the way up the river to Lyons. Several towns were organized. In OTTAWA, Ottawa, Georgetown and Talmadge; in KENT, Grand Rapids, Paris, Walker, Plainfield, Ada and Vergennes. Some titles were given in the military line: Gen. Withey and Col. Finney. Rix Robinson was made one of the five internal improvement commissioners. There was a law passed authorizing Kent county to borrow money to build a court house; Squire Abel and Judge Davis were the supervisors of the county, and Squire Abel came in to borrow money from the school-fund to build the said court house. In his hurry, he got the money, much of it the bills of the failing wild-cat banks; and I fear the county has some of it still on hand.

The troubles in Canada resulted in bringing many settlers to the Grand River Valley.

I must say a word about banking at Grand Rapids. There was the Grand River Bank, of which Almy was president and Richmond cashier. It was in the office of the Kent Co., on Bridge street. Mr. Coggershall and some others became dissatisfied, and undertook to establish another bank, to be located in the Campau plat part of the village. They got a room over Smith & Evans' store, about where the west part of Luce's Block now is; and, after much urging, Louis Campau consented to be president, and Sim. Johnson to be cashier. They named it the "People's Bank;" got plates engraved, and some bills struck off, and even put in circulation. The capital stock was $100,000. So, under the law, it required $30,000 in specie to start on. Being all ready, as they claimed, they sent for the Bank Commissioner, Digby V. Bell, to come, make examination, and put the bank in legal operation. But instead of finding the required amount of specie, he found but $6,000; and they proposed to make up the rest by a draft of Mr. Coggershall, of $20,000, on a broker in New York, and one of Mr. Ketchum, on Chicago, for the balance. Mr. Bell did not see the propriety of the arrangement, and said it would not do; so what next was to be done? They not only had bills out, but they had received deposits; and the specie shown, I suppose, was deposited to be drawn out as soon as the bank was in operation. They were very anxious to go on in some way, and so far satisfied the commissioner that they could, that he agreed to give them a month for the purpose. But then it was to be on the condition that the means on hand should go into the hands of a receiver, for the security of the bill-holders and depositors. When it was talked over who that man should be, they could agree on no one but myself. I did not at all like any connection with the matter, but, after much urging, consented to it. It was to be kept as it was for the month, except to pay out to such cash depositors as should claim their money, and to redeem their bills then in circulation. Without any formality Mr. Bell handed me the keys of the safe, and said there was about such an amount of specie in this safe; and bills, and what he had passed upon as specie equivalent, in the other.

You will see now why I speak so particularly of this "People's Bank." The next morning, on opening the safe containing the paper deposits, I found missing some $2,000. I felt it rather an awkward predicament. But soon Mr. Campau came in, and said there were two keys to that safe, and he thought Mr. Cook had the other one. After a time, Judge Morrison came in, and said that while Mr. Ball was at dinner yesterday, he took the missing money from the safe, and carried it to the cashier, Mr. Johnson, who was sick at his room. More of the money was soon drawn out by depositors and billholders; and when the month came round they were no better prepared to go into operation than before, and I had to keep charge still longer. But, wishing to go East, Mr. Bostwick took charge of what there was left, and I went back to Troy, having been absent two years, instead of a few months, as I expected when I left there.

After visiting for a time, I picked up my law library, rather scattered through the offices of the city, and returned to Grand Rapids, to the surprise of some; for it had been reported that I was not going to come back, otherwise they said I should have been again nominated for the Legislature. As it was, they had just put in nomination C. A. Finney. I was afterwards, in 1840, put in nomination for the Senate, to be beaten by H. P. Bridge, the opposing candidate.

When I first came to Grand Rapids, Louis Campau was said to be worth $100,000; but when the change of times came, he made an assignment of all his property for the benefit of his creditors, except the Old Congregational Church, which he deeded to his mother. He had built that church for the Catholics, and they held meetings in it for some. It was to be paid for by the bishop; but from some disagreement, he did not take it. After a time she sold it to the Congregational Society, reserving, however, the iron cross, the same that has since surmounted the stone church. I drew the deed from Mrs. Campau. Mr. Ballard was present, and urged not to have the cross excepted in the deed, saying that he could worship under the cross. But she would not consent. When they wanted to take it down, men were sent up to remove it. They built a staging, and tried to lift it out of the timber in which it stood. When they found they could not, they sawed it off. Owing to a defect in their arrangements, it fell to the ground, and in falling, carried with it one of the men, a Mr. Post, who, of course, was instantly killed. At the time I was standing on the steps of the National Hotel, with D. V. Bell, who remarked of the man being killed: "It has only knocked the shell off." This was by no means said in a thoughtless manner, but to express his religious views, that the body was not the real man.

Mr. Campau had erected a number of other buildings, among them the Eagle Tavern, the yellow store, and a dwelling for his brother Touissant, on the corner where Luce's Block now stands. He had started Touissant in business, and becoming surety for his goods, probably occasioned the necessity of his making an assignment. Still he had considerable left after all his debts were paid. His brother Antoine, C. P. Walker and Judge Martin were his assignees.

Times became very dull in our valley, and there was very little increase in the population. In Grand Rapids, there was a decrease. Emigration all went past us to Illinois and Wisconsin. There was no money, and our merchants, who tried to do business, had to trust the farmers on the strength of their growing crops. But the wheat, when raised, brought but three shillings a bushel, so there was a general failure of all business. We had enough to eat, but little to wear; and if we could get money enough to pay postage, it was all we expected. All that was done, was by exchange. Judge Morrison says, that in building a pretty good house he paid out but one dollar. All that was done, was by exchange or "dicker."

Times were decidedly dull; and to fill up the time, we used, in the evenings, to attend the Debating Society, of which C. P. Walker, Mr. Ballard and Charles H. Taylor were the greatest talkers. And then we used to get up hops at the "Bridge Street" and "National;" had John Ellis for musician. This same Ellis has "hung up his fiddle and his bow," and long flourished as a successful mill-owner in Alpine, where he now lives, retired from business.

Some settlers had gone on the government lands north of the river, before they were surveyed. In some cases, the lines cut their improvements badly, and then there was some clashing among the claimants. But it was agreed that a committee of each township should settle these claims.

When the public sale of these lands came on, in August, 1839, the great question was, how to raise money to pay for their lands, for they had expected to have made it by their farming. Though told there was no danger, they were so fearful that speculators would bid off their lands, that they went to Ionia with clubs to fight them off. But the speculators did not come, as they had had enough of land speculation in 1836. Still, some of these squatters borrowed money at 100 per cent., of Mr. Richmond—acting for Gov. Hunt, of New York—and paid for the lots, giving a mortgage on the same. It was a long time before some of these mortgages were paid; and those who let it pass, and did not buy, did much better, as you will see further on. But were not those hard times with us?

Congress, in the session of 1841, granted to each of the new States in which there were government lands, 500,000 acres for internal improvements. The next winter our Legislature passed an act, accepting that grant, and authorizing the Governor, Mr. Barry, to make the selection, as Congress had authorized. Knowing that I was a woodsman, he wrote to me, asking me if I would select those lands. Not having much business on hand, I answered that I would, but wished his instructions, or at least, opinion, as to what class of lands it would be best to take—whether pine or farming. Much to my dissatisfaction, he said he should leave it entirely to my judgment. Still, I accepted the appointment, and prepared for the business. I went to the Land Office at Ionia, to procure the necessary plats. Judge Lovell, who was then the Registrar, politely gave me every facility. Frederick Hall wishing to go out as an assistant, I employed him at twelve shillings a day; and I also took James D. Lyon, then a youth, as cook and camp-keeper. I was then boarding at Judge Lyon's, who kept the Bridge Street House, and I had been acting as agent for James H. Hatch, after Mr. Walker left. But Mr. Yale had come on with full power of attorney from Mr. Hatch, so I passed that business to him; purchased an Indian pony, tents, blankets, etc., and on the 20th of March, put into the woods—the ground being as fully settled as in mid-summer.

Our first trip was up by the Wright settlement, and the west part of Alpine, where we found Coffee and Goding, they being the last settlers, three miles beyond any others. We then went on and encamped the first night on a creek near the north line of Wright. The next day, leaving Lyon to cook supper and see that the pony did not stray, Hall and myself ranged the woods far around to see the character of the land, keeping our reckoning by the surveyed lines and surveyor's marks, returning weary at night, ready for supper, and to wrap ourselves in our blankets. This was repeated from day to day, moving our camp as occasion required. In that trip we explored all that splendid timbered country in the east part of Ottawa county, down to the Grand River, along which were the only settlers. After some ten or twelve days we came in to get a fresh supply of provisions, and then went out again.

I had heard of prairie lands up on the Muskegon, so to see them I went out by the east part of Alpine, and there found Mr. Hills, three miles in the woods, making shingles; and his accomplished wife got us a dinner. Hills soon after died. His sons were then young, and probably did not expect all the good fortune they have since realized. We encamped by Camp Lake, and the next day reached Croton. There we found a saw mill, owned by a Mr. Peachim, who had purchased of Mr. Brooks, then at Newaygo. To my disappointment, the prairies proved to be but thin-soiled pine plains. So we quit exploring in that direction, and struck through for the Flat River, coming out about at Greenville. There I found the country much more satisfactory—rich bur-oak plains and good pine timber. I there found Luther Lincoln, who, with his son, a boy of thirteen, were living a hermit life—the only inhabitants of Montcalm county. Still he seemed glad of company, and explored with us while in those parts.

There were in Otisco, Ionia county, Mr. Cook, Mr. Morse, and a few others; in Oakfield, Mr. Tower and sons, Mr. Davis and Mr. Crinnion; in Courtland, Mr. Bears and four or five other families; four families in Cannon; one in Grattan; but few at Plainfield, and none on the road from there to Grand Rapids.

There was a good deal of feeling and some alarm among our people about the selection of so large a quantity of land in one county, under the belief that they would be kept out of the market by the State, or held at a high price. So, out of regard to those feelings, I made a trip down the lake shore. We went out on the trail to Muskegon, where there was then one saw mill; crossed over the head of the lake by boat, swimming my pony; then by a trail to White River. At the head of White Lake we found Charles Mears, the only settler north of Muskegon. He had a little mill on a small creek, and a small sloop to ship his lumber to Chicago. His men, with their boat, set us across the lake. It made the pony blow to keep his head above the water; but he weathered it, and we struck for the Clay Banks, and so kept along, finding a stray boat to cross the Pent Water, and went as far the Pere Marquette. We then returned, exploring some, back through the country; came to the outlet of the White Lake; forded it on the bar, and came to the mouth of the Muskegon, expecting means of crossing, so as to come to Grand Rapids. But there was no one there, and we had to go back round the north side, and encamp. The next day some Indians carried us over to Muskegon, and we returned on the trail in a rain, making rather an uncomfortable encamping. We made up our minds that our trip down the lake shore was one that invited no repetition for the pleasure of the thing.

I was instructed to make report of such lands as I had selected to the Land Office, and also to the Government. But thus far I had been looking generally, and had not reported any. On much reflection, I made up my mind that, as the State was deeply in debt for building railroads, and the State warrants, as the State obligations were called, were in the hands of many people all over the State, and the State had no means of meeting this indebtedness but these lands, the Legislature would be pressed on the subject, and would pass a law putting the lands into the market at such a price that they would sell, and be purchased by the settler. I therefore determined to make the selections from the nearest unsold lands up and down the Grand River. I afterwards made my explorations with that view, and soon made report of selections. I continued my explorations until the 4th of July, and then again went out in the fall. I was in the woods in Bowne, when that fall of snow of more than two feet came on the 18th day of November. The old settlers will well recollect that winter, 1842–3, which lasted till some time in April—five months. As I was about the country that fall, I noticed a great number of hogs, and on asking the owners what they were going to do with them, they said, "let them run." They had lived through the previous winter on acorns, and if killed now the pork would not pay for the salt. Quite three-fourths of them were salted in the snow, and also some of the cattle.

Hall and Lyon had quit me some time in the spring, and I then employed a Dutchman by the name of Thome as camp-keeper, and carried on the business without further help. He has a fine farm in Alpine, bought with his wages.

I selected some lands, also, on the south side of the river, in Gaines and Byron, and some in Ottawa, in Jamestown, and Statesland, thus named from this fact. The quantity selected and reported was nearly 400,000 acres; the balance being selected by other parties in other parts of the State. Mine were mostly farming lands, but some pine.

As I anticipated, the State Legislature did, at the next session, pass a law for the sale of those lands, at the nominal government price of $1.25 per acre, payable in State dues; warrants could then be purchased at 40 cents on the dollar, bringing the lands at 50 cents per acre. After the passage of this law, the settlers who had not paid for their lands—and there were many of them who had not—wished me to report their lands as selected, and I did so. The State Land Office was then at Marshall, and when the sale came on in July, 1843, they sent out by me to bid in their lands—having, most of them, by some means, got the small sum required—and *all got their places without opposition*, for they sold so cheap, none were purchased on speculation. After the lands had all been offered at auction, I made entry of a few lots, and paid for them with the warrants I had received for my services in selecting. I charged $3 per day, and got what was worth 40 cents on the dollar; but in paying for the lands it was worth dollar for dollar. But if I had been paid in cash, as I expected, it would have bought two and a half acres instead of one.

Though but few purchases were made at the first sale, some from the east part of the State having knowledge of the opportunity, made some purchases. After a time, emigrants bound for the West, came to look, saying to me (for they all came to me for information), "We don't expect to like Michigan lands, but as they are selected lands, and can be got so cheaply, we thought we would come and see. But, to their surprise, they were well suited, and all purchased. On their report, a dozen would follow, so that in a few years the great majority of those lands were settled. I not only furnished them with plats, and directed them to the lands, but purchased warrants, sent them to the office, and made the purchases. If the funds were a little short, I gave them time to make up the deficiency, and if much was lacking, I would take the land in my own name, as security, giving them a receipt for what they paid. I managed to keep every man who came, in some way; and never had occasion to complain that they did not, on their part, fulfill their engagements.

I have been thus particular about those Internal Improvement Lands, to remind you to how great an extent it advanced the settlement of our valley. When, a few years afterwards, the Hollanders came in, and took the balance of those lands down near their settlement, and they and the other settlers came to Grand Rapids for their supplies, business revived, and we moved on again.

None of these first purchasers had much means—just enough to pay for their lands, and subsist till they could raise something. For a time they got on slowly. What they raised would bring but little. But they made improvements; their calves grew; so that when prices improved, they found themselves better off than they were aware; built barns and good framed houses, in place of their little first log cabins.

It does me good to go over those then forest lands, along well-made roads, lined with fine white houses, rich orchards, and fruitful fields.

Nine out of ten of those have succeeded—showing that cheap lands and industry are the surest road to competence, especially for young men and those of limited means.

I do not at once recognize them all, but they do me, and refer, with seeming gratitude, to their first coming to the country, and my aiding them in getting their farms. This, to me, is better pay than the little fees they gave me for those services."

Uncle John, you are right. You have as many friends as the minister, and many a heart says "God bless you."

THE GRAND RIVER VALLEY IN 1837.

There was a rush of settlers into the Grand River Valley in 1836, and thereabouts; and a furor for locating lands as a speculative investment; a mania for platting cities and selling lots. This was followed, of course, by a re-action.

From 1833 to 1837, may be called the years of occupation. The furor passed, and the sober realities of backwoods life had brought people somewhat to their senses. It was thought proper by the author to pause at this point, and give a general and graphic view of the Valley in 1837. To do this, the Hon. John Ball, whose business called him at that time into every part, and made him acquainted with every person, was appealed to. To this appeal he kindly responded, by furnishing the following article. There is no doubt that the public will add their thanks to those of the author:

"In 1837 the Grand River settlement was far detached from the rest of the world. To reach it from any direction had its difficulties, and required much time. If approached by what was called the northern route, through Shiawassee and Clinton counties, it was a day's journey from house to house to Ionia. The only other approach with a team and wagon was by the "Territorial Road," as it was called, through Calhoun and Kalamazoo; then by a day's journey from Battle Creek or Kalamazoo, to Yankee Springs, and another to Grand Rapids, or other parts. This was the usual route to Kent and Ottawa counties; keeping over the "openings" east of the Thornapple River to Ada. There was a bridle path or trail through the timbered lands direct out through Gaines to Green Lake and Yankee Springs; and another through Byron to Allegan; and there was communication by keel-boats and "dugouts" up and down the river. By these routes all supplies of goods, and even most of the breadstuffs for Kent and Ottawa counties, were brought. In Ionia county, being longer settled, they raised their own bread.

A colony, under the lead of Mr. Dexter, had come into Ionia in 1833; and a few as early into the other counties of the Grand River Valley. The Ionia settlers, as soon as possible, made arrangements to be independent of the outside world, as far as it regards food. But in Kent and Ottawa they had come as mechanics, or to operate in platting towns, and selling corner-lots. And here, so deep in the woods, they did not give up their hopes in that direction until long after it was known and felt in the habited parts of the country, that backwoods village plats were merely things on paper.

The traveler on horseback, by the usual route in those days, would stop at night at William's; and later in the year at DeLang's; the next night at Scott's; and by the next night, riding through a dense forest twenty-five miles, he would reach Lyons, perhaps Ionia. Or, by another route, through a more open country, he could go to Portland, and down along the Grand River to Lyons. There were then at Portland, Mr. Boyer and three or four others. At Lyons was a tavern, kept by the late Judge Lyon. His brother Edward, since in Detroit, was living in a fine little cottage on a bluff of the river. There were perhaps some dozen other villagers, and a few farmers. Mr. Eaton and Mr. Irish, whose wives were of the Lyon family, had farms up on the Portland road.

Three miles above Ionia was a saw mill on Prairie Creek; and on a little stream from the hill, a grist mill. At Ionia were a tavern, a store, mechanic shops, and a few dwellings, all unpretending and limited in build and business. But hereabouts, in the country and in the woods, were a number of farmers—Esquire Yeomans, a little below the village, in his log house, and all the rest in theirs. If night overtook the weary traveler too far away to reach the usual place of stopping, he was always kindly welcomed to lodgings and fare, the best the cabin afforded; and would find as marked proof of good order, skill in cooking and neatness, as he would find in the sumptuous mansion. And also in the cabin the traveler would usually find a shelf filled with instructive books; and from conversation with the inmates he would discover that they had been read. The people of the Valley were so few that the person who traveled much soon became acquainted with most of the dwellers therein, and the sparseness of settlers led to greater cordiality when they met. Their common wants, sometimes for almost the needs of life, led to kindly thought of each other, and kindly, neighborly acts. And then they had the example of the Indians, then residing all along the Valley, who are always hospitable, and who not unfrequently aided the first settlers, by furnishing the means of subsistence from their cornfields and the chase.

The Indian is too good a farmer to ever till a poor soil. Their cornfields were on the rich bottom land of the rivers. They had one at Lyons, in the forks of the Maple and Grand rivers. Ionia was located on an old Indian improvement. An extensive field was at the mouth of the Flat River, on the right bank, and then again at the mouth of the Thornapple.

As the Indian mode of tillage was the laborious one of breaking up the ground with the hoe, the settlers, in preference to taking the unsubdued land, ploughed the Indian fields for the privilege of cultivating a part; and, side by side, the Indian corn generally looked the best, for the squaws were very good with the hoe.

Rix Robinson, the first Indian Trader on the Grand River, resided at Ada, and his brother Edward one mile below, in his log house, from necessity larger than usual, to accommodate his large family of 15—his "baker's dozen," as he used to say. Still, they often had to entertain the traveler bound to Grand Rapids. The bedroom of the weary traveler was the roof or garret part of the house, with good beds, eight or ten, arranged under the eaves, access to which was under the ridge-pole; it being high enough there for a man to stand upright. There were always two in a bed, and the beds were taken as the parties retired; say, a man and his wife first, then two boys or girls, and so on. This is mentioned as the usual manner at stopping places. At first it would seem a little embarrassing to women and modest men. But use soon overcomes that feeling; and always in those times all seemed disposed to behave civilly, and to act the part of a true gentleman; occasion their kind entertainers the least possible trouble, and still reward them liberally for their fare, as was right they should, as their food had come all the way from Buffalo or Cleveland.

Uncle Louis Campau, as he was usually called, was the next trader on the river, unless Mr. Generau, at the Maple, was before him. Campau sat down at Grand Rapids, and built his log dwelling and warehouse about half-way between Pearl and Bridge streets, on the bank of the river, the trail to which was where now is Monroe street.

In the year 1837, the Grand River settlements were far detached from the rest of the world. The approach from any direction required much time, and was attended with some difficulty. If by what was called the northern route, through Shiawassee and Clinton counties, there was but one stopping place in each—Lang's and Scott's. Then there were some twenty-five miles of dense woods to reach Lyons, and about the same to Portland. These were the usual routes in, for the Ionia people.

For Kent county and the region below, the approach was made usually by the so-called Thornapple road. This came from Battle Creek to Yankee Springs, in Barry county; then east of the Thornapple River, through the openings, to Ada, where it joined the road from Ionia to Grand Rapids and Grandville. The travel below Grand Rapids was, in summer, by keel-boats or canoes, and in winter, on the ice. There was a trail, or bridle-path, to Grand Haven, and down the lake beach to Muskegon, and also to Allegan. Sometimes there was a winter road more direct, out, going through the heavy timbered land in Gaines to Green Lake, Middleville and Yankee Springs. There were other Indian trails in many directions.

Most traveling was on horseback, requiring five days from Detroit to reach Grand Rapids. From Ionia, the traveler crossed the Grand River at Ada in a canoe, into which he put his saddle, towing his horse behind the boat. Coming from the south, when the water was high, the crossing of the Thornapple was in the same fashion. Soon scows were put on the river, on which teams and loads could cross.

No roads as yet were made, nor bridges built, so the traveling by wagon was rough and slow.

As to settlement, beginning at Portland, there were Mr. Moore, Mr. Boyer, and some half dozen other families. At Lyons, ten miles down the river, a few more than at Portland. At Ionia, the village was small, but there were quite a number of farmers around. They made their first planting ground of the old Indian imprvvement, where the city of Ionia now is. Squire Yeomans had his farm below the village, and some had settled on the other side of the river.

At Lowell, on the left bank of the river, was Mr. Marsac, and on the right bank, on an extended plain, an old Indian planting ground, was Louis Robinson. At Ada, were Rix and Edward Robinson.

There was already quite a population at Grand Rapids. Many settlers followed Mr. Campau from Detroit, and others came from all parts East. The Messrs. Hinsdill, Henry and others, from Vermont; Mr. James Lyman and his brother, from Connecticut, and many, more than from all other States, from New York. Perhaps at this time there were 500 in all—more than at times could be well accommodated for room. It seemed to be an attractive spot, where every comer seemed to think it was the place for him to make a fortune. This was the case in the first part of the year, but before the year was through, that feeling had much abated, for it was in this year that the speculation bubble burst.

On Monroe street there was then Louis Campau's two-story frame house, since a part of the front of the Rathbun House, corner of Monroe and Waterloo streets. Mr. Richard Godfroy had a similar building a little above. Mr. Myron Hinsdill had one where the Morton House now is. Darius Winsor was on the corner of Ottawa and Fountain streets, and was postmaster. The arrival of the weekly mail was an event. In after times, if one had money enough to pay the high postage of those days, he thought he was well-off. There was a house opposite the Rathbun House, where Esquire Beebee and Dr. Willson then had their offices. Both were worthy men, but both soon departed this life. Dr. Shepard was here, and at times the only physician.

At the foot of Monroe street, where is now open space, were three stores, or warehouses; one of them, then or soon, occupied by Judge Morrison. Opposite, or where the buildings between Monroe and Pearl streets stand, was what was called the Guild House; and on the side hill, about where the Arcade building stands, was a log house.

Down Waterloo street was the Eagle Tavern, then kept by Louis Moran, and on the other side of the street were the stores of the Messrs. Nelson (James and George). Down the street, in the chamber over the store, was Mr. Charles Taylor's tailor shop, and in the same building was Mr. Horsford Smith's store. Opposite, on the river's bank, were three warehouses, one of which is said to have been the first framed building in the place, and was erected on the west side for a church. It was moved over on the ice by Campau.

Going up street into the Kent plat, there were two or three shanties on Canal street, two small offices on Bronson street, built for the Land Office, expected to be at Grand Rapids instead of at Ionia. On Bridge street. Mr. Coggershall lived in the house now standing east of the Bridge Street House. Opposite was the office of the Kent Company, built by Judge Almy.

At this time, though Canal and Kent streets were nearly impassable by reason of stumps, and mud from the water oozing from the hills above, lots were selling for $50 per foot. There was a passable road from Fulton street to Cold Brook under the bluff on the east. Canal street was, in wet weather, little better than a quagmire.

There were as yet but few farmers in Kent county. Out on South Division street, beyond the Fair Grounds, was Alva Wansley. Over beyond, were Mr. Guild and Mr. Burton. Southwest of Reed's Lake, were Judge Davis and two Reeds. Going down the Grandville road, all was woods. At Plaster Creek was a small saw-mill. Plaster could be seen in the bed of the stream near it. As one went on, to the right, and off from the road, near a marsh, were the salt springs, with paths deep worn by the deer coming to lick the salt water; and just below, near the river, were observed the Indian mounds, near where the railroad now crosses the river. On the left of the road, farther on, was Esquire Chubb's log cabin, and over the creek beyond were Mr. Howlitt and Mr. Thompson.

The first house in Grandville was that of Julius Abel, Esq.; the next, that of Major Britton. Osgood & Bleake kept a tavern—Osgood was a lawyer. Charles Oakes was there, and a number of others; and they claimed that, as the navigation of the river was so much better up to that point than it was above, Grandville would compete with Grand Rapids. Then some half dozen settlers had begun in the woods south of Grandville. On Buck Creek, Haynes Gordon and Wright had saw-mills. Near the mouth of Rush Creek, the Michigan Lumbering Company had a saw-mill, and a Mr. Ketchum, of Marshall, one a little above. A little beyond, in Ottawa county, were Hiram Jennison and brothers. Beyond these few settlers all was deep forest, to the lake, and to the then new little village of Allegan.

Going down the river, three miles from Grandville, was a Mrs. Burton. The next house, on the other side, was that of a

Mr. Yeomans, where is now Lamont, squatted on the newly purchased lands. Then, on the south side, below Bass River, were Rodney and Lucas Robinson. No more in Ottawa, until Grand Haven. There were Mr. Ferry, who, with Rix Robinson, owned the village plat. The three brothers White, Mr. Troop and a few others, were residents. This place being the grand harbor of the Grand River, soon to become a big city, its lots, corners and all, were held at high prices.

At Muskegon were two fur traders, Mr. Lasserly and Mr. Trottier, with the latter of whom was Martin Ryerson, serving as clerk at $8 per month.

The lands north of the Grand River, in Kent and Ottawa counties, had only been purchased from the Indians the preceding year; were not in the market, and were not even yet surveyed. Still, settlers began this year to go on them, and to make pre-emptions, as they called it. They erected log cabins in which to live, as all the farmers in the Valley did; and many of the houses in the villages were of the same construction. Still, then, as ever, these pioneers were hopeful, and seemed quite happy.

All the impression the white man had made on the country was but a cypher. The largest clearings had but a few acres. The old Indian clearings were of greater extent than the white man's. *They* had quite a tract cleared at the junction of the Maple and Grand Rivers; at Ionia, Flat River, Thornapple. At Grand Rapids their clearing extended along the river from Mill Creek down to a short distance above the Plaster Mills, but not extending far back from the river. At Grandville was the Little Prairie.

The government built for the Indians a mill on the creek, near where it is crossed by the D. & M. Railroad. The Indians had a village of twenty or thirty houses, built of the lumber sawed by this mill. In 1837, all the ground spoken of above as then a cultivated field, was planted with corn, which the women well hoed. The men fished and hunted. They lived all up and down the river, and through the country, as ever before; and every fall assembled at Grand Rapids to receive pay for their lands.

All beyond these Indian and white men's clearings was one interminable forest, the same as before the civilized man had entered upon the lands. In this Valley they lived in peace, and mostly there were in those times confidence and kindness between the different races. But there were some wrongs, more often committed by the whites than the Indians.

All was a grand and noble forest, with its tall pine, its sugar tree and beech, and the sturdy oak scattered over what is called the "openings." These opening lands extended along generally on both sides of the river to a greater or less distance back, through Kent and Ionia counties, up the Flat River to Greenville, and along the east side of the Thornapple. From Grand Rapids to Plainfield, and about that village, there was comparatively little timber, so that the traveler on the old trail could see quite a distance about him. This scarcity of timber was also observable in parts of Grattan, Oakfield and Montcalm. But all of Ottawa, the south part of Kent, to the Thornapple, and the north part, commencing even in Walker and the south part of Ionia county, were heavily timbered with beech, maple, elm, oak and other hard wood trees, with patches of pine. Towards and along the lake in Ottawa county, the timber was pine and hemlock. In these forests the travelers could often see the fleet deer crossing his track, sometimes pursued by the wolf.

On the west side of the river, near where the Bridge street bridge is, were two block houses, where a Baptist Missionary preacher or teacher, by the name of Slater, taught some of the Indians. But Father Vizoski (the Catholic) had more converts, and a little meeting house at their village below, which was the only meeting house on either side. In this, that worthy priest would hold forth to the Indians, the French and English-speaking people, to each in their own language.

Of course, there were no bridges over the river, but there was a fording place between Islands No. 2 and 3, or below the railroad bridge; and when the water was too high for fording, a ferry-boat was used.

And now, the effect of the break-down of the wild speculation of 1836, and the high hope of the first half of this year, began to be seen. Faces began to indicate thought and care. Business flagged, and Mr. Campau's laborers and mechanics, lacking occupation, began to seek labor elsewhere. No sale for corner-lots, and money, to pay for bread to eat, grew scarce. In Kent county, not half enough grain, of all kinds, was raised to feed the horses, and all else had to come from Ohio or New York—for to the west of us, they had raised as little as we. As another trouble, our wild-cat money would not buy things beyond our own limits.

Monroe street follows the trail to Campau's Indian trading post, on the bank of the river. It kept along close to the impassable swamp, extending north from the corner of Monroe and Division streets, then wound along at the foot of an abrupt hill from Ottawa to Pearl street. This same hill connected with the (now disappearing) hill between Pearl and Lyon streets. Beyond these hills the trail descended to Bronson street. South of Monroe street, the descent was steep, and the ground was so low as to be deeply covered at high water. The boat channel of the river was between the island and the main, and the landing was where the blocks of stores now are on the south side of Monroe street, at the foot of Canal street. West of the foot of Canal street, north of Pearl street, was Mr. Wadsworth's saw-mill."

The value of the above article will be appreciated in after days. Its graphic simplicity will commend it to the general reader, and the fact that it is from one who knew whereof he wrote; whose memory is tenacious, and whose honesty is proverbial, renders its historical accuracy, reliable.

THE CRASH.

"The warrior bowed his crested head,
And tamed his heart of fire."

Grand Rapids, then a village in the wilderness, had her dark day in 1837; when the light went out in her dwellings, and when bankruptcy and ruin seemed to be the presiding genii of the place. No town felt more the crushing effect of the financial revulsion which paralyzed the business of the country between 1836 and 1842. During the few years before, Grand Rapids had been one of the centers of speculation. Settlers were filling up the region around, and great things were undertaken there; some wisely, and some based on supposed prophetic vision. A saw-mill, the greatest in the world, was begun; one that should "saw out *young saw mills.*"

Lots were held, and sold at fabulous prices; there was money in everybody's pocket—"wild-cat" money. Everybody was getting rich. Speculators were greedily buying up land and lots. No matter if a man did owe a few thousand dollars; he had the land and the lots, which were *sure* to double their value in a year. But as Burns says:

> "The best laid plans of mice and men,
> Gang aft agley."

All who lived in those times, know that there was the general idea that fortune was ready to shower down her golden treasures on the owners of wild lands or corner-lots. Lawyers, doctors, merchants and capitalists at the East, became rovers in the woods in search of lands. They bought lands and went home to dream of fortune. Alas! in after years their countenances elongated when they found it was all taxes and no sales. We are afraid that they, as the Dutchman expressed it, "thought *cot tam*," when, annually, their agent reported *taxes*. Some did more than think: they actually "swared" "the lands might go to *blazes* for all their paying taxes." But in 1835-6, land looked beautiful. Rainbow hues were in the sky. Ah! you have seen them in the floating bubble. But only think of a bubble covering the whole United States. It was a splendid bubble—it was an enormous bubble. The banks, in the shape of expanded loans, had furnished the gas, and ten million pairs of lungs were strained for its inflation. All at once the bubble burst, and the banks, speculators, merchants, all found themselves gaping and gazing into blank space. The big bubble had all their hopes in it; when it burst, their hopes were dissipated, and nothing was left but a bad smell.

Their first expression, in blank dismay, was, "Who would have supposed it was hollow?"

> "Then there was running to and fro
> Of the panic-stricken crowd,
> And speculators' tears fell fast,
> And merchants swore aloud."

But why dwell on the dismal picture? It is all black; there is no use in coloring it. Land and lots would not sell for anything. Debts alone were undiminished. As a consequence, about all failed. So general was this the rule, that the man who had not failed was almost ashamed to walk the streets, so wofully was he out of fashion.

When stricken down, a man will either die, live a cripple, or *get well.* It is so with a community. The Grand River Valley recovered, after being crippled long. The year 1842 showed hopeful signs; the convalescence continued until 1846, when, in full health, it entered on a career of rational prosperity.

IONIA COUNTY.

IONIA.

Ionia was one of the points of earliest settlement, and is the center from which the settlement of Ionia county radiated. To all intents and purposes, Ionia and Lyons were but one; and in pioneer history are to be treated as such.

It is scarcely proper to consider the trader, who has taken up his abode among the Indians, as a settler, or the bogus manufacturer, who has sought the wilds for purposes of concealment. There were the Indian Trader, Louis Generau, and the bogus maker, Belcher, who had their places of business in Ionia county before 1833. Still, the spring of 1833 is the era of civilized occupation. Then a company, consisting Samuel Dexter, Erastus Yeomans, Oliver Arnold, Joel Guild, Edward Guild and Darius Winsor, all with their families, and William B. Lincoln, a single man, came on in company, and located themselves at Ionia. With the exception of Winsor, who joined them at Buffalo, they started together from German Flats, N. Y., April 25th, left Buffalo May 7th, came on steamer to Detroit; left Pontiac May 14th, were at Fuller's, Oakland county, the 15th, at Saline the 19th. At that point they had before them the unbroken wilderness. From the 20th to the 28th, they journeyed and camped in the woods. They were obliged to cut roads to get along through Clinton county. A child of Dexter died on the way.

They brought with them some means, and they complain of no great hardship. True, the journey through the wilderness was fatiguing, but they had their families with them, and, camped around the bivouac fire at night, they could enjoy the novelty of their *situation*, and they enjoyed the romance of their *situation*. The pathless wild was new to them; and there was novelty in the wolf-serenade. Young men, love to combat and conquer. They had to conquer fallen trees, and and deep ravines; but there was a hearty "Yo-he!" as they rolled the one from the track, and a pride of conscious manliness as they wiped their sweaty brows, having crossed the other. But how was it with the women and children? Woman is not such a frail, delicate being as the poets represent her. When she nerves herself for serious action, she will shame the men by her resolute and cheerful endurance. Besides, she likes rustic life as well as a man. She tires of conventionalities, and delights for a time in an adventurous, semi-savage way of living. And the young folks—it is their glory.

The old survivors of that expedition will tell you they enjoyed the journey. They had the spirit of youth, or middle life, and that likes adventure. They felt that each day was creating a memory. They have lived over that season a thousand times. They have since battled with the forest; but the individual trees they cut down, have left no memory; but that big oak which lay in their way, and with which they joined issue, *that* is remembered. They have since eaten many a good dinner, now forgotten; but they still gloat over that supper by the spring in Clinton county. And how those who were boys enjoy the recollection of the way they used to chase and scare those sneaking loafers of the forest—the wolves. Perhaps they met a bear, lean from his winter's fasting and sluggard rest, who stolidly passes by with his "you let me alone, and I'll let you alone" air; and who, if politely invited to turn out, will rise upon his haunches, double his fists, and say, "turn out yourself; I'm a bear." Whether this company met Bruin or not, tradition does not tell; but he has met others, and such is his way.

There were banks of streams to dig down, so that the wagons could be got across. But it was "hurrah, boys!" and the road was made. There were bushes and trees in the way, but this "hurrah, boys!" put both aside. Swamps must be got over or around, but "hurrah, boys!" found the means and the way.

The exciting day's work done; the camp pitched—it was then "Molly, put the kettle on." The mysterious "Black Betty," that had been concealed all day, appears, and receives the hearty kiss of the tired, but cheerful group. Soon, supper comes smoking to the table—no, log. That dispatched, the male scions, each with his back against a tree, lights his pipe, and philosophically contemplates the wreathing smoke, while the more youthful ones get up a dance to extempore castanets.

Not so bad after all, this journeying in the woods, with enough to eat, a little of something else, and congenial company. But we will throw imagination aside. We talk and live prose most of our lives. Poetry comes in as a luxury, not as everyday fare.

The 28th of May brought our pilgrims to Ionia. It was too late for putting in crops by clearing the land, so they bought an Indian plantation, plowed and planted five acres with corn and potatoes. They paid the Indians $25 for their crops and improvements.

They had come in prepared with articles for traffic, which they exchanged for venison, fish, etc. They lived mostly from the Indians, and nearly in Indian fashion, and on the most friendly terms with their Indian neighbors.

The company mostly located on Sec. 19. They had some spare means; had two span of horses; about ten head of cattle. They got a few boards from the Indian mill, at Grand Rapids. Dexter, Yeomans and Winsor built them log houses. The rest lived in Indian huts. Before their goods came round the lakes, they were rather straitened. These did not arrive until the middle of the summer. In the winter they had a large coffee mill with which they ground their corn. This mill for a considerable time was of great service to them and other settlers. They had some flour brought around with their goods, and they had Indian sugar.

The Indian settlement was where the city of Ionia now is. Some five hundred Indians, who were under the Flat River chief, stopped there, for making sugar, fishing, etc. They also raised some corn. As friends, the Indians and settlers lived together, with mutual benefit. The first winter passed, the Indians knowing they had sold their rights, cheerfully gave up their cherished homes to the whites. They knew that they occupied only by the sufferance of the Government.

There was some scarcity of provisions the first winter, remedied by laboriously transporting them from Gull Prairie. Otherwise, as this company had come prepared, they tell of little hardship or suffering.

It is proper here to state that the colony consisted of the Dexter family, nine persons; Mr. Yeomans' family, nine persons; Winsor's family, seven persons; Arnold's family, ten persons; Joel Guild's family, seven or eight persons; Edward Guild's family, — persons. In addition to these families, as single men, Dr. W. B. Lincoln, a young physician just commencing practice, two unmarried brothers of Dexter—Winsor Dexter and Warner Dexter—P. M. Fox and Abram Decker. The fortunes of these pioneers of Ionia county, it is proper here briefly to state:

A. Decker did not stay long

Patrick M. Fox now resides at Muir.

Samuel Dexter spent his life at Ionia, where he died in 1856.

Judge Yeomans, in a good old age, is still living at Ionia.

Oliver Arnold, a blacksmith, is dead. His sons are at Ionia.

Edward and Joel Guild soon went to Grand Rapids, and are dead.

Darius Winsor also moved to Grand Rapids, and is dead.

Dr. Lincoln, in a green old age, is still at Ionia.

Warner and Winsor Dexter were but transient residents.

Further particulars of these individuals may be gathered from the biographical articles.

In November, 1833, an addition was made to the little colony; Alfred Cornell arriving with a family, consisting of four men, six women and two children. The whole force of the settlement was voluntarily directed to showing them how the pioneer welcomes a new-comer. In two weeks a house had been built for them; of course not a palatial mansion, but a snug log house, built without boards, glass or nails; in which blankets and sheets did duty as doors and windows, but after all, as it was *the best* house in the settlement, they might have put on airs; and doubtless would, had they been made of such material as constitutes fashionable society. As *souls* were a part of their personal outfit, they let their children play with the children of those who spent their first winter in Indian huts, and acknowledged fraternity with those who lived in humbler dwellings. There are people now, living in princely residences, and blessed with all the appliances of wealth, who welcome others according to their mental and moral worth; and do not measure them by the accidents of fortune. God bless the whole lot of them! A rich man with a soul in him is a person worth bowing to. We see *women*, too, (I didn't say "ladies," as "women" is a much nobler word,) who, abounding in all that wealth can give, still place themselves on the level with common humanity, and prove their nobility by their noble sympathy with all that is good, and pure, and holy, whether found in a palace or a hovel. Unworthy is he whose hat can stay on when he meets such a woman.

Were it not for this morbid propensity to preach, when events furnish a text, the history would advance much more rapidly. Descended from a long line of deacons, and destined in youth for the pulpit, the propensity was ground into the historian's nature. Well for the world that a lack of orthodoxy induced the conservators of the church to discourage his ambition, otherwise, his interminable preaching would have been terrible.

But coming back to the colony: They gave a heart-warm welcome to Cornell and his family group. Cornell had, as he supposed, made provision for the coming season, having laid in a stock at Detroit. But the open character of the winter, and the swollen streams rendered it impossible to get them to Ionia, and in consequence there was, not hunger, but little variety, and rather short commons. They learned to live upon little; that eating was not the business of life, but that we eat to live. Corn cake and maple sugar, with a piece of smoked sturgeon, or a venison steak occasionally, is not so very terrible. They had plenty of corn and Indian sugar, which is fully equal to the "hog and hominy" of old Kentucky. What are you growling about? In the writer's humble opinion, old Parson Jennings was about right. He (God rest his pious, jovial old soul) was pastor long ago of a church in Western Massachusetts. One day, visiting at the house of one of his parishoners, the good lady complained of hard times. He took her to task for her unchristian grumbling; telling her that if we had *potatoes* and *salt* enough to eat, we should be content, and thankful to God for our blessings. Of course, in deference to the dictum of the "minister," she shut up, but had a thought or two, notwithstanding. In due time the dominie (no, minister) was invited into another room for supper. On the table were a fine lot of baked potatoes and some salt—nothing more. He reverently, and with full expression of thankfulness, invoked a blessing, and with the rest sat down. Looking at the table, and then at the woman, he said: "Potatoes and salt are good, and we ought to be thankful to God that he has bountifully supplied them to us. But it does seem to me, that since I am a minister, I ought to have a little butter."

Now these settlers had corn and sugar, with fish and venison, and they were not ministers, and had no business to grumble; and historic truth compels the writer to say, there is not even a tradition that they did grumble.

In March the "victuals" came on from Detroit, and we are afraid that young Doctor Lincoln had some practice in consequence, but concerning that, contemporary history is reticent.

At this point we will briefly sketch the history of those who, in 1833, formed the nucleus of civilized settlement in Ionia county.

THE YEOMANS FAMILY.

It has already been stated that the old pioneer is still, in feeble old age, a resident of Ionia. A long, useful and honorable life is drawing to a close. He waits to be gathered to his fathers· the *last* of those who brought their families with them in 1833. His son, *Sanford*, has always lived in Ionia. *Amanda* married the Rev. Alfred Cornell, and, as a mother in Israel, has passed from earth.

Alanson and Hiram died as young men. Maria lives in Ionia as the wife of J. K. Sandford. Mary is the wife of G. H. McMullen.

The Guild and Winsor families are, in their history, identified with Grand Rapids.

THE CORNELL FAMILY.

The father is elsewhere more particularly noticed in a biographical article.

His sons were Alfred, Daniel and Thomas, the last of whom came to Ionia with a wife and two children.

There were four daughters:

Mary married Asa Spencer (now of Otisco). She died in 1853.

Lydia died single, in 1835.

Caroline is the wife of Mason Hearsey.

Sarah married Ezra Spencer, and resides at Saranac.

1834 brought as accessions, Geo. Case, wife and two children. He was drowned, 1836, at the mouth of the Thornapple, which he was crossing on horseback.

William Doty, then a single man, brother-in-law of Case, came with them and still remains.

John E. Morrison, with wife and one child. There is a fine residence across the river from Ionia, where Morrison, not much the worse for wear, is now to be found.

The next year, 1835, brought more accessions:

Mason Hearsey, who has been a part of Ionia ever since.

Alonzo Sessions—"May his shadow never be less."

Job Sessions—always a part of Ionia history.

Gilbert Caswell, with wife and five children. He lived in Ionia some fourteen years. With him came—

Joseph Hadsall, wife and three children. He stayed but about two years.

Elisha Doty, an old man, having with him a wife two daughters and a son. The son, Charles Doty, died a few years since. One daughter, Maria, married James Crofford. She is dead. The other daughter soon went East.

Dexter Arnold, brother of the blacksmith, with wife, and four children. He has always remained.

Benjamin C. Barber came with Caswell, and still remains.

Lyman Webster bought out Joel Guild, but did not stay long.

Samuel H. Yates, with wife and son. He is dead. His son, J. Lockwood Yates, is still a resident of Ionia.

Osmond Tower (a single man). He who, in Ionia county, has not known Tower, is himself unknown.

Julius C. Abel, the first lawyer in the Valley, first stopped at Grandville; next tried Ionia awhile, where he took a leading part. He then went to Grand Rapids, and was long a noted personage there. He died in 1873.

John P. Plaice; he died at Prairie Creek.

William McCosland, stayed several years; kept a hotel; moved to Wisconsin.

So far as known, these are all who settled at or near Ionia before 1836. The organization of towns, placed some of these in Easton and Berlin. But, identified in interest, and constituting a neighborhood, they have been considered as one. The *three* points in the county, from which settlement radiated, were Ionia, Lyons and Portland.

The same principle will be adhered to in marking the progress of settlement, which, after 1835, was rapid for a time. It has been found impossible to give the names and history of but a portion of those who came in 1836.

During that year settlers were pushing into almost all the towns in the county. Of those who, in '36, settled at or near Ionia, we have gathered the names of:

Dan. D. Brockway, who was but a transient resident.

Sylvester Thompson, now a worthy farmer in Easton.

Daniel Clapsaddle; he was killed at a raising.

Mrs. Mary Smith, a widowed sister of S. Dexter. She had one son, Samuel E. Smith, and a daughter Jane, who married Sylvester Thompson.

Jeremiah Eaton, stayed one year, and his courage gave out.

George W. Dickinson, soon removed to Otisco; is now a resident of Grand Rapids.

There is little historic value in a further specification of individuals. 1833–4–5 had opened the way, and it is due to those who were the pioneers, that their names should be a part of the traditions. The reports sent back by these, caused others to come, and it was comparatively an easy thing for them to get along.

The colony did not neglect the wants of the young. As early as the winter of 1834–5, Dr. Lincoln taught a school for three months in a little building which he had for an office. The next fall, Mason Hearsey taught the first public school. Amanda Yeomans kept the first summer school in 1836. She was the first wife of Elder Cornell. She died in 1865, leaving the impress of a godly life.

The Christian people early began to hold public worship at private houses, reading sermons, etc., before the advent of the one who, to use his own words, "had taken his life in his hands, and come all the way from Ohio, to go into the backwoods and preach the Gospel to the heathen."

This devoted luminary we will not here name. He was a Methodist circuit preacher, and came to teach the heathen at Ionia in 1835. He was a genuine specimen of the now extinct class—"the roaring Methodist," with a voice like the "bulls of Bashan." He had zeal enough for a dozen preachers, and lacked only brains and culture to have made him an acceptable preacher to the aforesaid heathen. At one time this missionary was roaring a hymn at a house where he was stopping. Having exploded it through, he asked a young woman present, if she sang. She told him she could sing, but did not. He said to her, "Those who can sing, and don't, should be made to sing." She snappishly replied, that those who could not sing without braying like a donkey, should be made to hold their noise. He sighed at the display of human depravity, and, in her presence, was afterwards unmusical.

Soon appeared, as herald of the gospel, Larmon Chatfield, then a young man. He was *the* pioneer preacher in many of the towns around; has always been identified with Ionia county, and the region around about it. Though not very old, Mr. Chatfield is superannuated and broken, a wreck of what he once was. As preacher and presiding elder, he spent his years of active life with a people that now honor him as the good man who did his best by example and precept to lead others to a higher life. What is left of Chatfield is at Portland. He is not what he once was—a man of vigor and mental strength—but he is still the Christian gentleman, genial and interesting when talking of scenes and events of long ago, but to whom the present is a blank, leaving no trace on his memory.

Thy work is well done, Chatfield, and thy Master is calling thee![*]

A postoffice was established in Ionia in 1835; Mr. Winsor, postmaster.

STEPPING BACK A LITTLE.

In 1835, Ionia—what is now the whole county—first appears in the political world as a town attached to Kent county. The first town meeting was held at the house of Antoine Campau, April 6th, 1835; Alfred Cornell, Moderator; William B. Lincoln, Clerk. (Sworn by S. Dexter, Esq.) Elected:

Erastus Yeomans, Supervisor; William B. Lincoln, Clerk; Franklin Chubb, Gilbert Caswell, H. B. Libhart, Assessors; Philo Bogue, John E. Morrison, Nathan Benjamin, Commissioners of Highways; Samuel Dexter, John McKelvy, Directors of Poor; Asa Spencer, Constable and Collector; Daniel McKelvy, Constable.

At a special election, May 12th, called for that purpose, A. Cornell, George Case, and John McKelvy were elected Commissioners of Common Schools; and William D. Moore, A. Cornell, Jr., Nathaniel Soules, and William B. Lincoln were elected Inspectors of Schools. This started the common school system in Ionia county.

At the second township meeting—the last when Ionia was attached to Kent county—the following officers were elected:

J. C. Abel, Supervisor; J. E. Morrison, Clerk; J. Boyer, Asa Bunnell, E. Yeomans, Assessors; Nathanial Soules, Constable and Collector; I. Boyer, W. D. Moore, S. Dexter, Thos. Cornell, Justices; Wm. S. Bogue, Lorenzo Dexter, Constables.

This meeting was held April 4th, 1836, the records say at Ionia; but tradition says at Generauville. Joshua Boyer was Moderator.

In 1837, when Ionia consisted of two and a half tiers of townships, the first year after the establishment of the county,

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[*] Chatfield died in 1876.

Cyrus Lovell was elected Supervisor. Voted $50 to encourage killing wolves; also $50 for the poor.

Skipping the special records of the succeeding elections, we will simply give the Supervisors for a few years: 1838, Asa Spencer; 1839, Cyrus Lovell; 1840, E. Yeomans.

In 1834, Mr. Dexter, much to the joy of the people, put in a run of stones for grinding in his saw-mill. Before that, the people had either availed themselves of the aforesaid big coffee-mill, or had gone to Pontiac or Gull Prairie, to mill; sometimes even carrying the grain on their shoulders. Incredible as the last may appear, it is nevertheless true, that in some instances it was done. In one instance, a man who had his grist on his back, returning from Gull Prairie, was out in a snow-storm, in which more than a foot of snow fell. He, however, persevered, camped in the woods, and on the fifth day arrived at his home, in the last stage of exhaustion. His wife had given him up as dead, thinking he had perished in the storm, and set out to find him, following the trail. Thrilled with joy, she met him some miles from home. But so strong was the revulsion of feeling that she could not eat of that flour, purchased at so terrible a price.

But in 1834, late in the season, they had a mill of their own. The day when the first grist was ground, was observed as a holiday. Everybody, his wife and all his children, were there, to witness the great event, which showed them they were relieved from the dread necessity of going forty miles to mill. The first grist ground belonged to Asa Spencer. It is reported that it was tolled three times—first, by Dexter, then by Mather, the miller, and last by John Dexter, because he thought the tolling had not been done. Be this true or not, the story has so floated down on the tide of time, and was long used to illustrate the fact that, while the mill was a God-send to the people, it bid fair to be a good thing for the owner. This mill did service for a number of years, and is remembered with gratitude by every old pioneer.

To Ionia—town and county—1836 was a memorable year in more senses than one. An element of Ionia's prosperity wrought almost starvation. This year a Land Office was located there, and the fever for buying western lands on speculation was running high. The rush of those greedy for lands was immense, so that applicants were often obliged to wait weeks before their turn would come. The office was fairly besieged by an elbowing crowd, each with his bag of specie, clamorous for his chance. These must be fed and lodged somehow. They ate the people out of their small stores of provisions, and teams were dispatched to Pontiac for food. A killing frost had destroyed the corn-crop and injured the potatoes. How the people wished the land-seekers had not such appetites! As potato after potato disappeared down their throats, the money looked mean, which they liberally paid. Ox teams were dispatched to Detroit, and some of the earliest sent were fortunate in their journey. But in the winter the trip was terrible. Rivers must be crossed, with the anchor ice running; and the ground was in such a state as to render the transporting of a load, not impossible, but terribly difficult. Thirty days would be consumed in a trip to Detroit. But provisions *must* be had, and with almost incredible labor they got them; and no one starved, though they ate what was obtained by the sweat of their brows.

Notwithstanding what has been said, 1836 was *the* big year; for settlers, too numerous to particularize, came pouring in, and of the right sort, too. To individualize would be invidious, as this year closed with probably a thousand people in Ionia county. But it must be recollected that Ionia was then the whole of what was the next year the county.

Then again, those who came in 1836 were not pioneers. Others had opened the way, and built saw-mills, a grist-mill; had raised crops, and "the poor had the Gospel preached unto them" by Monett.

But it is a noticeable fact that the men who have since been looked up to, were the men of '36, or the years preceding. A gentleman who was present at the raising of Alonzo Sessions' house, and saw the group of young men who had come together, was forcibly struck by the impression that he had never seen so fine a lot of young men together on such an occasion. In fact, a disproportional part of the earliest settlers of Ionia county were young men of talent and character. They made an impression which has not been obliterated. This remark is measurably true of most of the towns in the county, strikingly so of Ionia; no town anywhere, for intellect and moral worth has stood higher; the moral atmosphere has always been good, and the dominant influence on the side of virtue. No place has done more for education or religion than Ionia; and there is no place where it is easier to rally the people in a good cause. For this, bless the early settlers. The time had come when New England was not, as when she settled "New Connecticut" or northern Ohio, cleansing herself of the worthless part of her inhabitants. The time had come when the best and most enterprising of her sons were looking to the West.

An Ohio man, some years ago, proposed as a toast, "Ohio and Kentucky—the former settled by the offscouring of New England: the latter by the *elite* of Virginia. See what freedom has done for the one, and slavery for the other." If, as is true, Ohio was settled by those whom New England could well spare, and its high civilization is a growth of an age, it is *not* true of the Grand River Valley. The time had come when the flower of New England and Western New York were going to the West, as was deeply felt by those who were left behind. Probably no Western State was settled by so good a class of people as Michigan. Young as she is, her institutions are being copied by the older States; and for civilization, refinement and culture she need not blush in the presence of old Massachusetts, which is the pioneer of American civilization. Massachusetts is still fettered by some of her old ideas, which the freer genius of Michigan has discarded; and therefore the strides of the young Michigan will be the more rapid. But God bless the old "Mother of States." A little conservative, as old people always are, she is a good, old motherly State, and her children call her blessed.

But where are we? In Ionia, in 1836. This year, in imitation of older places, the 4th of July was celebrated; Alonzo Sessions, orator, and Thomas Cornell, caterer, on the occasion. Doubtless, the oration was good, for Mr. Sessions is not in the habit of speaking unless he has something to say. But tradition speaks not of his oration, except that he orated. But to show that the ancients were not very different from the moderns, while the intellectual feast is forgotten, the *dinner* and the dance are still held in cherished remembrance. By that dinner Mr. Cornell established his reputation, and the dance is *the* one to which the grey veterans now look back as a season when youth and beauty beguiled the hours in such a way that the remembrance of it is a pleasure. They had not a band of music, for all they could muster for the day's parade was a fife and drum. In the morning's divertisement they had the strains of a backwoods Paganini—John Smith—and we will suppose that "soft eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again," for that is nature. But, while the season was one of social jollity, it was one where self-respect was preserved; they were not dependent on artificial excitement; they were too self-respecting to need or tolerate intoxicating drinks. When the small hours of morning bade them seek their homes, all were sober, all were happy.

That dance is one of the sweet remembrances of the "good old times" when social intercourse had a soul in it.

Passing 1836, the history of Ionia, for a series of years, is a history of her losses of territory. Divided in 1837, by a north and south line, into Ionia and Maple, and then shorn of one township after another, we find her a simple town with a snug little village—the county seat—with a slow but steady growth, until the completion of the D. & M. railroad; then, instead of being herself a tributary of Grand Rapids, she became the central and market town of Ionia county.

Ionia has no natural advantages; it owes its existence, even as a village, to the fact that on the arrival of the first settlers, the Indians had a *clearing*, which they obtained; and that being nearly central, it was by the infant county made the county seat, and to the location of the U. S. Land Office there. The two last gave it a precedence over Lyons, which had some natural advantages. The prestige which it obtained by being the center of public business, it has kept up; and business enterprise has not been lacking. She had the start of Lyons before the railroad came, and the railroad left Lyons in the lurch.

From the time that Ionia cut loose from her dependence on Grand Rapids her progress has been steadily onward. Trade received an impulse, some manufactories were started, and wealth sought investment there. Beautiful residences began to adorn the hill-side and the plain; fine churches arose; and a noble school house — the pride of the place — crowned her hill-top; and Ionia became a city. She is not, and cannot be a great city; but it is, and will be, a place where people will delight to locate for a pleasant, home-like vicinity. Ionia prides itself on the good order, moral worth and respectability of the people. It is not a favorable place for the bands of "bogus niggers" to exhibit; they are a little too self-respecting for such. Temperance has a strong hold on the people; though it must be confessed, some few people do drink on the sly, or have some infirmity that calls for *medicine.* A few boys walk the streets with a cigar in their mouths; for it must not be supposed that in a place as large as Ionia *all* will know what belongs to a gentleman, or that *all* the boys have been well brought up.

Ionia was incorporated as a village in 1855; as a city in 1873.

TRADITIONS OF IONIA.

In 1842, a man got drunk at a tavern, and on his way home fell from his wagon and broke his neck. He was carried back to the tavern; and his funeral held in the bar-room, in view of all the display of what steals one's brains, and makes man a brute. The Rev. Mr. Overheiser conducted the services.

As Mr. A. F. Bell has repented of all his vices, and reformed, as we sincerely hope, we may be excused if we tell a story or two of him in that time of his life, when, to use his own language, "he had a fine chance for improvement."

There lived in the town, a Dr. Beckwith; quite a character in his way, as may be seen from his feasting the Lyonese. Bell had mortally offended the Doctor; and in his wrath the Doctor challenged him to settle the the affair "according to the code of honor." Bell accepted the challenge; chose potatoes for the weapons; the place, the bridge across the Grand River, the parties standing at opposite ends and discharging their missiles until honor was satisfied. With ineffable disgust, Beckwith refused to have anything to do with one, who could show so blood-thirsty a spirit; and insist on such ungentlemanly terms.

This same irrepressible Bell and another were once crossing the Looking Glass River on a log, when a deer was floated against it by the current. They seized the deer, held his head under water, and drowned him. Having taken off his skin, they carried it on a pole between them to Lyons. On the way they met a man, who was surprised to see them with a fresh deer skin, as they had no gun. He asked them how they killed it. Bell told him the facts in the case, but the man said, "Tell that to some green-horn that don't know anything." "That's just what I did," was the cool answer.

In 1856, a beautiful little girl, seven years old, the daughter of —— Page, went out riding on her pony, accompanied by an older girl. In the principal street the saddle turned, and the child hung by her foot in the stirrup. Frightened, she screamed, which startled the pony, which, after dodging about a moment, ran for the stable. The child's head was struck against the side of the stable door, and she was killed. What renders this peculiarly aggravating is, when the saddle turned, and the pony was shying here and there, a dozen men were near, yet no one had the presence of mind or courage to fly to the rescue and seize the beast. Comment is needless.

The first wheat exported from Ionia was sent down the river by Giles Isham, in 1839—2,254 bushels.

The first birth in Ionia county was that of Eugene Winsor, son of Darius Winsor, which happened in 1833.

Winsor has the credit of being the first born of white parents in the Grand River Valley, but *Emily Slater* got the start of him by eight or nine years.

The following article is from the pen of one who knows whereof he wrote, the Hon. Alonzo Sessions:

"No adequate idea can be formed of the difficulties and dangers attending the first settlement of Ionia county, without taking into account the condition at the time. It was a vast wilderness, a hundred miles distant from other settlements, with no roads for communication in any direction, and no possible channel for supplies but the circuitous, hazardous and expensive water communication around the lakes and up the Grand River. The whole country was in the possession of a strange and savage people, who would naturally regard the new-comers as not entitled to a friendly welcome; with abundant leisure, always armed, and with sagacity enough to know that the incomers were at their mercy.

With scanty supplies; with continued uncertainty as to obtaining more; with no shelter, except the poor wigwams provided by the Indians; with everything to make and build anew; with all the hazards of toil, exposure, sickness, suffering, starvation and death, they boldly took the risk, and conquered every obstacle. By kind treatment and honest dealing, the Indians soon became friends, and often supplied the material most in need when hunger came and famine threatened. With a kindness or prodigality unknown among thrifty, cautious people, they would divide their food, or part with all of it, by turns, if the inducements were satisfactory. They often became useful allies in navigating streams, and in other pursuits; and when the early settlers got in a condition to produce a surplus of food, for a time after pay-day they were very good customers; and a limited commerce with them was constant, and beneficial on both sides.

Under such circumstances, of course it was impossible for a weak colony to make rapid progress. But men who had the courage to make the attempt, were not the men to fail, and the work progressed steadily from the outset. Fields were made and planted; houses, mills and barns were built, and the work went gradually, but surely on; gathering numbers, tone, strength and power to the present time.

The first settlers, like all pioneers, had a village, perhaps city, in imagination in the immediate future, on their purchase, and the location of the county-seat for some time became a very interesting matter to them, and resulted in their favor. A stake was stuck in the ground and named "Ionia Center," though not very near the center of the county.

Very soon after the location of the county seat, the U. S. Land Office was also moved there; and was the occasion of great rejoicing, but it proved a very unfortunate thing for the county. At the very time when the mania for speculating in wild lands was raging, and the fever at its extreme height, the Land Office was opened in the midst of an extensive tract of the most valuable lands, just thrown upon the market, by officers so void of all sense of honor, as to practice daily, in open daylight, the most bare-faced frauds upon poor men, that desired small tracts to live on; and a criminal favoritism in the interest of those who had money to bribe them, and to secure large acres, to hold wild and waste.

Just at that time President Jackson's "Specie Circular" came in force; and that enabled greedy officials to swindle honest purchasers, in detail, and in bulk. It would require too much space to describe all the methods of fraud and swindling that were practiced, but a few of them will be given, to-wit: The law required that each parcel of land should be first offered at auction. The bids were required to be in writing, and placed in a box, previous to the day of sale. When the time for final decision came, all bids were missing, except the one put in by the favored one. Again, only gold or silver, or the bills of a few favored banks were receivable for lands. This was a surprise, sprung by the "specie circular;" and many—in fact most poor men—came unprepared. The nearest banks were at Detroit, 140 miles distant; and no road. A broker's office, across the street from the Land Office, was a good thing to have, for gold and silver was in demand at 10 per cent. premium. The broker's office sold specie while the supply lasted; but gave out before noon and night. At night and at noon boxes were seen to pass from the Land Office to the broker's; and the specie, used to buy land was used twice each day, and somebody pocketed 20 cents on each dollar of it every day, and the money was taken from the pockets of those that had no money to spare.

The result is soon told. Those who come to buy land to make themselves homes, soon became disgusted, and left. It may be wondered why they did not tear down the Land Office.

and the office of the broker. But General Jackson was President, and "by the Eternal" it might not have been safe. They left peaceably, and the speculators, as they are called, took the land and held it from settlement and improvement. Some paid taxes upon it and others let it be sold for taxes; and the titles became mixed and doubtful, and careful men shun it. Much remaining uncultivated and wild to-day.

The men who interfered to retard the settlement and improvement of the county, probably had no such purpose. Most of them are punished. But the fact remains—if they had kept away, and left the land for those who needed it, and would have made a good use of it, Ionia county would to-day be worth double what it is, and would be second to no merely agricultural county in the State."

BAPTIST CHURCH IN IONIA.

The settlers in Ionia were not unmindful of their spiritual needs, and as early as June, 1836, took the initiatory steps to organize a church. Under the guidance of Elder E. Loomis, agent of the American Home Mission Society, the preliminary steps were taken to effect a church organization; steps which resulted in the establishment of the "First Baptist Church of Ionia;" which church is the "pioneer church" of Ionia county, and, with the exception of the Mission Church at Grand Rapids, the first in the Grand River Valley.

An interesting and extended history of this church has been written and published by Dr. Lincoln, one of those who founded the church, and who still lives as one of its venerated members. From this history of the church by Lincoln, we condense and select, to bring it within the province of this work, the following particulars:

The first banded members of the preliminary organization were:

Samuel Dexter, Erastus Yeomans, Alfred Cornell, and their wives. June 24th, 1834.

At a meeting on the 23rd of August, Benjamin Barber was received by letter, and W. B. Lincoln was received as a candidate for baptism. At this meeting the church was organized.

The next meeting Lincoln was baptized, and was elected church clerk.

On the 18th of Feb., 1837, the church met at the school house in Dist. No. 1, and adopted articles of faith and covenant, and received by letter—

Geo. Dexter and wife, Wm. Wood and wife, Jeremiah Eaton, Candis Dexter, Justus Barber, Mercy Smith, Delilah Clapsaddle.

There also appear as members of the church, J. Eaton and Robert S. Parks. At this date the membership was twenty. In May, 1837, Elder Sangster, his wife and daughter united with the church, and he became its pastor, in which relation he continued until Aug., 1840, when he was succeeded by Rev. H. D. Buttolph, who continued pastor until the close of 1844. In 1845, Elder Alfred Cornell became pastor, and continued in that relation seventeen years. During his time, a house of worship was erected; the church recruited, and from detachments from it, other churches were formed.

Since 1863 the church has been ministered to by J. H. Morrison, two years; Elder Cornell, two years; Levi Parmely, four years, during which time the new brick church was built; J. Rowley, one year; Elder Deland (as supply for a time).

Present pastor, 1875, Rev. E. O. Taylor. Membership, 250.

Other churches may complain at the comparatively large space given to the Baptist Church in Ionia. The reasons are, it is the *pioneer* church, and a warm-hearted member of it, *con amore*, has furnished abundant material. A great majority of the churches have failed to make any report at all; and of many, all that is said, is the gleaning of a sinner, who made arrangements with some leading member of *every* church for the particulars of its history. If any churches are not noticed, it is from their own failure to interest themselves in it.

LYONS.

It will be recollected that for a time Ionia county was all one town, and attached to Kent county. In 1837, this big town was divided, and a tier and a half of townships on the east were set off from Ionia, and organized as Maple. Maple, in turn, was shorn of her fair proportions by the organization of towns, set off. What was left, in 1840, dropping the name of Maple, assumed that of Lyons, in compliment to the Hon. Lucius Lyon, who figured prominently in the Grand River Valley in the earlier years of its history.

Those *avant couriers* of civilization, the Indian Traders, had located there about 1830. These were Louis Generau, —— Brown, and Wm. Hunt; the two last without their families. Generau had identified himself with the Indians by taking an Indian wife. He and Brown soon disappear from the scene. Hunt, in 1834, brought on his family, and lived and died at Lyons.

There was also located there a lawyer by the name of Belcher, with several men in his employ or gang, ostensibly trading with the Indians, but in reality carrying on the manufacture of "bogus." Belcher soon disappears, and they say that, having commenced life in a way that gave him a fine chance to improve, he has made good the opportunity; that he is not *the* Belcher that headed a "bogus" gang at Lyons. No, no; that was another fellow; no relation of his, and he knows nothing of him. Wishing to encourage all laudable efforts for amendment, we will not tell the name or whereabouts of that Belcher.

The first who, by bringing his family, gave evidence that he meant to stay, was Henry B. Lebhart. Mr. Hunt had been there some time making up his mind whether to settle or not, and did afterwards take up his permanent residence, but not until a year after Lebhart's appearance. Therefore, by common consent, Mr. L. was the pioneer settler. It will not be without interest to follow him in his track.

Lebhart then (1833) was a young man of talent, with a wife and young family. He came on in April, selected his lands, went back to Naples, Ontario county, N. Y., and came with his family, prepared to build a saw-mill, and was accompanied by teams, bringing his traps in general and the machinery of his mill. He meant business. Some things he sent round the lakes. They had to make their roads, and were over 20 days coming from Detroit. At what is now Lansingburg, Shiawassee county, Lebhart left his teams, and with two of his horses, his wife and child, pushed on, following Indian trails, and arrived at his chosen site, where Lyons now is, July 4th, 1833 (a little more than two months after the arrival of the first settlers at Ionia). Mrs. Lebhart, at the time of their arrival, was in the last stage of exhaustion from fatigue. She could not stand. She and her child were carried by the Indians to their settlement on the left bank of the river, and put in the quarters of Belcher and his band. There she was laid on a pile of bear-skins. Mrs. L. had before a slight acquaintance with Belcher and his wife, and he acted a gentleman's part in befriending her and hers while temporarily an inmate of his house. The gang acted suspiciously, evidently feeling that she was a spy on their conduct; and Belcher seemed determined to protect her at all hazards, never leaving her a moment unprotected. "Give the devil his due," is an old proverb. Let Belcher be what he might, he was chivalrously honorable in the execution of the charge he had undertaken. There were wranglings between him and his men on her account. She believed they wanted to kill her, especially after they knew that she had found out their business. He never left her and her child for five days, or until another shelter was provided for them, and the teams had come in with their provisions. They were supplied by the Indians.

While she, in her feeble, exhausted state, was lying in Belcher's cabin, she was a great object of curiosity to the Indians, who were continually coming to see the "White Squaw." At one time she awoke, to be frightened by the sight of a big Indian standing over her with a knife in his hand drawn back behind him, as if ready to plunge it into her, he fixing his eyes intently upon her; she screamed and fainted. Belcher rushed to her side, and told her that he was a good Indian, and that he was simply gazing at her with curiosity, and that he merely happened to have his knife in his hand to cut some tobacco. This afterwards she well knew was true—that he was a good Indian—and a good friend he proved to be to the "White Squaw."

The journey from Detroit was one of fearful hardships—cutting roads, fording streams, building bridges, etc. The "mosquitoes were awful," bloodthirsty and unrelenting. Lebhart, fearing his wife and child could not endure much longer, left, as before said, and pushed on, leaving the rest of the men to endure the hardships of the journey, and to fight the irreligious, uncircumcised mosquitoes as best they could. But they got through in a few days—a set of as tired sinners as ever welcomed an Indian camp, or launched their curses at "skeeters."

The child spoken of above is now Mrs. Ed. B. Armstrong, of Saranac.

The first birth at Lyons was in 1834—a son of Mrs. Lebhart, which died in a few days.

Lebhart and family lived in a tent until he had got up the saw-mill, and sawed boards for a house. The Indians were very kind, bringing provisions, etc. They had only scant clothing; bringing only what they wore, sending the rest around the lakes. Such clothes as they wore they got of the Indians; their own did not come for two years, and then all spoiled. Their other goods came all right.

During the first year, Mrs. L. was chased by a big gray wolf.

Mr. Lebhart was always a prominent man at Lyons. He was the pioneer Fourth of July orator of the West; at least west of Pontiac. How the historian's pen would delight to linger over the scenes of that day. From the woods and clearings the settlers had come in, in their best array, with their wives and lassies, drawn by ox teams. The Indians, knowing that the white people were going to have their big "pow-wow," came out in all their paint and feathers to witness the scene. And, if we may credit mythology, the gods of the sky and regions below were looking on in gaping expectancy. Jupiter, in form of a big owl, was perched in the top of a tree. Pluto, as an Indian, sat on a log near by; Neptune, in the form of a big bull-frog, was in the edge of the meadow, peeping out of a bog; and anon he would lift his voice and say "big thing!" Mercury, in guise of a pigeon, sat on a tree, ready to carry the report to the assembled council on Olympus. Venus, as a young squaw, was squatted on the ground, with Cupid, her fat pappoose on her back ; and Mars, as a red-headed wood-pecker. was lazily clinging to the side of a tree. The day wore on ; and this is (from memory), the report of the next Olympian Chronicle: "The morning sun was auspicious of a beautiful day for the celebration of the anniversary of a nation's birth. Coincident with the first glancing of the beams of the rising sun on the trees in the east, the booming of an extemporized cannon (a bellows nose) announced the sunrise of the glorious morning. The flag (six bandanna handkerchiefs) was floating in the wind. A barrel of whisky was rolled out on the green. At ten o'clock the meadow was alive with the denizens of the forest, who had come to do honor to the occasion and the day. At eleven, the procession was formed, marshaled by Bell, and headed by the pioneer band—a fife and a jews-harp. Arrived at the stand, the orator took up his glowing theme. Report, if you please, the chain-lightning. It is reported by the crashing thunder. But on this occasion the celestial reporter was obliged to throw down his pen, and, with the rest, join in the hand-clapping, and the shouting, "Bully!" Then followed the feast and the social hilarity, when men and gods forgot all distinction, and on equal terms commingled. Jupiter, an owl no longer, but an Indian chief, tripped lightly in the dance with Mrs. Lebhart on the green; Mercury, in the form of A. F. Bell, cavorted with the young Indians, to the infinite delight of Venus, who at the time was playing the agreeable to Cocoosh. But why particularize? When all were jovial, who was the jolliest? As the sun, which, cloudless during the day, had admiringly looked on the scene, was slowly and reluctantly descending to the west, the crowd dispersed to their several homes. They mounted their ox-wagons, cracked their whips, and shouted "Ge-lang!" while the bellows-nose exploded in a farewell peal, which seemed to be liberty's shout, "Long live America! long live Lyons!" The accuracy of the above cannot be attested. Old Mercury, the reporter, was given to story-telling, and had no more truth in him than a modern reporter. This report is to be taken, as

Thucydides wisely remarks, "*cum grano salis;*" which is freely interpreted by putting your thumb on your nose and wagging your little finger!

This was the first, but by no means the last or most memorable celebration of Independence at Lyons. One, a few years later, "is still to memory dear." As a preliminary, we may state that Dr. Beckwith had been made the butt of ridicule, through a surreptitiously obtained letter of his to the "school-marm;" copies of which, to his intense disgust, and to the infinite mirth of the Lyonese, had been posted on the trees and fences. When the "glorious 4th" came around, the Doctor, to make them forget the joke at his expense, provided the feast of the day. A beautiful dinner was spread, and all partook of the baked pigs, that had been seasoned with Croton oil. History sometimes draws a veil—*it will kindly do so here.*

Excuse digression. We will come back to 1833, during which the company increased to 20 persons. Of these, were Wm. Moore and family, among whom were two sons, William and Daniel; Nathan Benjamin, David Hunt, John Gee, John Knox and family, and William Merrill.

William Hunt has before been spoken of. He came on *to stay* in 1834. He lived in the village, kept a kind of a "stopping place," where people could get something to eat, and sleep "heads and points" on the floor. He had no regular business—traded with the Indians a little, hunted bees, fished, and did "odd jobs." He was a good, but not prominent citizen. When Isham put up a better tavern, Hunt removed to a farm three miles out of town, where he died about 1858. His widow survived him about four years; she had long been blind. His daughter Ruth was the first teacher in the town of Keene. She married Benjamin Thompson, and "moved West." Another daughter (from whom these facts are gleaned) is now Mrs. Conner, of Easton.

A good story is told of these Hunt girls, and our friend Blanchard, of Ionia. The girls, out blackberrying, *treed a bear.* One of them stayed to keep him up the tree, while the other ran to Roof's office for help. Blanchard rallied several men, who, with dogs and guns, were at the spot in short order. Finding the heroic girl had kept the bear treed, instead of shooting him where he was, they wished to have some sport. So they, at first politely making their best bow to Bruin, invited him to come down, and play with the dogs. But he only put his paw to his nose, as much as to say, "I don't associate with dogs." They then threw clubs at him, but he only growled. Blanchard said, "I'll bring him down." The tree forked near the ground. Bruin was on one part, and Blanchard, with a club, sprung up the other, and struck the bear, they being on a level. Mr. Bear felt himself insulted; and clinging with one paw to his limb, made a sweep with the other at the one who had desecrated his sacred nose. His sweep was *one inch* too short to hit Blanchard; but it took from him his vest and shirt; and the poor sinner hung to his limb, not daring to move, about as scared a fellow as ever bore the name of Blanchard. The others, seeing the predicament, gave up the idea of sport at the bear's expense, and shot him, to Blanchard's infinite relief. He, while there, made a vow never to go into a tree again with a bear; and that vow has been religiously kept.

Talking of Blanchard, we will tell one more story, of which he is one of the heroes and the narrator.

He was master of ceremonies at a pioneer-wedding. The event came off in a log house with but one room; and the officiating officer was a newly elected Justice of the Peace, who had never seen any one married. Being a justice, he knew it was his business to swear people, but he was saddly puzzled as to what kind of an oath to administer here. All were ready, the couple had come down the ladder; were duly paraded by Blanchard, and the justice placed before them. He (the justice) stood hesitating; Blanchard nudged him, and told him to proceed. He still stood as though petrified; B. nudged him again, and told him to go ahead. The justice in a loud voice said:

"Mr. Jeremiah Hunt, hold up your hand. Do you swear by God Almighty that you take this woman for your wife?"

Answer.—"Yes."

"Miss Ann Trip, do you swear by God Almighty that you take this man for your husband?"

Answer.—"Yes."

"Then I swear by God Almighty that you are man and wife; and God Almighty's curse on the one that shall separate you! Amen."

The historian has not told who that justice was. But he was neither the first nor the last justice who was daunted out of his wits, the first time he was called upon to tie the knot hymenial. The "humble speaker" knows that by his own woful experience. (See Harper's Magazine, 1863; Editor's Drawer.)

One story more, and we will dismiss the irrepressible Blanchard for the present. He and *another fellow* were students with Roof. (We say "the other fellow," for fear Mr. ——— will be offended.) Mr. R. sent them to manage a justice suit in another township. They started, and on their way were full of their *first cause*. It was arranged between them that Blanchard should examine the witnesses, and *the other* should do the pleading. The suit was tried in a log house, which was raised some feet from the ground; an open door on each side. Young Blackstone got up to plead the cause, standing with his back toward the door. He commenced "May it please the Court, Sir!" And there stuck; spitting two or three times, he said again: "May it please the Court, *Sir!*" stepping back a step or two at the same time; but there he stuck again. Growing desperate, he a third time exploded: "May it please the Court. *Sir!!*" And stepping back again, fell out of the door, turning a summersault as he went. Crawling on his hands and knees, he stuck his head in the back door, and said: "Go to hell with your old court!"

History moves slow when Blanchard is around. With him on the brain, we got off the track, and were guilty of at least one anachronism; in our recollections of the report in the "Olympic Chronicle," A. F. Bell was not, as an historical fact, the one who figured on that occasion, for he was not there, as will be seen by what follows. But as it is just like him, and the story *is written*, it shall stand. We hate to back down. Fowler, in his chart of our head said, "self-esteem, *very large;*

firmness, inordinate." Therefore we have a character to sustain, as well as the reputation of the phrenologist. We will leave Lyons to itself until 1836. Some more settlers had, in the meantime, pitched their tents, and there was beginning to be the appearance of civilization. 1836 was the year of a general irruption of settlers and speculators into Ionia county. The location of the Land Office at Ionia, and the widely circulated report of the character of the lands caused a rush, which was almost inconceivable. This is spoken of in connection with Ionia. Among those who, won by the fame of the new Elysium, came on and pitched at Lyons, were Adam L. Roof, a young lawyer, and A. F. Bell. They, with indefinite purpose, found themselves in Michigan, at Jackson. Jackson was then a shanty town, with little to invite their stay. Here they got news that the Land Office was going to be removed to Ionia, and they made up their minds to go there. They had a boat built at Jackson, and put out down the river. About ten miles down they found a jam of logs, which they got around with the aid of some passing Indians. They camped in Eaton county, and in the night were much disturbed by some mosquitoes, who came to "interview" them, and by the serenaders that were out, probably to do them honor. But they—two inexperienced young lawyers—supposed the serenaders were hungry, and wanted them for supper. Just so the kindest intentions are often misinterpreted. It may here be remarked that they recognized the voice of a panther among the serenaders. Of those panthers, more anon. A screech-owl joined his unmelodious voice in the general chorus of welcome. That bird is singularly unfortunate, few admiring his music.

At times dragging their boat, and again floating in it, camping on the bank at night, the fourth night found them at Stone Ledge. On the 5th day they had their supreme terror. They were boarded by a frightful "big Indian," who called out "Quash-a-gum!" Bell, who was saying his prayers at the time, for fear had disposed his heart to prayer, pointed to his gun; but the Indian pointed to the provision box, and made signs that he was hungry. Without waiting to say "Amen," Bell gave the Indian some food, and he left. This Indian wa

Squa-gun, less frightful in character than in looks. He was far from being an Adonis; more have mistaken him for Apollyon. When he left, the pallid fear and the voice of prayer were changed to mirth, and jokes at each other's expense. Bell complimented Roof on the alabaster whiteness of his countenance, as becoming a youthful Appollo, and Roof, (the sinner), said if he had Bell's pathos in prayer, he would abandon the bar, and be a preacher. They shot a deer, and secured the hams, as their larder was low, and went on to a hut, occupied by a French trader, named Faro; took a trail across the bend of the river to Portland, leaving the canoe and baggage with Faro, to be sent around by an Indian. At Portland they found white men, and sung "Te Deum Laudamus." There they attended a wedding—that of Joshua Boyer and Susan Moore. Arrived at Lyons, and pleased with the appearance of things, they concluded to stay. About the time they arrived the Indians had their "Green Corn Dance" and "Painted Pole Dance," at which time they visited the graves, and made their offerings to appease the Great Spirit.

Lyons, or as it was called by the Indians, Cocoosh, was a prairie—an Indian clearing of 1,100 acres, named after a noted chief. Cocoosh was a negro, who, as a boy of twelve years, was in the war of 1812, taken by the Indians. When he grew up they made him a chief. He was buried on the left bank of the river, in front of the Sons of Temperance Hall. A picket fence, painted red, was around his grave.

Roof and Bell, finding no law wanted, shantied on the hill, where Roof now resides, kept bachelor's hall, and turned their attention to surveying—especially to the laying out of cities. They, in company with Findley, laid out the city of Lyons, in 1837: platted about 1,000 acres. Taking Fred Hall as axman, they platted eight cities in the wilderness. People had found out where cities *ought* to be; but of all of them, Lyons is the only one that ever rose to be a village. First, they laid out New Burlington, in Clinton county, now a farm; second, Clinton Salt Works, now a farm; third, Gratiot Salt Works, at the bend of Maple River (now a good farm). Then Clinton Centre, south of St. Johns (no village there). The fate of the others was the same. The places refused to be anything more than a map. Lots were sold at the East in these promising embryo cities; and rueful were the looks of those who came on to improve their purchases. There were a good many green ones in those times—the progenitors of those now living. They would select from maps, lots in "College Square" or "Arcade Street;" pay their money; take their deeds, and come on to see and improve their lots. "College Square" was a swamp, miles from a house; and "Arcade Street" was a gully, with its muddy brook. Didn't they swear! But who pitied the fools? Then it was that "Yankee cuteness" was developing itself into "Michigan cussedness," and rapid was the development thereof. Then it was that "wildcat" money furnished the wind to blow up many a bubble. How beautiful those bubbles were! But they were but bubbles, and burst, of course. Nothing was thought of but *land* and *lots*. All were going to be rich. But when the "Specie Circular" brought all up with a jerk, happy was he who had an old horse and harness, or something called property. The money afloat was useless, except to light a pipe. The owners of *lots* would let them be sold for a six cents' tax. Many were in the condition of the Irishman, who, passing a pasture where a big bull was feeding, conceived the idea of taking him by the horns and rubbing his nose in the dirt. Full of the idea, he rolled on the ground, convulsed with the wildest laughter. Springing over the fence he seized the horns of the bull. When all was over, he said, "It was well I had my laugh before I got over the fence."

One word, on dismissing these surveyors, Roof, Bell and Hall. The two first, after winning position at the bar, sunk into the Legislature, and the last we hear of the third, he was mayor of Ionia.

"Youthful hopes, and youthful promise,
Here see what they end in."

The specie circular, in 1837, found Lucius Lyon improving the place. He was carrying out his schemes of building a hotel, a dam, a bridge, etc. Gentle reader, have you ever, when riding at full speed on a spirited horse, had him come square against a stump? Could you keep in the saddle, or did you find yourself in the air, and then, bruised, bleeding, and devoid of any feeling of manly dignity, crawling out of a mud-hole?" Lucius Lyon was, by the pressure of the times, obliged to abandon his wisely conceived schemes, and Lyons languished.

The splendid water-power at Lyons was developed by degrees, until it is one of the best in the State, and one which *will* make Lyons a manufacturing town. Lucius Lyon began its development. In 1856, Daniel Ball, having secured some interests in Lyons, proposed to improve the water-power, provided the citizens would take hold with him, and work for their own interest. They came down to the tune of $8,000. The work was undertaken, but came to a stand, when a number of the citizens organized the "Lyons Water Power Company," bought out Ball's interest, completed the dam and race, so that the water-power is a success.

The village was incorporated in 1857. A new charter was secured in 1868. Its growth has been slow. Its visions of greatness are things of the past, and the Lyonese are content to be a village. They are proud of the unsurpassed loveliness of the location, which attracts the eye of every passer-by. The beauty of its scenery made it a competitor for the State capital.

In the earlier years it was the rival of Ionia, and bid fair to distance that place. But Ionia got the county-seat and the Land Office; and Lyons was slow in developing the natural advantage she had in her water-power. Then the railroad came along, going through Ionia, but leaving Lyons in the back-ground, and giving occasion for the starting of the villages of Muir and Pewamo.

But we will not pity Lyons. When that *big factory* goes up, she will snap her fingers at Muir, that now is sapping her vitals.

MUIR.

Across the river from Lyons, whose location on the railroad gave it a chance to rise, and whose existence is so much taken from Lyons, is Muir. The following sketch, written by one of her prominent citizens—A. Byron Robinson, Esq.—will give its history and its status in 1868. Succeeding events have not necessitated any addition. This is copied from a business directory of Muir, and has been approved as correct.

The first settlers of the place were Dr. W. Z. Blanchard, and his son John C. Blanchard, who improved a farm there. It was simply a farm until 1855. The village was incorporated in 1871. For the rest, let Robinson speak of Muir:

SKETCH OF MUIR, IONIA COUNTY, MICHIGAN.

"Muir is situated on the Detroit & Milwaukee railroad, 117 miles west from Detroit, at the junction of the Maple and Grand Rivers, and is the great lumber market for the vast pine regions of Fish Creek, a tributary of Maple River. The village of Muir was first conceived, and some slight effort made to develop a town in the year 1854, by the firm of Soule, Robinson & Co., which then consisted of the late Ambrose L. Soule, A. Byron Robinson and the Rev. Isaac Errett, who at that time erected a large mill for the manufacture of pine lumber, now known as the Begole Mill. The town was not surveyed and platted until the summer of 1857, when the late Richard L. Robinson and Benjamin Soule came into the firm, and with renewed zeal and energy, the effort was then made to establish and develop a town at this point. The village was accordingly surveyed and platted that spring, and at once began to assume proportions and rank among the towns of Ionia county.

The village for a number of years, however, labored under very great disadvantages. The original founder, Ambrose L. Soule, a man of very great sagacity, business energy and zeal, having been removed by death, in June, 1857, the whole enterprise seemed to have received a stroke that would prove fatal to the first conceived plan of operations, both in regard to the town and the manufacture of lumber. But the importance of the interests of this point, and the general advantages of the location, soon began to be felt, and from that time up to the present, the place has had a steady, healthy growth, which now brings it in direct competition with its more pretentious rivals. The village numbers about 1,000 inhabitants, nearly or quite one hundred buildings having been erected within the last year, with the prospects of a very large increase the coming year. The lumbering interest is the absorbing interest of the town, there being now four large mills for the manufacture of lumber, with a capacity of 20,000,000 feet per season, and a prospect of more mills, soon to be erected, as the result of the contemplated railroad from Marshall to Greenville, which has been surveyed through this place, with every prospect of its speedy construction, the route having been found very favorable, and the citizens on the line having every assurance that by reasonable effort on their part, the whole road would at once be placed under contract.

The village has four large dry goods stores, four grocery stores, two clothing, two crockery, one book, one hardware, two drug, and three shoe stores. Also, one large shingle manufactory, one large bakery, two livery stables, three blacksmith shops, a large flouring mill with a capacity of one hundred barrels per day, an extensive wagon manufactory, with the full requisite number of eating saloons, restaurants, etc., etc.

The town has not been deficient in point of religious culture, their being a very large congregation of Disciples, with a splendid house for worship; also, a congregation of Presbyterians and Methodists. The Presbyterians are now erecting a very fine house for worship. The village is not incorporated, but a very general feeling of harmony prevails, which, having been faithfully fostered and cared for, has given us many of the advantages of a corporation, without the extra taxation. We have a very fine public fountain in the square; also a very comfortable system of sidewalks in our streets. Our educational interests are not what they might be, nor what we hope they soon may be, our facilities for accommodating the large increase of scholars, within the last six or eight months, being entirely inadequate. We have two buildings and have a fully and completely organized graded school; but our buildings are not what they should be for the large number of students in attendance. We hope soon, however, to be second to no point in this important enterprise—the abundant provision for the full and complete education of the youth of this place.

Feeling that the importance of this point will compare favorably with any other of the many very desirable locations of Northern Michigan, those seeking new homes in the West, we feel confident cannot do better than make this a point for observation. A. Byron Robinson."

July 9, 1868.

West of Muir, on the bluff near the railroad, are the ruins of an intrenchment, of which there is only a vague tradition. It is a ditch encircling the brow of the hill on three sides, and is nearly in the form of the letter C, the open side facing the steep side of the hill, fronting the river. The length of the ditch is over 600 feet, and encircles the sides of the hill near the top.

Old Cocoosh said there was a great battle between the resident Indians and a tribe who came from the Ohio River; that the fight was on the plain, and that this intrenchment was for defense. The position was well chosen, and could be easily defended from an assault, but could stand no besieging, as it had no water. It is a piece of Indian military engineering, and is not bad—a kind of Bunker Hill affair. Give a man, who has not learned how to surrender, a lot of men, who have never been killed or whipped, and place them there, the present writer would humbly beg to be excused from being one of an attacking party, though perfectly willing, aided by Gen. Thirst, to aid in its besieging.

This tradition is surely plausible. The ditch was never made for anything but defense from a temporary danger. It was probably a place for the women and children while the braves were, day by day, fighting the thing through; and as a a place to retire to at night.

The tradition is further, that the Southrons retired, having got a bigger whipping than they came after.

PEWAMO.

There is in the town of Lyons another village, incorporated in 1871, and called Pewamo; so named by John C. Blanchard from an Ottawa chief, for whom he entertained a great respect. The village was laid out by Blanchard (father and son), Hampton Rich, Robert Highan, and others, who purchased the property of Messrs. Mosher and Hunt. The platting of the village was coincident with the construction of the D. & M. railroad. It is not expected to be a city; cities are played out; but it is, and will be, a snug little village, a shipping point, and place for local business. The public buildings are three churches, three hotels; and it has the usual complement of stores, machinic shops, etc.; it has a flouring mill, and some other machinery.

The first school in the township of Lyons was kept by Miss Susan Moore, in a small log shanty built by Lebhart. This was in 1834; she had five scholars. She, now the widow of Judge Boyer, in a green old age, is living at Grand Rapids, and her children and grandchildren bless her name. God bless the "school-marm," anyway, even when blessings are scarce. One of them is worth a regiment of fashionable ladies, who live to be "supported;" mere butterflies of fashion; as girls, a curse to father, always wanting money; a dead weight on husband (poor man); and when dead, a nothing, but a name *on marble.*

There's many a fine lady who will turn up her nose at plain Mrs. Boyer. But Mrs. B. has *done good* in the world; what have *they* done? The "school-marm" lives in many loving hearts, and in time becomes idealized as a kind of divinity. Again we say, God bless the "school-marm!"

At the time Lebhart came to Lyons, there was no settlement nearer than Jackson. True, the same year brought settlers to other points on the river. All was wild. The wild men of the forest had their principal rendezvous at Cocoosh. The Chiefs Cocoosh, Makatoket, Pewamo, Osaugee, Mukatebanee and Okemose, centered there. For six months these were the only associates of Lebhart and his wife. He lived to see things changed, and died respected and lamented, March, 1874. Lebhart's name is attached to a creek in the town where he put up the first mill. Let no sacrilegious innovator ever change the name.

PORTLAND.

Portland is situated at the junction of the Grand and Looking Glass Rivers. It is one of the centers, from which civilization radiated in the Grand River Valley; its occupation being among the earliest.

It needed but simple common sense on the part of the early explorers, to determine the fact, that at the mouth of the Looking Glass River a town of more than common size would grow up. That common sense would show them that the whole force of both rivers was easily controllable; and that, in Michigan, where there is a great water-power, a town is inevitable. Some towns locate themselves; others, like Ionia, are located by man. Nature decided the fact that Portland *must* be a place of importance; man only discovered what nature had decreed.

Portland is not so much a thing of the present, as an idea; a reality of the future. Neither a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but the grandson of a deacon, the writer predicts that Portland *will* be *the* manufacturing town of the Grand River. There the whole force of the two rivers can be readily controlled, so as to use the waters of the Grand River three times, and of the Looking Glass, twice. Railroads have given the place communication with the world, and the water is clamoring—" Put in the wheels."

Michigan manufactures are now mostly in *wood*. *Cotton* and *wool* will, bye and bye, not all be worked up in the Eastern States. When the time comes that the noise of the spindle and loom shall enliven Michigan, Portland will be one of the manufacturing towns.

But don't, when you read these prophetic utterances, get your ideas too high, and refuse to sell water-power unless for millions, and don't imagine that each village lot is a mine of gold. There is land enough for a city as large as London, lying all sprawled about in the vicinity, and the "good time coming" is far in the future; your venerable head may lie low, and an epitaph be over it, before the vision shall be reality. Therefore, be content for a time to be a village, and to do a village business. Your *children* may walk the streets of the city of Portland, provided there is the spirit to encourage the starting of some great manufacturing enterprise.

The same year that brought white settlers to other parts of the Grand River Valley, determined some to settle at Portland, although none immediately settled there. Homes were selected, to be occupied at a future day.

The first location of land was in 1833, by Elisha Newman—some two hundred acres—where the village of Portland now is. He did not come on to occupy until 1836.

The first actual settler was an old man, Philo Bogue, who came with his family in 1834. The same year were added Joshua Boyer, John Milne (Mil'na), Abram Hunt, Thomas Shepard, Ezra Ferrin, and Chancellor Barringer.

Bogue soon died—in 1836. Milne, an intelligent and respected farmer, also spent his life where he located. The rest of the 1834-men moved away; Boyer to Grand Rapids, Shepard to England, Ferrin to California. Barringer, after operating at various places, disappears from the scene. 1835 added Josiah Young, Geo. Dutton, Wm. H. Arms, Thomas G. Barnum, Lambert B. Barnum, and Thomas White.

1836 added John P. Miner, Wm. Dinsmore, David Brown, John Knox, Ashur Kilbourne, Willard Brooks, Charles Brooks, Almeron, James and Elisha Newman, and Samuel D. Smith.

In 1837, came S. A. Miner, Charles Taylor, Wm. R. Churchill (the first merchant), John Probart, Patrick Lawless, Abijah R. Schoff and Wm. Dinsmore.

1838, Alvah T. Way, Alfred D. Isham, Samuel Green and Geo. Marcy.

1839, F. C. Kenny and David S. Soles.

We carry the advent of settlers no further. In what has been given, Portland has been considered a center, and no attempt has been made to set the individuals to their towns, as the towns now are. Some of these persons are in Orange, and some in Danby.

ORGANIZATION.

What is now Portland, Danby, and the East half of Orange and Sebewa, was set off from Maple, and constituted a town, in 1838. The first town meeting was at the house of Joshua Boyer, April 2d. Elected:

Ira Webster, Supervisor; Almeron Newman, Clerk; Samuel Northam, Almeron Newman, Justices.

The records further show the names of—

Abijah F. Schoff, William D. Moore, Phineas Coe, Fosdik H. Kilbourne, Chancellor Barringer, A. S. Wadsworth, Henry Smith, Charles Gott, William R. Churchill, Samuel Sutliff. James Newman, Samuel Freeman, John Milne, Robert Toan.

Portland Village was incorporated in 1869. The first charter election was held at Schofield Hall, May 3d. Elected:

Robert B. Smith, President; James M. Webster, Treasurer; George Hill, Assessor; William W. Bogue, Almeron Newman, Henry Bartow, Lorenzo K. Showman, William Dinsmore. Milton Sawyer, Trustees.

It is hardly necessary to say that, as Portland was a pioneer settlement, they had the same privations, inconveniences and hardships, that were so deeply felt at the other places—Lyons. Ionia, Grand Rapids, Grandville and Grand Haven.

Provisions were scarce, and purchased at almost fabulous prices, and at times almost unattainable. In some instances there was absolute starvation.

The first settlers were intelligent people, and they had the disposition to share each other's burdens. They were kindly aided by the Indians, whom they soon learned to look upon as friends. The fraternal feeling, that was the result of mutual dependence, continues still. Now, when the dark days are over, the old pioneers, when they get together, have many a kind word to speak of "days lang syne." Yet these were the "dear old times." Not because of privation and trials; but from the fact, that then soul met soul, and hearts and hands were open. What says Solomon about a dinner of herbs? With him that was hearsay, and it seemed to him highly poetic. The pioneers in the wilderness realize the whole of that. Ha! the old sinners feel it now in their very bones, when they meet one with whom they "roughed it" in the wilderness.

The development of Portland, further than making clearings in the woods, properly begun with the coming of the Newmans. The old gentleman brought the dimes; and the young men the enterprise to set those dimes to work. With some $6,000 capital at their command, they set to work building a mill. They dammed the Looking Glass; dug a race some 60 rods long; erected a saw-mill—one of the old style of sash mills, capable of cutting 3,000 feet in 24 hours; put in a run of stones; and fixed things by December, so that the settlers were not obliged to go to Pontiac to mill. What music to them was in the grating of those stones. Solomon's concert at the dedication of the temple was nothing in comparison with it. Men, women and children danced with delight. when they assembled to see the first grist ground; and Big Injun said, "Uh!"

Soon after the Newmans, Abram S. Wadsworth commenced making improvements at Portland. In 1838, he bought out Shepard, and divided his land into village lots, and began developing the water-power. He built a dam across the Grand River, dug a race and built a saw-mill. The dam went off with the ice the first spring. He cobbled up his dam, and built his mills, but never did anything with them. Wadsworth was a man of enterprise, but lacked business sagacity. He never brought his works to completion. He also did big things at Grand Rapids, Lyons and Grandville. But the result was, he spent a fortune of $60,000 or more, and died a poor man.

He, discouraged, dismantled his mills at Portland, and sold the running-gear to Newman. When Newman had set his carding-machine agoing, Wadsworth looked on; and as he saw it making rolls, he said: "That is the first thing that succeeded in Portland." Newman was a clothier, and his works were the first of the kind west of Pontiac.

In 1837, Miss Jenny Berry opened the first school of 12 or 15 scholars, in a shanty where James street now is. She is now the wife of William F. Jennison, of Eagle, Clinton county.

Miss Knox, now Mrs. Adam L. Roof, of Lyons, taught the first district school in a log school-house on the hill above the railroad depot.

The first religious meetings were conducted by A. S. Wadsworth, in Episcopal style.

The Methodists were the first preachers. The first sermon was preached by Monette, a missionary from the Ohio Conference, in 1834; the service held in a log house on the west side of the river, within a few rods of where the depot now is.

As Portland is one of the first places where Methodism got a foothold, and its influence somewhat central, we shall, in connection with the history of that church in this place, speak of it in its relation to other parts of the Grand River Valley. In doing this, we gladly avail ourselves of the well-done labors of W. H. Stone, Esq., of Portland, a man whose interest in a cause which is dear to him, has led him, as a labor of love, to trace the history of that church in the Portland vicinity.

What follows is his, and mainly in his language; and to him we would thankfully express our obligations:

At the time Monette came, there were but few families at or near Portland. The field of labor assigned him was from Shiawassee, on the east, to Grand Haven, inclusive. He traversed over this immense territory for a time on horseback. But the country was thinly settled, the people were poor, and it soon became evident that the expense of keeping a horse could hardly be met. Endowed with the true missionary spirit, he adapted himself to circumstances, and, after disposing of his horse, commenced his long, weary marches on foot, enduring the privations incident to such a life. As if to try his otherwise overtaxed energies, he was looked upon by some with suspicion, and regarded as a worthless man, palming himself off upon the public as a preacher, for the sake of gaining a livelihood. His health failing, he was compelled to leave his work before the close of the first year. He was succeeded by Mr. Sebring. The less said about Sebring, the better. It is a tradition of Portland that, somehow or other, Sebring disgraced himself and the cause he represented; and some of the older people of Grand Rapids have a faint recollection of riding a Methodist minister out of town on a skeleton of a horse, with a bundle of straw, dressed in woman's clothes, behind him. But no one remembers the *name* of the said minister. They only remember, in addition, that on leaving, he *thanked* them for the lenient way they dealt with him, for he expected, and knew he deserved, a coat of tar and feathers, and a rail instead of a horse to ride on. Mr. Stone is here responsible only for saying that *Sebring* brought disgrace; the rest is from other sources.

In 1836, Michigan Conference was formed with three districts in Michigan and four in Ohio. In 1840, the Ohio districts were withdrawn, and the bounds of Michigan Conference restricted to the State. The new Conference of 1836 sent Elder Mitchell to this field, which was known at that time as the Grand River Circuit. He was a young man of promise, and was well received; but, like his predecessor, remained only a short time. He was succeeded in 1838 by two ministers—Larman Chatfield and —— Blowers. By mutual agreement the work was divided between the two men—Chatfield taking the northern part, and making his home at Lyons, and Blowers the southern, including Portland. Up to this time, preaching was had at very irregular intervals, and no class had ever been formed. During the year a class was formed by Elder Blowers, consisting of Herman Hull, his mother, Mary Hull; Mrs. Stanton, the mother of Robert Dutton; Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Sally Knox—the latter not a Methodist; four members in full standing, and one honorary—a Congregationalist. Mr. Hull was appointed class-leader.

About this time a log school-house was built on the west side of the Grand River. A school was opened, and the house used as a place of regular worship; services previously having been held at the house of Mr. Bogue.

This little beginning must have seemed to the settlers like the dawning of better days, shut in as they had been from the outer world, and deprived of the religious and educational privileges which contribute so largely to the sum and substance of earthly happiness. They endured many privations, of which we doubtless have but a faint conception. The luxuries of life were not theirs to enjoy. To the few Christian souls, "beautiful were the feet of those who heralded the Gospel of peace."

They did not, like the poor sinner who pens these lines, criticise the *elocution* of the man who stood before them as God's messenger, but with thirsty souls they drank in the word, and thought of it, yea profited by it. (Stone is not responsible for the last lines).

In 1839, Grand River Circuit was changed to "Lyons Mission," and here commences the first official record of Methodism in Portland; the previous history being almost purely traditional. The work was supplied by Elder Chatfield, and included De Witt, Lyons, Ionia, and Portland as principal points. They were visited in turn by their pastor, and contributed their mite towards his support. During the first year each of these places was favored with one quarterly meeting; the first one in Portland being held the 28th and 29th of March, 1840. These places were then in what was known as the "Grand River District," which embraced a large extent, including Flint, Saginaw, Lapeer, and all this section of the State westward to Grand Haven. The Presiding Elder, Elijah H. Pilcher, traveled over this immense field of labor on horseback, much of the way through dense forests, guided only by marked trees or Indian trails. He was succeeded in 1843 by Elder Chatfield, who traveled nearly the same territory for the four succeeding years. These men were often gone from their homes several weeks at a time, and must have sacrificed almost entirely the comforts of home life.

In 1839, Chatfield was succeeded by Z. C. Brown and Levi Warner, and these in turn by Allen Staples and Samuel Lapham, in 1840. In the fall of 1841 the work was supplied by William E. Bigelow and L. Chatfield, who, the following season organized two Sabbath schools, the first on the circuit.

The following year, "Lyons Mission" was changed to "Lyons Circuit." The log school-house at Portland was burned, and a more pretentious building erected near the present site of the north building. This was used as a place of worship for many years, not only by the Methodists, but other denominations.

Thus, we have briefly sketched the first of four decades, into which Methodism in Portland, and the region, may be divided. Struggling into existence under the most adverse circumstances, its rise and progress can hardly fail to elicit attention and interest the minds of all. We, in different times, can but feebly appreciate the trials of these Gospel pioneers.

Thus far we have pretty closely followed Mr. Stone, who has done a good work, and put the denomination under obligation. As his article has special reference to the church at Portland, and was written for their special benefit, we cannot more than condense what follows. But we do wish each church had as good a historian.

Allowances made to ministers:

Quarterage	$200 00
Table expenses	85 00
House rent	30 00
Horse feed	20 00
Traveling expenses	5 00
Total	$340 00

Making in all $680 for the support of two ministers and their families.

In 1852 a parsonage was erected at Portland—the first property owned by the denomination there.

In the fall of 1854, "Grand River District" was reorganized under the name of "Grand Rapids District;" Eld. Penfield, P. E. "Lyons Circuit" was changed to "Portland Circuit." From the second decade, Methodism did not flourish; but the membership had decreased. In 1860, the Portland Society purchased an old school-house and fitted it up as a chapel, which they used until 1866, at which time, increased membership and increased means had enabled them to build and dedicate their present house of worship, which cost $7,500.

Present membership, 250.

We have been more particular in speaking of the Methodist church than we can afford to be of the other churches, as one of their members had given the means of tracing the early history of the denomination in the region. Of this we availed ourselves, saying much that was not particularly pertinent to the individual church at Portland.

The Congregational Church was organized by the Rev. L. M. S. Smith, in 1842. In 1853, they built their church edifice.

The Presbyterian Church dates from 1867. The Rev. Augustus Marsh has been pastor since its organization.

The Baptist Church was organized in 1840, with eleven members. The Rev. Moses Clark was the first pastor. The membership has increased to 140. The Rev. A. Cornell is in charge of it.

The Universalist Church was started in 1852, with ten members, under the pastoral care of Rev. C. W. Knickerbocker. The church was dedicated in 1855.

October 24th, 1867, J. H. Wickwire started the Portland *Advertiser*, which in 1870, was enlarged under the name of Portland *Observer*, Joseph Bailey, editor.

The village of Portland has made a fair beginning. It has already partially developed its fine water-power, and employed it in manufactures. Besides its saw and grist mills, it has a woolen factory, iron works, sash and blind factory, school furniture factory, stone works, etc. It is something of a trading center. Several lawyers there attend to people's social ailments, and several physicians to those of their physical frames. They cherish their graded school; and they, respecting their present condition, have faith in their future. And the meek historian must say, "So have I."

BERLIN.

Berlin was first organized as Cass, in 1838—a temporary arrangement. For a particular statement of its limits, see "Legislative History of the County."

The first meeting for the organization of Cass was held at the house of Wm. Babcock, April 2d, 1838.

Officers elected: Alonzo Sessions, Supervisor; John E. Morrison, Clerk; Philo Bates, John E. Morrison, Wm. B. Lincoln, Alonzo Sessions, Justices.

The number of votes was 33.

The town of Cass existed four years, when, reduced to its present dimensions, the name was changed to Berlin; and the first election under the new arrangement was held at the house of Wm. Eddy, April 4th, 1842. The whole number of votes was 53.

John E. Morrison, Supervisor; Geo. C. Overheiser, Clerk; Geo. Townsend, Herman Babcock, Justices.

In what follows we are mainly indebted to the Hon. Alonzo Sessions, both for material and language. He furnished copious notes on the town, kindly giving the privilege of making such use of them as we chose. In general, his language is adopted.

In October, 1833, Alonzo Sessions spent several days within the present limits of Berlin. Then the marks of the surveyor were the only indication it had ever been seen by civilized man.

In November of that year, John E. Morrison came from Oakland county, and erected his log cabin in the northeast corner of the town, opposite to, and within half a mile of the present limits of Ionia City. In his cabin he put his wife and child, and with his axe he went to work, and made himself a good home.

After the county was organized, he was the first county treasurer. He was a practical surveyor; was the first clerk of Cass; was several times supervisor, clerk, justice of the peace, etc. Mr. M. is still living just across the line in Ionia. He has seen something of the world besides, having spent one winter in Texas, a year or more in California, taking the hazards of the overland route. Two years or more with his family in Tennessee, after the war was over, convinced him there is no place like home; and he returned to live and die near where his friends are, and where his valuable life-work has been done.

In October, 1833, Alonzo and Job S. Sessions came from New York to Detroit, then by way of Macomb, Oakland, Livingston, Shiawassee and Clinton, on foot to Ionia. West of the Huron River the country was an unbroken wilderness—the only road an Indian trail. Before leaving the border settlements, they procured a supply of raw pork and bread, upon which they subsisted, while they lodged upon the ground, with no shelter but the trees.

At that time there were three log cabins in Ionia partially completed and inhabited. That farthest west was occupied by Judge Yeomans, with whom they got lodgings while prospecting for land. After deciding to locate in Berlin, they floated down Grand River in a batteau (which the judge had laboriously managed to get as far up as Ionia, loaded with provisions for the new settlers, and desired to have delivered to the owner at Grand Rapids), stopping over night with Rix Robinson, at the trading post below the Thornapple, and reaching the Rapids in season for dinner the next day. The remainder of the distance to the Land Office at White Pigeon was made on foot. The camp the first night was at Ball's Prairie, in Barry county.

As without tools, teams, seed and provisions, they could do nothing towards developing the land they had secured, and as their money was gone for land and in expenses, they went to work to earn money with which to make a beginning. Alonzo went to Ohio and taught school, while Job remained in Michigan, working on a farm. As wages were low, nearly two years passed by before they were in condition to return. It was in June, 1835, that they commenced to make for themselves homes in Berlin.

Alonzo Sessions left Dayton, Ohio, on the 25th of May. There are some incidents connected with the journey, that may interest those only used to modern facilities for travel. He purchased two horses, on one of which he packed his two trunks; on the other he rode; changing from the one to the other to equalize their labor. Traveling northward, along the Miami river, and frequently fording it, he soon entered a dense and nearly unbroken wilderness, where there was only here and there a settler. In places there were no roads, and scarcely a trail. It was raining daily, and every river, creek and bayou was full and overflowing. Many of the latter were more difficult to cross than the rivers, being more swollen and muddy. In places, canoes were found at the crossings; but more frequently he crossed on the back of one horse while leading the other. In this way he made his way to Defiance, several times swimming the rivers. At Defiance his troubles and dangers were not ended. The only way to get into Michigan then, was to go down the river from Defiance by way of Perrysburg; and there were swollen creeks, without bridges, in abundance. From Perrysburg he rode to Ypsilanti, where he met his brother, left his trunks, and both started for Berlin on horseback. At Marshall, they turned north, slept at Bellevue; and rode through a dense, unbroken forest, where there was neither road nor trail, yet swamps in abundance. Their weary journey ended by arriving at Ionia on the 11th of June.

They immediately went to work on their land; planted some, hired team and tools, put about ten acres of land in condition, and sowed wheat upon it early in September.

In November, Alonzo Sessions built the second log cabin in Berlin, and in 1837 he built the first frame barn. He has been much in public life, for which, see the article that accompanies his portrait.

Job Sessions came to Berlin with his brother in 1835. He brought no money with him, or other means, but he had industry, strength and courage. He cleared and improved two good farms, and after putting them in good condition to live on, sold out and went to Spring Lake. He was several years treasurer of Berlin. He did his full share in opening and making roads and bridges; and in all the privations, labors, struggles, disappointments and progress of pioneer life manfully performed his part, and bore his full share.

Amasa Sessions came to Berlin in 1836, and made a beginning in the dense forest, on sections 3 and 4, about one mile south of the river. He had very little to begin with, except his hands and a stout heart, a strong will and unyielding purpose. He made one of the best farms in the county; put everything in order, knew how to keep them so, and accumulated money. He was several times supervisor, justice, etc., discharging every duty honestly and faithfully; and has, as he deserves, the respect and confidence of every one that knows him.

William Reed came in about the same time, and built a cabin on section 3. He had a small family, and but little else. He was a man of more than common force and energy. What he undertook he accomplished. He made two good farms in Berlin, with valuable buildings complete; and was still at work with unabated energy and courage, when he unfortunately met a sudden death by the hand of a temporary tenant on his farm. His oldest son, William, has made a good farm near his father's, and is one of the most valuable, thriving and wide-awake men in town.

William Babcock came to Berlin in 1836, from Ontario county, New York. Being past middle age, he had accumulated property in New York. For particulars of Mr. B., see biographical notice accompanying his portrait. Mrs. Babcock was a model wife and mother, and she had only to live to make all dependent on her prosperous and happy. Too soon she went to her grave, and the Deacon never married again; he soon left his farm, became his own executor, and died in 1871 at Ionia, aged 88. His three youngest sons are still living in Berlin—all men of more than ordinary intelligence, who have earned and secured the respect and confidence of all who know them.

In the spring of 1836, Elisha Doty came to Berlin to live. He built a small frame house—the first in the town. About the same time his three sons—Charles, William and Allen—came in. William is the only one of the four now living.

Eleazur Murray came about the same time, and is still resident in the township. He brought very little with him except a young family, mostly girls. But he had industry, energy and courage. He has made a good home for himself and family, and has been one of the most useful citizens.

George H. Coe came into Berlin in 1839, and built a cabin on Sec. 3, where he still resides. He came poor, but has made a good farm; has children grown up as useful citizens. He has secured for himself the confidence and respect of all who know him, and still has the prospect of many useful years ahead.

David Woodruff came at about the same time, and from the same place, as Mr. Coe. He was absent a few years, as a pioneer in Montcalm county, but returned, and has been one of the most useful and valuable citizens.

A little later came Solomon Tanner, who was a natural pioneer. Born in the woods, he had made his mark in New York and in Eastern Michigan before he came to Berlin. He knew how to use an axe, a handspike, oxen, etc.; and he has left a very plain mark in Berlin. He did too much logging alone; and just when he had got a good farm, good buildings, and everything comfortable around him, he became sick, sent for a doctor, (of what school, Mr. S.?) and had to leave. He was a quiet, peaceable, unassuming, yet energetic, thorough man; attending to his own business faithfully, and performing every duty with fidelity and promptness. He had the confidence of all who knew him.

Nelson Beckwith came in 1837, and settled on the north part of section 7. He was poor, and with his young wife went into his log-cabin before it was completed. He was handy with tools; had more than usual perseverance and industry, and made himself a good, comfortable home. He built a good house, and was in circumstances to enjoy what he had earned; with his children around him, and with good prospects for the future. But in the night, when all were in bed, his house took fire. In his efforts to save his children from the flames, he perished with the child that he gave his life to save. His widow and surviving children are still in Berlin.

Robert F. Hall came about the same time, put up a frame shanty, and made some improvement on section 6. He had no family, but lived alone and made what headway he could, until one fatal day, in an attempt to cross Grand River—it is not known precisely how or when—he was drowned. His body was found some time after, floating in the stream. He was put down deep in the soil, and all his hopes, plans and expectations were buried with him.

Abraham Eddy came in 1837. He was a middle-aged man, poor, with a large family, some of them grown, and none very young. He commenced on 40 acres at the southwest corner of section 2, which he cleared, and to which he added more land, good buildings, and all needed improvements. He made money; settled his children around and near him; lived to see them prosperous, and died quietly, in March, 1875, at the age of 88.

John W. Young settled on section 2 at about the same time; made many improvements, but was compelled by ill-health to give up farming. He now lives in Ionia.

Lyman Simmons, at about the same time, settled on a lot of timbered land on section 11. Very few of our early settlers have had more to contend with, or more to discourage them than Mr. Simmons. But his industry, energy and courage have been equal to every emergency; and very few men in Michigan, or in any other new country, can show better results for the time and labor expended, than he can. His farm, his buildings, his orchards, and finally, everything about him are models of comfort, neatness and thrift.

One of the most enterprising and valuable of the early settlers of Berlin was Dr. William B. Lincoln. He came to Ionia (as noted elsewhere) in 1833; and peddled the first pills that did execution in the county. Not finding enough to do in Ionia, he bought a lot on Sec. 11, in Berlin. The Doctor was industrious, and handy with tools, a true Yankee in energy and thrift; and in the intervals of time, when his professional services were not in demand, made and mended boots and shoes; made doors and sash, or did any useful work that came in his way; among other things, serving the public as Town Clerk and Justice of the Peace. The Doctor got a good farm well under way, when his father came on from Vermont and took his place, he returning to Ionia. He was a good, kind, attentive and humane physician; no obstacle could keep him from his duty to the sick, and hundreds are living to appreciate and testify to his kind care and devotion in their time of sickness and danger.

Some time about 1842, Joshua Clark and his son, Edward O. Clark, came to Berlin and made a home on Sec. 33. They came from New York at a very early day, had previously lived some time in Marshall and Niles. Joshua was well along in years, but was a man of extraordinary industry and energy; had too much ambition for his strength; was a first-rate mechanic, understood his trade, and was too honest to slight his work. Though his constitution was weakened by sickness, and he was seldom well, he accomplished wonders.

and all that he did was done well. After clearing up a farm in Berlin, they went to Orange, made a good farm there, sold out and went to Saranac, where the old man died at the age of 78. Edward O. lived mostly with his father, until his death, and is now in business in Ionia. He married Olivia, daughter of Deacon Babcock. Harriet, the second daughter, married Joseph M. Babcock, in Berlin. Mrs. Clark was a model woman, wife and mother. She died in Ionia in June, 1872, aged 79 years.

I am about to speak of two of the early settlers in Berlin that have displayed extraordinary energy and thrift under circumstances of discouragement. Joseph Howard, a poor Englishman, and much poorer cobbler, came in 1843, put up a poor log shanty on land not his own, by mistake; yet near his cabin he had the misfortune, as was thought, to own the poorest 40 acres in town. He had a wife, and family of small children, and nothing else. But she was a good woman and a help, and they took hold together. The children were made useful, and taught to do what they could. They worked hard, lived cheap, earned and saved until the poor 40 acres was made productive, 65 acres more added, and all brought into good condition; good buildings erected, money saved and loaned on interest. Joseph lost his good wife, retired from business, and his son William reigns in his stead, the worthy son of a worthy sire.

The other was Henry P. Gates, who came from the Hoosier State in 1845, to escape the sickness which he and his family were subject to the whole time they were there. He had a wife and several small children, a pair of scallywag steers, and a miserable old wagon, and that was all. He traded all, except his wife and children, for a fraction of a little over 50 acres on section 5, being part swamp, and the balance side-hill, balancing the account with his note. He had Yankee blood in him, and knew how to work fast and well. He was by nature industrious, faithful and honest; and with health came energy and effort, and finally success. He has purchased 80 acres more land; has made a good farm with good buildings, and is living with his family in comfort and peace; and may long live to enjoy the fruits of an active and useful life.

Thus far we have closely followed Mr. Sessions. With him the work was done *con amore.* The author is feelingly aware that his work would be more valuable if every town had its man, who could so appreciatingly "tell what he knew."

ADDITIONAL.

Among the earliest settlers in the town may be placed, Philo Bates (just over the line, in Ionia), Benjamin D. Brand, Wm. Reed, Nathan and William Pierce (1837), Nelson Beckwith and Wm. Elvert. In the spring of 1838, Reuben W. Stevens and Luke Howard. Mrs. Taylor (over the line, in Ionia) states that they came from Washtenaw county, in the winter of '37–8. They came in the winter because then they could cross the streams on the ice. They brought a family of six children. Their journey lasted six weeks; and they thought they had a good time. Their goods were brought through by ox teams. It took about all they had to get through. They were soon very happy in a log cabin; managed to get *something* to eat. Mr. Taylor died in Feb. 1871, aged 79 years.

Let us listen to the yarn of that son of Erin in South Berlin, whose fine farm and good house show the result of his enterprise; and whose frank cordiality invites confidence and respect—Francis Humphreys.

He came to Berlin from Boston, Mass., in the spring of 1839; having left Ireland fourteen years before. He came to Bellevue; and then the problem was how to get on to Berlin. There was no road or track; the woods were dense, and no one there would attempt the job of forwarding them. But he was encouraged by being told that there was a man several miles north of Vermontville, who might possibly be secured—Mr. Peter Kinny. Humphreys left his wife, and went to seek Kinny. On the way, at night, he was treed by wolves, who tried to get at him. He fired at them with his pistols, and had the satisfaction of hurting some of them. Early in the morning, benumbed with cold, and hungry, he got down from his perch, where he had passed a sleepless night; came on, and found his man. Kinny was in bed, but got up, received him kindly, and seeing that he was famished with cold and hunger, told him to lie down on the bed and get a little sleep if possible, while he got him some breakfast. An arrangement was made with Kinny, whom he soon took a liking to, to go back to Bellevue, get his family and goods (about 16 cwt.), and go through to Berlin for $40. Kinny, with two yoke of oxen, went back for the load; and got to Vermontville in five days. Nothing serious occurred so far; but here commenced the tug of war. The hardships of that journey were almost incredible; tugging through swamps, cutting out trees, getting across streams; in some instances being obliged to take the wagon apart, and carry that and the load piece-meal across a swamp, often not making half a mile in a day. Snow fell during the time and the cold sleety storms caused suffering in addition to their exhausting labor. Serenaded at night by wolves, tired, cold and wet, for five weeks they struggled on—and got through. It cost Kinny his life; he was so used up he never recovered. *This is pioneering.*

To further show how people lived and fared, take the case of Zopher Alderman and his family; and it may be observed there is nothing unique in it. There is a sameness in old settlers' stories. What is said of a settler in one town, may be safely predicated as having been the experience of those in others. We have thrown in a characteristic trial or adventure —some here and some there. Combine them, and suppose they all occurred in one town, and the picture would be true— a picture of pioneer life.

But to Mr Alderman. He came with his family from Detroit to Ionia. He was fifty-five years old; had a wife and eight children—from twenty-four years down. He had previously bought eighty acres of land. A yoke of oxen and two cows were about all the property he had. Still vigorous, and able to endure the hardest labor, he and his boys "pitched in;" cut and cleared twelve acres; chopped six more; working for others for something to eat. They soon had food of their own raising; but clothes and a little money for taxes *came hard*, to say the least. A son of Mr. Alderman, now residing in South Berlin, says, that one pair of linen shirts lasted him two years; mended and re-mended by every available kind of cloth, they did service until, patch upon patch, they were curiosities. *Taxes* were a fright, for they must be *money*. Labor would command food, but not money; and the money must be got, cost what it would. Jobs were let by the towns to make roads across the swamps. The roads were of two kinds, the "rail-road" and the "log-road." The rail-road was made by grubbing out a track, covering it with split rails, and putting on the rails eight inches of dirt; the log-roads, by laying down logs as stringers, and covering the track with logs, putting on the same amount of earth. There would be fierce competition for these jobs, which were *cash*. Mr. A. states that he and others have taken these jobs—rail-road at ten cents, and log-road at twenty-five cents a rod; where, by the hardest labor, working early and late, a man with a yoke of oxen could earn twenty-five cents a day. That seems up-hill business, but such things are not the hardest a pioneer has to submit to. Think of a man taking a bag of wheat on his shoulder, and going forty miles to mill; returning, wading in the snow—a four days' trip—which was done in Ionia county. *That* "your humble speaker" would not have done. He would have done as Mr. Alderman did—make a big mortar, and bruise the grain, content to eat for life; and not be so particular to have flour biscuit, purchased at so dear a rate.

William Babcock, when he came on, was 62 years old. He brought his wife and eight children, and took up "land enough to give each of them a farm." His five boys and three girls were, Julius, Hiram, Joseph, Henry, Marcus, Dolly, Lucy and Elizabeth. There was another son, but he never lived much in Ionia county, so he is not counted. He would, if counted, make nine. Julius died at Lowell, a farmer, in 1858. Hiram, Joseph and Marcus are in Berlin, and Henry in Ionia. They are all too young to have half done their life-work. Dolly, when she came on, was the third wife of Philo Bates. She is now the wife of the Rev. George C. Overheiser, of Ionia. Lucy now lives, the wife of Ed. O. Clark, of Ionia. Elizabeth is also in Ionia, the wife of Harvey Harter; all still living, after forty years, and all in one vicinity. Had they been Yankees, one would have been in Texas, another in Oregon, a third in Kansas; but here they all keep together, and it is to be hoped that they do it from "natural affinity."

Philo Bates (over the line, in Ionia), having been much married, brought on considerable of a family. His daughter Harriet married Dr. Gorham and H. H. Smith (not both at once), and resides in Jackson.

Orpha died in Jackson, the wife of H. Lathrop. Susan is in Jackson, the wife of C. Knickerbocker. William P. and Philo live in Ionia.

Philo Bates, Sr., died in 1838.

Benjamin Brand, who is mentioned as a pioneer, soon removed to Orange, where he lived a substantial farmer. He died in 1871.

William Elvert is still resident in Berlin.

Edward Butler was killed by a fall from a wagon in 1873. He was an early settler—a very worthy man.

On the farm of Alonzo Sessions is a "congeries" of mineral springs, one of them chalybeate, and another "white sulphur." If the "mineral spring" business had not been so fully played, there are no places better fitted to start the excitement than Danby and Berlin. Danby with her chalybeate, and Berlin with her "white sulphur" waters. The spring on Mr. Sessions' land may be taken as the sure indication that *gypsum* underlies that region; whether available or not, only exploration can tell.

BOSTON.

The settlement of Boston dates from 1837, when Worcester English, Timothy White, Jesse Williams, Cyprian S. Hooker, James Hoag, Moses M. Gould, Jeremiah Stannard, Orman Hunt, David Whitney, Becket Chapman, James M. Talent, and Albert Clement, located themselves in the part of the town of Cass which is now Boston.

They were followed, in 1838, by Riley and Diocletian Hess, and Jared Stocking.

In 1839 was added, as far as can be ascertained, Marvil Church.

1840 brought in Richard Vosper, Edson English, Sylvester Train, Stephen Nute and Edward Carveth.

For some years but few settlers came in. About 1846, the town began to fill up, and was then rapidly settled. Returning, we will individually trace these pioneers.

Some of them, in green old age, are still where they hewed out for themselves a home in the woods; but not now "wid axe on the shoulder away to the woods." No, no; they are quietly smoking their meerschaums in the doors of their painted houses, looking over their broad acres, where "lowing herds" and "waving grain" give promise of beef, bread, and a piano. Yes, fat, hale and jolly, these old fellows and their "vrouws" are enjoying their homes; cracking their jokes with their grand-children; telling them bear and wolf stories; spinning yarns about Indians; talking over "old times" with each other, and must it be said—sighing for the "good old days," when a log house was their palace; a wood-chuck their dinner; a shingle-bolt their chair, and when they went up a ladder to their rest under the roof, to sleep, serenaded by wolves, owls and katydids. But such is "poor human nature." The nigher to savage we are, the happier; the less thought, the more feeling; and the more feeling the more enjoyment. We heap up wealth, build and adorn sumptuous houses, with carpeted floors; have our sofas, our mirrors and chandeliers there; store our minds with the lore of ages, and find after all, that wealth and wisdom are not happiness. But, was there ever a more foolish sentiment uttered than,

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

Just as though men lived to be happy. Let those be "happy" who have no higher aim. Let them, if they please, pant for a *heaven* where they shall spend an eternity in ecstatic delight, singing one eternal hallelujah; or let them, while here, be forever contriving how they may be "happy as a fool." Bah! I am not, old gentlemen, sneering at you because you are happy in the enjoyment of well-earned wealth and peaceful hours, or that you look back on the happy days long past. Then you were happy *because* you were *doing something*, and you are now happy because you *have done something*. And if you ever walk the streets of the New Jerusalem, you will not find it a place where "eternal delights" are purchased by a short life of spirtual longing here, as we purchase a big laugh at a circús for fifty cents. Happiness may come in the train; but the soul that is worth saving, delights in *being*, in action, in beneficence; and looks forward in eternity to being one with the Eternal in beneficence and love. The fool is happy, because he is an animal. And, kind reader, I hope you may at times be happy, as a relaxation from that thought and labor that prove you a man. But let me tell you, you poor, selfish spiritual animal, if your "humble speaker" should ever be commissioned door-keeper, where Peter now stands, and you come sneaking to the door to get in, because you want to be happy, the *door will not open*, but there will be some hinting that you have mistaken the place.

> "Life is real; life is earnest;
> Happiness is not its aim."

Away off again! Excuse me, denizens of Boston. It was well meant, and there is wisdom in it.

Worcester English, the pioneer, died April 18th, 1851. He was a jovial, kind-hearted man; the life of the social circle; a good neighbor, and worthy citizen. His son, Edson English, a man respected by all, died at Grand Rapids. Another son, Harvey, died four days after his father. His only surviving daughter is Mrs. Horace Robinson.

Timothy White came March, 1837, and still lives on his old place. Mr. White, if you were only dead, we would talk about you; but disliking flattery, and meaning to speak evil of no one, we respecfully lift our beaver—no, straw hat—and wishing your shadow may never be less, pass on. But, *en passant*, will say that Mr. White engineered a road through the swamps in Campbell, and secured a mail by that route; helped cut a road to Ada and Cascade; was first postmaster, in 1839. He and the rest of the company that came with him, had to cut their road from Yankee Springs. Winter, as it was, they had to wade the Thornapple and Coldwater, wading breast deep in water full of anchor ice; camping in the woods with their ox teams. One time, in "the days of happiness," he went to

Grand Rapids for provisions, took one hundred pounds on his shoulders, and came home in a day. He was one of the commissioners to re-survey the old Clinton road from Jackson to Grand Rapids; also to lay a State road from Lyons to Ada. So, Mr. White, as you have done something; it is to be hoped as long as you live you may smoke your pipe in happiness, and that when the old "mortal coil is shuffled off," it may repose under a good epitaph. "So mote it be; Amen."

Jesse Williams did not long survive his coming; dying Aug. 5th, 1838; leaving one son, Elbridge G., and a daughter, Mrs. Wm. Hatch, of Lowell. As he had no time to show himself, his history is personal.

Cyprian S. Hooker, in a good old age, is living at Lowell, where hats are reverently doffed to him, and where his many friends lately buried him in rich gifts at his golden wedding. He has long been a public man, and a sketch of his life is found elsewhere. In 1841–2 he built a saw-mill at Saranac, where the "Red Flouring-mill" now stands.

Jared Stocking was the first cabinet-maker. He moved away, and is dead.

James Hoag was killed in the spring of 1851, by the fall of a limb from a tree. He left no family but a wife. His loss was deeply felt. He was an energetic, persevering man, fitted to achieve success; and was a leading, influential person.

Moses M. Gould still resides on his old farm; quiet, snug and happy. His wife, to whose tenacious memory we are indebted for most of the dates here given, can tell you more facts than any other person; and *is never mistaken.* If such a memory was in every town, the historian's work would be easy. She will give you the year, the month, the day and the hour that any event occurred, and there is no use in disputing. The copious notes, dictated by her, were shown to other old settlers, and by them confirmed in every particular, and generally with the remark, "There is no use disputing Mrs. Gould on dates."

Jeremiah Stannard still lives in the southwest part of the town; has won a good name and independence.

Ormand Hunt came from Vermont. He died in 1861, aged

67. He left two sons and one daughter. The youngest son, Herman, died a soldier; the other, Simeon, is county register. The daughter is Mrs. James English.

Becket Chapman, the first shoemaker, still dignifies Boston with his presence.

Riley J. Hess and his brother, Diocletian, came from Steuben county, N. Y. Riley was a Free-Will Baptist preacher, the first person who ever conducted religious meetings in Boston. They were held at the house of Worcester English; afterwards in the school house. He died at Grand Rapids in 1873. Diocletian Hess died in 1851, aged 41. An interesting event of the early times occurred in his family. His wife carried the dinner to the men, who were at work in the woods. Returning, she got lost, and, bewildered, wandered until near perishing. She was found by the neighbors, who had rallied for the search.

Marvil Church died in 1863, at the age of 68. One son, Harvey, still lives in town; another, Robert, is in Campbell.

Stephen Nute was a farmer; stood among the more prominent men of the town. He was from Tunbridge, Vt. He died in 1862, aged 57. His widow and son still occupy the farm.

Sylvester Train came from Tunbridge, Vt. He was an energetic, stirring man, with a good many peculiarities; a genius of his own sort; one of the most thrifty farmers. He died in 1865, at the ripe age of 72, leaving a large family that he had trained for high respectability.

Albert Clement was also from Trunbridge; was a surveyor; a prominent man in the town. At the age of 50, he died in 1862. His widow is in Saranac.

Richard Vosper is now, in vigorous manhood, dispensing justice at Saranac; a terror to sinners, and to those who have rights, a fountain of hope. Long may he wave! and long may his cheerful visage be one of the cheering sights in the town where he has grown up, until he is of it the chief magistrate.

Mr. James M. Talent; we have reserved him for the last, that we may indulge our propensity to talk, and he furnishes the material for pointing a moral or gracing an idea. He still resides in his old log house. The rest of his compeers have discarded logs, and erected their second houses, but he is true to his first love. He helped build the first log house; has always lived in a log house, and has reverently made up his mind to die in his log house. There, on his fine farm, he welcomes his friends with simple kind-heartedness, and, on the down-hill side of life, with the wife of his youth, is enjoying the rustic simplicity that, once a necessity, has become the choice of their lives. Mr. Talent, let that old house be; leave it as a landmark; something to remind posterity of the simple life of the pioneers. You will never find another house a home; you are too old to learn to put on airs, and to begin life in a new house. Every log has its hallowed association. That old fireplace is sacred, for many a pleasant hour has been passed before it. How would you feel in a painted house, with a carpet on the floor, and obliged to use a spit-box? It is thickly enshrined with moss--let it be; leave it to those who have no associations, to desecrate the old house.

But, would you have thought it? Since writing the above we have visited Boston. As, with soul filled with sweet sentimentality, we came in sight of the rose-embowered cottage, our disgust was ineffable at seeing a new, painted house in close proximity. Our indignation vented itself in unspoken wickedness, when we thought of so much fine writing and sentiment spoiled—rendered utterly inappropriate and useless.

Well, he never will enjoy himself in the new concern; and what was written in full belief in his bucolic simplicity, shall stand as written, to remind him of what he should have done.

But Mr. Talent is not the only one who has disappointed fond hopes and expectations. The writer, himself, must plead guilty. A fond mother built a castle in the air. She looked forward to the time when her son should grace a pulpit; but the graceless youth was too intensely human to be a divine. "*Sic transit*," et cetera.

The pioneer school in Boston was kept by Miss Susan A. Church, in a log school-house on the farm of Edson English. She is now Mrs. Elbridge Williams, of Boston.

The first birth in the town was that of Betsy Ann Gould, Oct. 29th, 1837. Mrs. Gould is sure she is not mistaken in the date, as *she was there herself.* Betsy Ann is now Mrs. Albert Aldrich, of Boston.

The first boy who honored Boston by choosing it as his birth-place, was Henry Hess, son of Diocletian and Lydia Hess. September, 1838, was the time. His birth-place was a tent made of quilts.

We might tell of an embryo city, laid out by Robert Hilton and James Hoag, on the clear stream that empties at Saranac. A saw-mill was there built by Hoag; and prophetic vision pictured a thriving village, with that as a center. They felt that if no village was there, there was a fine place to put one. They platted and mapped it, and called it "Waterville." Alas, for hopes! Waterville only existed as a map and a saw-mill; and Saranac, at the mouth of the stream, sprang up because it could not help it. Another proof that not men, but circumstances, change the sites of towns and villages.

The township was organized April, 1838. First meeting at the house of Worcester English.

C. S. Hooker, Supervisor; Jesse Williams, Clerk; C. S. Hooker, Worcester English, Moses M. Gould, Timothy White, Justices.

In 1849, the part of Keene south of the river, was added to Boston.

In 1869, Saranac was chartered as a village, and Wm. Mercer elected President.

The village contains about 800 people, has a superabundance of churches—no less than eight. Its pride are its school house—which cost $13,000, and is an honor to the brains of the people—and their fine iron bridge across the Grand River. They have a fine, but not large water-power, which runs two saw mills and a flouring mill. A stave factory was put up in '66. There are also an oar factory, and other minor concerns. Seven doctors there attend to the ills of the body, and four lawyers to the mental and pecuniary evils of the region round about; while the worshipers of all kinds and names, in the towns around, have here their spiritual center.

In the cemetery is a monument showing how fearfully the late war visited one family—the family of Lewis. *Three* brothers—Royal P., Daniel L., and George S. Lewis—all died in the war.

Another monument records the tragic death of Nelson Beckwith, who perished in the flames of his burning house, in the vain attempt to rescue his little son, Dec. 28th, 1862.

The churches are: Baptist, brick church, 1870; Episcopal Methodist, wood; Episcopal, wood, 1859; Free Methodist, no edifice; Wesleyan Methodist, wood, 1874; Congregational, wood, 1873; Seventh Day Advents, no building; Evangelists, no building; Spiritualists no building—all in the little village of Saranac.

At this place we will speak of Wesleyan Methodism, and shall do it in the language of Elder D. A. Richards, of Saranac:

"In accordance with your request, I cheerfully undertake to give you such items of interest, relating to Wesleyan Methodism in Ionia county, as are at my command.

"Wesleyan Methodism was introduced into Ionia county about 1845. Among the first preachers who visited this county were Rev. R. D. Howe, of Orleans, recently deceased, and A. W. Curtis, who yet lives—a venerated father in Israel. There are organizations at present in Berlin, Easton, Sabewa, Campbell and Saranac, numbering some one hundred and fifty members. They have a church edifice in Berlin, and another in process of erection at Saranac. There are at present two ministers residing in the county—Rev. B. W. Backus, of Berlin, and myself."

EASTON.

In treating of the early times at Ionia, that place was considered as a center of settlement. It was considerable time before the present town lines were established. When they were established, the territory covered by the Ionia settlement, formed itself in the three towns—Ionia, Easton and Berlin. The city of Ionia is close upon the borders of the township. A considerable proportion of what is written of the Ionia settlement belongs to Easton. Hence, in giving to each town its dues, there is necessarily some repetition. Easton was identified with Ionia until 1843, when it became an independent town. Its first township meeting was held at the tavern of Simon Welch, April 3d; at which time and place it was organized, with the following officers: Supervisor, Thomas Cornell; Clerk, Sanford Yeomans; Treasurer, Erastus Yeomans; Justices, Malcom McLaughlin, Thomas Cornell, Daniel S. Brownell, William Fleming.

The settlement of the town commenced in the spring of 1833, by Erastus Yeomans, spoken of in connection with the Dexter colony. He located in that part of Ionia which is now Easton, and where he now (1875), in venerable old age, is still resident.

His family consisted of himself, wife, and seven children—three sons and four daughters. Judge Yeomans was appointed postmaster of Ionia in 1834, and held that office until 1840. He was subsequently one of the county judges for several years; always a leading man, highly respected for his intellectual and moral worth. Two of his sons died young; the other, Sandford A., has long been one of the most enterprising and successful business men, a public man, holding various offices in the town and county. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1867.

The Cornell family, spoken of in connection with Ionia, belonged to Easton. There were three sons, Daniel, Thomas and Alfred, all still living. Daniel has never had a family. Thomas is on the original homestead; has long been a public man; was first Clerk of the town, County Treasurer, County Surveyor, etc.; one of the men the people delight to honor. Alfred is known as a Baptist clergyman; at present pastor of the church in Portland. Still he is in his Master's service, with good years of work, as we hope, remaining before him, and enjoying in an eminent degree, the good will and respect of the community where he long has been an efficient laborer. For nineteen years he was pastor of the Baptist Church, in Ionia.

Dexter Arnold and family located on Sec. 13, in 1835. He had four sons—Aaron, Walter D., Wm. D., and Irving. Walter D. has for many years been a member of the firm of Rich

& Co.; a thorough business man; and enjoys that reputation which is won by sterling integrity. William D. is a farmer; has several times been supervisor. The other sons did not remain as permanent settlers.

Without attempting to particularize the years, the following may be given as the earlier settlers of Easton:

George Case, B. G. Barber, Jared and Thomas H. Conner, Ezra Winslow, Elisha Doty, John North, Calvin M. Rice, Chauncey Stebbins, and their families; James Crawford (unmarried); Simeon Welch came in 1835, and located on Sec. 19; Richard M. Bishop, in 1836, on Sec. 8. In 1857, Mr. Bishop was accidentally shot while eating his dinner on a log in the woods, where he was chopping; the hunter who shot him supposing him to be a deer. Joseph Barker located on Sec. 17, in the spring of 1837. George W. Dexter, with a family of eight children, in 1838, located on Sec. 20. He died in 1848, and six of his children died in the short space of three years—two of them drowned at one time. One of his sons is still a resident. Wm. Muselman came in 1837, and located on Sec. 7, and Wm. Fleming in the fall of 1838. Stephen Dexter and family—wife and three children—came from Washtenaw county with his brother, Geo. W. Dexter, and settled on Sec. 20, in 1838. But two of this family are now living—a son and daughter.

William Winslow came to Ionia in 1835, and soon became a resident of Easton, locating on Sec. 14, where he still resides. His father, Ezra Winslow, came soon after, and died in 1842. William Dildine and Charles came into the town in 1843, and located on Sec. 10. Isaac Finch settled on Sec. 28, in the fall of 1839. Mr. Finch died in 1874.

Mr. George Case, who was spoken of as one of the early settlers, was drowned in 1836, in Grand River, just below the mouth of the Thornapple, while attempting to swim his horse through the stream. He, and Thomas Cornell, Esq., were on their way to Grand Rapids. He lost his life through not knowing the fact that a horse in swimming, should not be strongly reined against the current, but should be mainly left to himself. Reining against the stream is liable to turn the horse upon his back, submerging the rider. The same horse had been safely ridden through the same place by Dr. Lincoln, its owner.

Easton is essentially an agricultural town, with an undulating surface. Originally a part of it was timbered land, and a part of it openings. As an agricultural town, it will compare favorably with any in the county.

The saw mill, built by Dexter in 1833, was in Easton. Most of the brick used at and near Ionia are made in this town. The Intermediate State Prison, nominally located at Ionia, is over the line in Easton.

The history of Easton is so interwoven with that of the Ionia settlement that there is no separating them. So far as a rural town depends on a city, Easton is as much a dependency as the township of Ionia. For a series of years they were one in organization and in sympathy. With different civil relations, they still are one.

Clustering around the little village of Ionia, the first settlement was in three towns, as they are now; those who took up land being as much in one as the other.

For the facts embodied in this article the author is wholly indebted to Dr. Lincoln, of Ionia, who has otherwise laid him under obligations, by the aid and kindly interest he has shown in this work In Oriental language, "May his shadow never be less," and may the pioneer doctor and teacher in his declining years enjoy the full respect due to kindliness and worth.

NORTH PLAINS.

North Plains was an outlying portion of Lyons, and its early history is blended with the history of that town.

April 1st, 1844, it was organized as a town, having under its protection the two towns immediately north. That part of the township which lies south of the Maple River was left as a part of Lyons.

The first town meeting, as appears from the town book, was held at the house of Bartley Dunn. The first town officers were:

Nathaniel Sessions, Supervisor; George Germain, Clerk; Silas Crippen, Treasurer; Hector Hays, Chauncey Conkey, H. V. Lebhart, Nathaniel Sessions, Justices.

In reality, Wm. Sessions was supervisor the first year, as his father, N. Sessions, resigned on account of ill health; and William was appointed. This does not appear on the record, one leaf of which is missing. The name of Wm. Sessions appears as supervisor, with no record of the change.

The number of votes was thirty-six.

Voted that the town officers have six shillings a day for services; $90 were raised for town expenses, and $10 for the poor.

On the records of the year are found the names of Bartly Dunn, a blacksmith, died 1850, aged 56; Nathaniel Sessions—in a good old age, still living in North Plains; Hector Hays, also still living in the same place; Chauncey Conkey, soon moved away; Hiram Brown, Geo. D. Kellogg, Geo. W. Germain, and Major D. Mills, still resident: Baker Borden, moved to Grand Rapids; Moses De Long, Lyman Williams, Lorin Jenks and Valentine Lewis, transient; Henry V. Lebhart, died at Lyons, 1874; Silas Crippen, died 1852; Jay Olmsted, died 1868, aged 57; Wm. Sessions, lives at Ionia; John Jennings, lives in Ronald; Caleb Bundy, died 1855; Samuel Staughton, dead; Caleb Crippin, died in Isabel county; Alvin B. Smith, dead; John McKelvy, died 1847, aged 57; Jacob Dunn, dead; Joseph Bundy, died in the army.

The honor of being the first settlers of North Plains is amicably divided between Hiram Brown and Hector Hays, who left Ontario county, N. Y., in October, 1836, with their families, and in company wended their weary way to the wilds of Michigan. They were not without means; each had a yoke of oxen, wagon, and a little money. At Detroit they purchased extra teams; loaded their families and provisions on their wagons; sent their household goods around the lakes and took the trail for Ionia. It was their intention to have kept together, but the lazier team and heavier load of Hays, made it irksome to Brown to keep back, or for Hays to keep up. At Pontiac Hays told Brown to "go ahead." Brown went ahead, and, by arriving four days sooner than Hays, secured the distinction of being the "first settler." Arrived Oct. 9th.

This journey was one of labor and suffering; streams were to be forded: a heavy snow fell while they were on their journey. Nights were spent camping under trees. They were not used to that style of living, and it is no wonder, if, before the weary journey was ended, they wished themselves back in old Ontario.

Brown arrived at his camping ground in North Plains, Oct. 5th, 1836, and Hays four days later. They camped for a while until they could get themselves log houses, which they did before winter. They had provisions, young hearts and stout hands, and they went to work. They had neighbors at the south; but in all other directions all was a "hooting wilderness." "Finny streams," "lowing vales," and "howling wildernesses" are hackneyed terms, which from use have lost their poetic charm. When we recollect that in the wilds of Michigan, the owl was the settler's chief serenader, the term "hooting wilderness" is seen to be singularly expressive and poetic. But let all future writers bear in mind, that the felicitous expression is copyrighted.

In 1837, the accessions were: Jay Olmstead, Nathanial Sessions, Moses Dean, Anson D. Glass, Silas Crippin, Wm. Vance, and Major D. Mills.

Afterwards the filling up was slow for some years. Among those arriving in the succeeding years, we notice, Geo. W. Kellogg, '39; Mrs. Elizabeth Palmer and sons, Samuel E. Staughton, George W. Germain, John McKelvy, William W. Edminster, Jireh Baker and family, his son Horace Baker, and Bartly Dunn.

The history of this town is not so much its settlement, as of its steady development into fine farms and thriving villages. Its pioneers, Brown and Hays, in a good old age, still live, enjoying the well-merited respect of the people, who have always looked up to them as among their leaders. But few of the other pioneers still add the dignity of their venerable presence to the town. Of many who have passed away, we are sorry to say, no stone marks their grave. We have all manner of "associations" now-a-days; would not a "Pioneer Monument Association" be a graceful addition to the number?

Of Hays, it may be said, that if his lazy oxen deprived him of the distinction of being *the* pioneer of North Plains, he was in another sense *the* pioneer. He first furnished *fatted beef* to the citizens of Grand Rapids. That is an event of too much importance for the historian to pass over. He had raised a yoke of steers; but in their development one of them grew up the most ungainly brute that ever disgraced a farm—so big that he could not be matched, and so ill-shaped that if he had been mated with his equal, Hays did not wish to be branded as their owner. What was to be done? "I will fat him," said Hays; and he did it. He fed him a year, took him to Grand Rapids, and sold him. There several clubbed together, bought the monster, paraded him, decked with ribbons, through the streets, while a herald announced his slaughter the next morning. The morn of sacrifice came. Each denizen of the village came for a piece of the "big ox." They had eaten nothing before but beef "fatted lean" on browse and marsh hay. Such a smacking of lips as there was there that forenoon was a joy to witness. The universal greeting was: "Did you have some of the beef?" "Wasn't it delicious?" So great was the rush to the slaughter-house, that by eight o'clock in the morning, nothing was left of the meat but the tail and half the liver. Nothing was heard during the day but praises of the beef. It was a day long to be remembered by the residents at Grand Rapids.

When Hays returned home, he sat down to figure on his "big ox," and the result was:

Ox Dr.	
Cost of first four years	$50 00
Feeding five tons of hay at $8 per ton	40 00
100 bushels of potatoes at 20 cts. per bushel	20 00
75 " corn at 30 cts. per bushel	22 50
Marketing	5 00
	$137 50
Cr. cash on sale	56 00
Clear profit	$81 50

"Well done, ox! Henceforth be thou identified with the corporeal system of the citizens of Grand Rapids, and I will enjoy the *profit* of thy living identity."

Historically, North Plains has the advantage of a tragedy, which is still shrouded in mystery. In the spring of 1838 the settlers and community were horrified by the murder of the family of Ansel D. Glass, before mentioned as one of the pioneer settlers of the town. Public opinion is still divided as to who was the perpetrator. Glass lived four miles from any neighbor. The last known of him he had cut his foot badly on the instep; this was done up by Major Mills, who, with his wife, went there at the request of Mrs. Glass. This was about the middle of March. Judge Brown, out hunting, came to Glass' house, found it partly burned, and saw the partly consumed remains of several persons; he spread the report, and soon an excited crowd gathered. A coroner's jury was empaneled, who investigated the case, but could arrive at no conclusion, except that Mrs. Glass and her two children were murdered. The excitement was intense; Glass could not be found. Some circumstances pointed to the Indians as the murderers, and the fear of the Indians almost paralyzed the people. Cobmoosa and the Indians came to the scene of the murder; they endeavoring to exculpate the Indians of the Valley, still saying it was Indians' work. An eye witness, Capt. Parks, says that the mien of that chief, as he addressed the Indians there, was of the most impressive dignity. Although his address was not understood by the whites, the eloquence of tone and action was comprehended and felt by all.

No effort was spared by the Indians to allay the fears of the settlers. By every imaginable act of kindness they tried to conciliate good will, but all in vain until the story of the discovery of Glass was circulated. Then confidence again returned, and the settler, when he bade his loved ones "Good night," did it without fear, and slept in peace.

Four Indians, not belonging to any of the river clans, had been loafing around for some time, and were not seen after the murder of the Glass family. The Indians laid the deed to them. Others believed that Glass was the murderer, and that he had run away. No motive can be assigned for the deed being done by Glass; and besides, being crippled by a recent wound, he could not have run away.

Our opinion is, that these Indians got into a quarrel with Glass; took him from his house, murdered and secreted him: then returned and finished up the job by killing Mrs. G. and the children, and firing the house.

It was reported afterwards that Glass was seen and identified out by the Mississippi river. A warrant for his return to the State was got out, but never served, for the reason that there were no funds in the treasury to pay the expense. A prominent man in the county informed the writer that *he himself invented the story* of the discovery of Glass, to allay the settlers' fear of the Indians. No one felt safe. *He* was satisfied that the Indians of the Valley did not do the deed, and, to reassure the people, manufactured the story. His name is not here given. Those who know what it is to be afraid of Indians, will excuse the fraud. But until the above alluded to man shall see fit, over his own name, to tell his story to the public, the memory of Glass will be coupled with the belief in his three-fold murder.

Mr. McKelvy, who more properly belongs to Lyons, brought the first "civilized hogs" into the Grand River Valley. Those, who have seen the old-fashioned, yellow, long-nosed greyhound hogs of Michigan, will appreciate this act of McKelvy. Those, who in former times ate "Western pork," know well the difference between a civilized and a savage hog. The hog, unrefined by culture, is a savage beast; lean as a wolf; one-third nose; a sinister, gaunt, long-eared nuisance. Cultivated, he is the noble Suffolk, with his sleek sides stuffed with juicy pork; or the beautiful Chester, whose mild eyes and glossy sides seem smilingly to say, "eat me." What cannot culture do? 'Tis as useful in man as in the hog. Under culture, the old brutal swine, cursed by the Jew; a byword for slovenly brutishness, is disappearing; yes, has disappeared. When will culture cause to disappear the brutish, superstitious, even unhogly, human swine? Alas, it is to be feared that "careful selection" and the knife will never exterminate the old kind, as in America they have done with the hog.

Let us do honor to Miss Sarah Sangster, who first, in a little shanty, kept a private school near Mr. Hays'. She was the daughter of a Baptist preacher, and is now, if living, Mrs. Floyd (a widow), in California. This is not the only town that cherishes the name of Miss Sangster. In another part of this book our opinion is freely given of the "school-marms." We will only add here our advice to young men. In looking for a good wife, one who will be a helpmate and a companion, and a wise mother to your children, don't look among the fashionable Misses (if you have brains), until you have seen the "school-marm."

The preachers who penetrated the town when it was the back-woods, were Mitchell, Chatfield and L. M. S. Smith, (otherwise spoken of). But the one who has the honor of being the first was Nathan Mount.

As an historical event, we might tell of the preparation by the Second Adventists of their "ascension robes" and their waiting for the final trump; but sickened disgust at fanatic superstition prompts to draw the veil, and name neither persons nor time. It is sufficient to say there is *pity* for dupes, scorn for knaves, and *contempt* for fools. The town has had its Second Advent spasm—hope they learned common sense by it; but vain is the hope. Those whose foreheads "slant back" *will* have some dear delusion, and will pray about those who cherish "human reason."

In passing, we will say a few words about John McKelvy, who sleeps in the cemetery at North Plains, but who belonged to Lyons. He brought in the first drove of cattle, and the first seed wheat. In 1838, his son, John, Jr., brought in the first thrashing-machine—an 8-horse power—going to Rochester, N. Y., for it. The wheat was sold in small quantities to the settlers, for $5 per bushel.

This John McKelvy was a character in his way; a man of strong intellect, of stern integrity; sympathetic and helpful to the needy; energetic in business, and not to be trifled with. He served in the war of 1812. In 1827, he settled seven miles north of Pontiac; and, in 1834, moved to Lyons, where he improved a large farm, and secured a handsome property. He died in 1847, aged 57. One son of his—Daniel—went to the Mississippi, and was brought back to die. A daughter is the wife of John E. Morrison, of Ionia; and his son and namesake is a lawyer and farmer in North Plains.

This John McKelvy can tell you many a good story of those "dear old times." Get him, Hays, Brown, Mills, and the other old sinners—no, settlers—together, their pipes all lit, a good pitcher of cider on the table, and they will spin yarns enough—all intensely interesting to the actors—to make a book. But gentle reader, a story from the mouth of a living actor in the scene, is one thing; a printed report of it as taken down by a reporter, is quite another. Listen to the aforesaid old fellows, laughing until their jolly old sides ache, as one remembrance after another comes up; you laughing yourself into convulsions in the sympathy of full enjoyment. Then go home and try to write it up. *It won't be written.* A spirit cannot be caught. Life is made up of *common* events of the intensest interest to the individuals, but *no* common event will bear printing. You have worked hard, dear reader; have been a good man or woman; but have you given one line to history! Of most of us good folks, the only record will be on a stone: "Died Dec. 16th, 1879, aged 61 years, 5 months and 21 days and a half." How many a useful career has no more record!

MATHERTON.

This is a snug little village, bearing the name of its founder, Asaph Mather, who, in 1844, bought out Beckwith & Co., who, two years before had made a beginning—built a saw mill, etc. It is now a snug little village—such as will cluster itself about the mills.

The place is capable of further development. Of it, Mather has been, and is, the center and the soul; in more senses than one, the "biggest man in town." A steam saw mill was built by Mather in 1873. A school is kept all the year.

HUBBARDSTON.

Under the auspices of the Hubbardston Lumbering Company, and centering around their works, is the snug village with the above name.

This company was composed of Thomas Hubbard, Noah Hitchcock, Newton W. Taylor, Wilson Homer and Nelson F. Rogers.

They, with a capital of $75,000, laid out the village, and put up mills in 1865. They have a saw mill of 40 M per day capacity, sash and blind works, and are erecting works for the manufacture of various articles from hard wood. The village contains seven hundred inhabitants; a graded school, with five teachers.

The village has three taverns, six stores, one lawyer, two doctors, one foundry, three churches—the Methodist built in 1868, the Congregational in 1868, and the Catholic in 1869. It has also a printing office and newspaper.

The water-power is one of the best in the country, and capable of further development.

In the cemetery at North Plains, may be found another instance of the coincident death of an old couple. Moses Rounds, 1868, aged 75; his wife, Sophia, the same day.

It is to be supposed they were *married;* that they were imbued with an idea, now obsolete, that a man and his wife are *one.* Would it not be well if people had not become so much wiser than the original lawyer, who promulgated that idea. My hat came off at this grave. I know not who they were, except they were "Moses and Sophia Rounds;" but between them there certainly was one soul.

RONALD.

The following account of Ronald is mainly from an article prepared by the Rev. John Van Vleck, and published in the "Ionia County Directory." Mr. Van Vleck is an old resident, and speaks of what he knows. The language of Van Vleck is not used, but we are happy to acknowledge our obligations to him, and to Mr. Dillenback, who has kindly consented to our use of the article.

Ronald was first broken into in the spring of 1837, by George Younger and Joshua Shepard. Shepard's location is now the county poor farm. He did not survive but a short time He left a widow and three sons—William, Chauncey and

Norman, who remained on the farm and cleared it up. Samuel Yates had before (1835) settled south of the town line, locating part of his farm in Ronald. Shepard's farm was near the south line.

In the autumn of 1837, came the Rev. John Van Vleck and William Wood, who pushed further north; Van Vleck locating where now is the village of Palo, and Wood on Sec. 19. In the winter following, the father of Van Vleck came on to look; looked, saw and approved, and the next summer moved on with his family. The family consisted of Mathew Van Vleck, his wife, three sons, John, Albert and Peter, and two daughters, Catharine and Sarah. The entire family are still living; the old patriarch is happy, seeing his sons and daughters all around him, enjoying the good things of the world, and the respect of the community, of which they and he were the pioneers. The family secured an abundant supply of land, and have held on upon it.

They had no neighbors for several years; and a journey through the "tangled wilderness" to the abodes of civilization was no trifle. The old gentleman and his wife, on the shady side of 80, in their cosy home in Palo, are biding their time. Intellect is still clear, and though the departure is at hand, conscious of a life well spent, and proud of the family they have reared, they look not back with regret, and have no fears of being forgotten. The hoary head, which is the crown of a life well spent, has always its veneration, and we reverently take off our hat to the venerable old man and woman, peacefully finishing life's wearying pilgrimage. We do not say "live forever," for it is *our* hope, in peaceful and honored old age, "to lie down with our fathers." So, when the time comes, when "the wheel is broken at the cistern," and the pulses of life beat without emotion, we hope that loving hands will lay you away where the angel of the resurrection will find you. Be yours a peaceful old age awhile longer, while intellect holds sway, and while life has its charms. When these fail, it is sweet to rest. Who wishes to live, a human nobody—a shattered lantern, in which no light is burning? Benedicite!

Moralizing on old age, we have strayed from Ronald.

Catharine Van Vleck married George D. Tasker, and now survives as his widow. Their marriage was the first event of the kind in the town. At the rural wedding, an immense wild turkey was a part of the feast; whether served in ancient Spanish style, like the peacock at Don Pedro's feast, "all dressed in fire and feather," tradition does not say. That the fiddler came from Ionia, with his old violin, to start the rural swains and country lasses into the hilarious dance, is not supposable—for her brother was a minister; the dance was under the church's proscription; and the violin was banned, excommunicated and abhorred. It had not yet won its place in the churches and at Christian homes, for the good reason that it had kept bad company. Young reader, beware, and take a lesson from the violin. If *you* are found in low company, you will not find your place in higher. No, they did not have a violin; but the young dominie cracked many a sly joke, that exploded in hilarious laughter. Why, let alone the dominie for waking up a wedding party. Now, they are much like other genial people; but in time past they were just like a bottle of champagne—still and long-visaged until the cork was taken out. Then, though long-visaged still, there was an explosive effervescence. We don't say it was in this case; only that this *was* dominical nature; a fact which proves that grace cannot altogether conquer human nature.

In 1838, Alanson Snow (since dead) came, with a large family, and located in the middle of the town. His father-in-law, Pangborn, was brought on with them. He was a Revolutionary soldier; kept alive, as was said, to draw his pension, much longer than there is any sense or propriety in living: alive long years after all show of intellect had disappeared, and almost all signs of even life; dying, at last, over one hundred years old, from mere lack of any oil in the exhausted lamp. To live so is dreadful. Death, thou art not "the king of terrors" to a good old age. Thy presence is welcome, as bringing a peaceful rest. Why sometimes forget to come when life is a weariness and a curse?

Of senses bereft,
And all that is dear,

The little that's left
  Is out of its sphere.
O, is there not sadness
  In an old man's doom!
And say, is it madness
  That welcomes the tomb?

The same year came Lafayette Church, now a minister in Gratiot county. He made some improvements and went away. So also came and went J. J. Foote.

In 1839, Stephen and Wellington Page settled in the town, where they held prominent place among the good citizens; they now reside in Ionia.

Eli Soule came in 1840, but left for other parts. Wm. Jennings came in '42. He now is in Ionia. Joseph L. Freeman and family were added in '43, and the same year Daniel Dodge. His sons say he was not *that* Dodge whose epitaph—

"He dodged the good,
  But never dodged the evil;
He dodged his best and all he could,
  But could not dodge the devil,"—

has become classic. No, he was not *that* Dodge, but another man of another family. *That* Dodge was a Dr. Dodge, of Thomaston, Maine, and this epitaph, composed by himself, was truly expressive of the character of the old reprobate. The Ronald Dodge was another sort of man; and among his sons were two lawyers, one doctor, one editor, and two teachers. No old bach., like the Dr. Dodge of Thomaston, or such a man, ever raised such a family. Two of his boys—the twins—look so much alike, especially Elvander, that they scarcely know themselves apart.

1845 brought the Mosier family, Geo. Sessions and Phineas Hutchins. Sessions went away after a few years, and, as a consequence, was killed by the caving of a mine in California: a warning to such as desert Ronald.

Alpheus Hawley came in '46—a man who was death on bears, wolves and muskrats, as well as a successful farmer, and valued citizen. He is still resident. His tribute to his country was two sons, who died in the war.

Slowly the town filled up. In 1846, at the time of its organization, there were 26 voters. At the organization Wm. Jennings had the honor of being the first supervisor.

In 1845, that "Mother in Israel," Mrs. Dodge, organized a Sunday school. This woman died at the residence of her son, in Ionia, in 1872. The pioneer school was kept by John Van Vleck—only 5 or 6 scholars.

About 1854, Albert Van Vleck, thinking it was too bad for the people to go to Ionia for their matches and tobacco, opened a little store, where he kept those articles; also, calico, sugar, etc. Soon around the store centered the blacksmith, shoemaker, carpenter, etc. This decided that there was the place for the church, the school-house, and the *et ceteras* of a country center, and the pretty village of Palo is the result. In honor of the victory at Palo Alto it received its name; a name suggested by Van Vleck, and given by acclamation, when the news of that victory first came.

Palo is now a snug country center. Here the Baptists and Methodists have their churches; and here they have several manufacturing concerns, and the usual complement of stores, doctors, mechanics, etc., of a thriving country village. The place has no natural advantages, but is what *man* made it.

Ronald has its traditions. It once had a magistrate—a justice or an esquire—not learned indeed in the law, but fertile in resources. This dignitary was called upon to weld two into one, which he did to his own and their satisfaction. To his own, for he had been sadly in need of a dollar to send to Ionia for whisky and tobacco; to theirs, for a life of blissful union was now begun. But earthly bliss is often evanescent: Ere twenty days had elapsed, the married couple presented themselves again at the justice's house. "We cannot live together," said Obadiah. "I *won't* live with him," said his charming Sophia. "Can't you unmarry us?" said both together. The justice pondered, and scratched his judicial head; he took down the "statutes," searched them, and ruminated deep and long. He found no *law* to authorize the deed. He thought again—"What man has done he may undo; this is common sense, and should be law." Rising from his magisterial chair, he said: "Obadiah and Sophia, stand up, and take each other by the hand; do you solemnly promise to separate, and bother each other no more?" Answer of both: "You bet on that." "Then I unmarry you—get along with you—you couple of greenies; associate with owls and porcupines; only get out of my sight—git!" And they "got" incontinently and instanter.

Another dim tradition is one, in which the Rev. Van Vleck, a horse, a deer, a fire-brand and a pair of scissors are mixed up. But whether it was that Van Vleck, riding along an Indian trail, saw a deer; and having snatched the remnants of a pole from a burning brush-pile, mounted his horse, pursued, overtook and knocked down the deer with the blazing brand, and then cut his throat with a pair of scissors; or that a deer, riding a pair of scissors, chased Van Vleck, knocked him down with a horse, and cut his throat with a fire-brand; or, that a horse, riding a fire-brand, pursued a pair of scissors, knocked them down with Van Vleck, and cut their throat with a deer, is quite uncertain; antecedent probability is in favor of the first way of stating it; but the tradition is mixed. This much is sure—some such event did happen.

We will follow the fortune and the fate of a few more of the pioneers of Ronald.

Alfred Van Vleck has always lived at Palo. There he is as happy as 1,000 acres of prime land, flocks, herds, money in the bank, and a good name, can make him.

George Younger, was an industrious, hard-working Scotchman; an *honest*, sober man. He has paid the debt of nature.

Wm. Wood, lived in Ronald but a few years; removed to Otisco, where he built a mill. He died at Saranac, about 1871.

Benjamin F. Pew, who should have been mentioned as coming in about 1840, has alternated between Ronald and California. He was a "patriot" in the McKenzie war in Canada; was a prisoner at Quebec. Released, he concluded to let the Canadians do their own patriotism. He has since thrived by attending to his own business as a merchant at Palo. He *has* been a mighty hunter.

Wm. Jennings, left Ronald; but left behind the regret that he chose Ionia. He labored for the good of the community, and had a strong hold on their respect, which he had worthily won. He is now a merchant at Ionia.

Ronald was organized as a town in 1845. Its first officers were:

William Jennings, Supervisor; William J. Clark, Clerk; Royal Howell, Treasurer; John Ransom, Parley Eaton, Chauncey Goodwin, Joseph L. Freeman, Justices.

PALO BAPTIST CHURCH.

The Baptist Church at Palo was organized March 18th, 1846, with twelve members—seven men and five women. About three hundred have since been admitted by letter or profession. The Rev. John Van Vleck, who was one of the constituent members, was the first pastor, and has served, in all, seventeen years in that capacity.

This church was the first in Ronald; and for several years the only religious society in town. Its growth has been steady and healthy; and a quiet, yet powerful influence for good has gone out from it during all the years of its existence. It has a good frame meeting house—built about 1860. It has now a membership of over 150 persons, and is, under the leadership of its present pastor, Rev. H. A. Rose, likely to continue a prosperous and useful religious society. J. V. C.

The following communication is left to tell the story of Methodism in this region. It is given in the language of the writer. We only wish we had such reports from all the churches as we get from Ronald:

PALO METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

This church consists of three Classes: the Palo. West Bushnell and South Ronald Classes, having a total full membership of one hundred and forty; probationers, twenty.

The present pastor, Rev. Burton S. Mills, receives a salary of $800, and parsonage, $100—$900. The parsonage was built in 1858. In the years 1869–70, a church building, 36 by 60 feet, was erected and furnished with a bell, organ, carpet and furnace, at a total cost of $4,500, and dedicated, free of debt, August, 1870.

Since that time sheds have been built containing ten stalls, and costing $500.

The West Bushnell Class have a neat little chapel nearly completed, costing about $1,500, which they expect to dedicate, free of debt, before the close of the present year.

The first organization within our present limits, was the Class at Long Plains, in the year 1846, organized by the preachers in charge of either the Ionia or Lyons Circuit—Revs. F. A. Blades and —— Comfort. This is the present South Ronald Class, and some of the original members are still living and members of the Class.

In 1854, the Michigan Annual Conference organized the Matherton Circuit, consisting of this and several other Classes. In 1856, Palo Class was added, and in 1861-2 these had increased to ten Classes. In 1862, Palo Cirsuit was formed, and in 1870, consisted of five Classes, two of which in that year were set off to Bloomer Circuit, leaving the charge consisting of the three Classes as they exist at the present time, the oldest being the original "Long Plains Class" of 1846. A. E. HALBERT.

Palo, Nov. 4th, 1875.

ORLEANS.

The history of Orleans is of settlement and growth, with no striking events to render it peculiar.

It was not a town by itself until 1846. The first town meeting was at the residence of Ira Wheeler. The first township officers elected were:

Gilbert H. King, Supervisor; Seneca H. King, Clerk; Ira Wheeler, Treasurer; Gilbert H. King, Jesse Wood, Guy Webster, Gerret Snetiker, Justices.

The first school was kept by a Miss Hewitt, in the chamber ber of a log house.

The first settler was Guy Webster, in the southeast corner of the town, in 1838; he came in March. He was followed in May by Joseph Collins; and soon after by Erastus Higbee in June; and by Asa Palmer and Lorenzo D. Bates in December. Of these, Webster and Higbee are dead. The rest have moved off, leaving Mr. Palmer alone in his glory.

In 1839 a few more came—Daniel Hoyt, who still resides on the land he first purchased; and, by the way, he was the first preacher in the town; Archibald Sangster and Chester Schoffield, both of whom moved away; and Joseph Collins. In Collins' family occurred the first death in the town--that of his son Joseph, Jr., in the winter of 1839-40. Also in his family occurred the first wedding. Two young fellows from Otisco, Wm. G. Bradish and Hiram Baxter, being out hunting one day, discovered Collins' charming daughters, as they were picking blackberries. The consequence was that, some time afterwards, Thomas Cornell, Esq., of Ionia was called to the house of Collins, and by him four were made two—that is, if man and wife are one.

We cannot give the date of the entry of others, neither is it important. Orleans was settled at a time when it was only to go one step further.

We have as early settlers the names of Jesse Wood, Alexander Howe, Martin Eckart, Gilbert H. King, Wm. R. Kidd, Wm. Bradley, Samuel Raby, and Joseph C. Green. All of whom are dead. As transient residents, we find Agnus McPherson, Isaac Harwood, Milo K. Cody, David Courter, Robert W. Kidd, Dewitt C. Hurd, Chester Goss, and Marvin Haight. Of those who came to stay, stayed, and at this writing (1875) are living residents, were Edward B. Post, Richard Hill, Richard Hale, Albert Dorr, Ira Wheeler, Samuel T. Kidd, Warner Wheeler, Thomas Neep, W. Gould, James C. Beach, Seneca H. King, Lewis J. Holcomb, Charles Chadwick, Hiram Hall, Adam Bussard, and Joshua Hall. The list above given are reported to have come from 1842 to 1846, inclusive.

A quiet farming town, it has gone on the even tenor of its way; every one, as a general thing, minding his own business; thus engaged, they have prospered. They have only modest churches, and are not overstocked with them. The Seventh Day Adventists have a church; also the Free Methodists, and the Episcopal Methodists. There is a pretty Town Hall—erected in 1871.

Such is, in brief, the history of this excellent town—no history at all. It is a good place to live in, and the distance from there to heaven is the same as from Ionia. Are we to suppose that because Ionia has her spires pointing heavenward, the people there worship God more devoutly than in Orleans? Perhaps, too, Orleans will build her temples, and decorate her altars. But at present she is content with rural simplicity. That she does not associate ignorance with simplicity, her ten school-houses attest. But still she has no history—long may it be before she has any.

Since writing the above, we have clipped from a paper the following obituary notice:

"Died in Ronald, Dec. 23d, (1874,) Mrs. Lucretia Webster; aged 84.

"The deceased and her husband, the late Gen. Webster, came to Ronald in 1838. They were the first settlers in the town of Ronald (Orleans?). In their house many an early settler found a hospitable welcome and a temporary home. Few women were so universally esteemed as Mrs. Webster in the community, where she had so long lived, and where she died. She was, in the truest sense of the term, a Christian lady. Attentive to the poor, kind to the sick, and warmly sympathizing with the afflicted; an excellent neighbor, a true friend and counselor; she was an invaluable member of society, and has left behind her a name that will not be forgotten."

That is but a part of what was said, but if that is true, and *she* was your mother, you are not a very bad man. Good and wise women don't raise low families.

OTISCO.

Otisco, then composed of towns 7 and 8 N., R. 8 W., was organized by act of Legislature in 1838. The first town meeting was held at the house of Ambrose Spencer. There are no records of the meeting in existence. From the memory of individuals is gathered, that John L. Morse was elected supervisor; R. R. Cook, clerk; Geo. W. Dickinson and H. Horton, justices.

In 1836, five men—Daniel Horton, Nathaniel Horton, Geo. W. Dickinson, Patrick Kelly, and Monson Seely, pushed several miles beyond the bounds of civilization; and, delighted with the appearance of the region, shouted "Eureka!" As neither of them had "college larnin," it is not certain where they got so much Greek. They had been told it was Indian for "Bunkum," but that was an imposition. It means, "I have found it." So the historian was told by a college student, who was airing himself on a vacation, and displaying his knowledge before us—a lot of country rustics—and a college student ought to know. He said that Demosthenes, king of Ethiopia, suspected that he had been cheated by the one who made his crown, and that it was not pure gold. He carried it to Hydrocephalus, his principal wise man, and desired him to ascertain if the base metals had been mingled with the gold of the kingly crown. Hydrocephalus long pondered, but scratched his woolly pate in vain. The idea would not come. But one day—weary, dirty and dejected—he thought to refresh himself with a bath. He ordered his slaves to fill the trough, and laid himself therein. He observed that as he descended into the water the water arose. An *idea* now flashed into his mind; he could solve the problem of the crown. He leaped from the bath, and without waiting to put on even a figleaf, ran through the streets of Babylon, shouting, "Eureka! Eureka!!

Not exactly so with our explorers. With them it meant "Good, A, No. 1;" and their judgment has been respected until the present day.

Of course they pre-empted land, put them up huts, cut down trees, and made an opening. From their report, it was bruited far and near that "Otisco Plains" was *the* promised land; and the same year, Rufus R. Cook, Abdel Adgate, John L. Morse and Amos H. Russell came on to see—saw, and stayed. They, in turn, told of Otisco; and the filling up was rapid. Soon Otisco had no land to spare.

Of those coming in 1837 and '8, we are able to give the names of Ambrose Spencer, Charles Broas, Volney Belding, Thomas Stocking, William Russell, Edward Ingalls, John Shaw, Tiberius Belding, Joseph Fisk, Charles H. Morse, John L. Morse, Robert W. Davis, Loring Benedict, Alonzo Vaughn, Paul Hewitt, James Moon, Moses Collins, Alvin Moe, Gilbert Caswell.

There was everything to invite the settler, and its settlement was more rapid than of any other rural town in the Grand River Valley. This was in a great measure owing to the fact that it was little work comparatively to subdue the "Burr Oak Plains."

The original occupants "squatted" on their land, before it was in the market. They, and the other squatters in Ionia county, banded themselves together by an alliance, offensive and defensive, against that abomination of the settler—the speculator; and swore by the beard of Nebuchadnezzar to wreak summary vengeance on the reprobate, who should dare bid on their pre-emptions. One graceless fellow, not having the fear of God or squatter before his eyes, did bid; and the last seen of him, he was all heels; going from Ionia like a streak of blue lightning; a yelling, infuriated score of squatters raising a cloud of dust in his wake. He went back East, very much disgusted with Ionia county.

The first marriages were those of Ambrose Spencer and Evelina Melvin, of Ionia, consummated in Ionia; and that of Asa Palmer and Rosa McDonald, by N. Horton, Justice of the Peace.

The first birth, was a daughter to Amos Russell, (now Mrs. Fales, of Kendallville). The first male child born in Otisco, was the since Senator A. B. Morse.

Otisco, did not long escape the notice of those energetic scouts—the Methodists. While the Episcopalians hold the fortresses, the Presbyterians and Congregationalists do battle in the open field, and the Baptists valiantly defend the coasts and rivers, the Methodists are scouting and skirmishing, wherever there is a lurking enemy, or a single soul in danger.

The first who found a few souls in Otisco was the Rev. Mr. Frieze, who was appointed by the Ohio Conference to patrol from Grandville to Otisco, and manfully he did it. On foot, he traversed the region. He felt that souls were of infinite worth, and, willing to sacrifice self, he, unwearied and unflagging, gave himself to his mission. His first sermon was at the house of Munson Seely. Think of it, ye dainty preachers who have taken up the trade to get a living; think of these devoted servants of Jesus, who preached Jesus in log-cabins or under trees, unpaid, except by the still whisperings of a voice within, which said, "It is my master's work; I will glory in doing it." With portmanteau on his arm, as he is wending his way from station to station, the forest will echo with his song:

> "And shall I shrink to bear the cross?
> He bore the cross for me."

Floundering at night in a swamp, or lost from the trail his soul still clings to the "promises;" and, wearied in body, he meets those to whom he bears his message as the ambassador of heaven to lost and sinful souls.

Those pioneer Methodists, like Frieze, were no silk stocking gentry, who, standing in cushioned pulpit, will gracefully close their eyes and address a beautiful prayer to an admiring congregation. No, like Jacob, they wrestled with the Almighty, and would not let him go. They had no quartette to whom was delegated the singing. They sung because their burning souls must pour themselves in song. The people listened, not to be entertained by a finished sermon, but as sinners, welcoming the message of salvation. Those were the times when the preacher was heard; when they believed what was preached, and when there was a welcome to those who brought good-tidings to the sin-sick souls, longing for peace. Alas! Methodism is not what it was; and hence its waning power.

The first to "pass over Jordan" in Otisco, were Clarissa Fisk in June, 1841, and Eliza Stocking at about the same time.

In the cemetery at Cook's Corners, may be found a reminder of how strong are the bonds holding together an aged couple, who were married not to be divorced even by death. Of such it is no uncommon thing, "that one in life they are one in death." These are the monuments of "Dea. Dimmick Ellis, aged 81," and his wife lies by his side, having survived three weeks. Again, in the same cemetery, we find Noah and Nancy Rich, dying the same year. Often, full often, is it seen that it breaks the heart-strings when the companion of long, long years, is taken away. Earth affords no anchorage. The lone one languishes a day, a week, or a year, and rejoins the lost one. The first persons the writer ever saw buried, were an aged man and his wife, in one broad grave. Forty years from that time, their son and his wife were buried in the same manner. Perhaps there are few cemeteries that do not tell the same story—an old couple who were *one* in soul, and all to each other.

And since we are in Otisco cemetery, and thinking of wedded life, we will look at the monuments of Alva and Jane Moe, where one survived the other twenty-eight days. We are glad to record any evidences that people have souls.

But we will come back to these pioneers:

Daniel Horton, removed to Iowa, 1850, where he and his little boy were drowned while crossing a river.

Nathanial Horton, left for Iowa at about the same time.

Geo. W. Dickinson, lives at Grand Rapids.

Patrick Kelly, came with Dickinson as a hired man—a good-hearted Irishman. He made a good farm for himself and a good name. He now lives in Orleans.

SMYRNA.

Near the southern border of Otisco, on the Flat River, is the pretty village of Smyrna.

Operations were commenced there in 1843, by Geo. W. Dickinson, Calvin L. Smith and Gilbert Caswell; who built a mill. Smyrna is now a village, that centers around its mills. There are a saw mill, grist mill, sash, blind and door factory, planing machine, furnace, five stores, etc., and 300 people.

There are two churches—Baptist and Congregational.

The following brief sketch of the history of the Baptist church in Smyrna, is from N. G. Chase:

> "Rev. Amos Chase, of Ada, preached occasionally, and then steadily to the inhabitants of this place; and was honored by the Master; but Eld. Underhill, of Vergennes, was ministering there at the time of their organization.
>
> The constituent members were only six: James W. Buttolf, Maria Buttolf, Judson Buttolf, N. G. Chase, Lucinda Chase, Wm. R. Douglass.
>
> Several others who were not prepared for membership, soon identified themselves with the number. One-half of the constituent members remain; the others are harvested.
>
> Mr. Underhill became their first pastor. Rev. A. Waterbury soon succeeded him for a short time, when Rev. John H. Rosco became pastor. The pastorate has since been filled by Rev. Messrs. Charles Clutes, A. D. Williams, F. Prescott, L. B. Fish, S. E. Faxon, A. Cornell, E. Wright, and Henry King, the present clergyman.
>
> The labors of these ministers were crowned with success in the baptism of many on a profession of faith; and, other places becoming too strait or unavailable, the people* arose in the might of an unseen Arm, and built a neat little church edifice in 1868. Present membership, 63."

The Congregationalist Church in Smyrna was organized March 21st, 1868, with seven members: George C. Spencer and wife, Oscar F. Mann and wife, Abijah Rich, Mrs. D. B. Hippough and Mrs. Jerome Stoughton.

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* Mr. Chase's modesty *left out* the fact that *he himself* did one-half of it. The two acts are just characteristic.

COOK'S CORNERS.

This is a snug little villags on the plain, with its tavern and its store. It has long been noted for its hotel, where the young and the gay have often met, and "forgot to go home till morning." There Cook, the genial landlord, has spread the bountiful board, and gathered the beautiful dollars. We must sadly state that since the above lines were written, Cook has been gathered to his fathers, and there seems to be something missing at the "Corners."

> "There is a reaper, his name is Death,
> And he has a sickle keen."

KIDDVILLE.

This little village is also in Otisco. It has its history, its present reality, and its expectations. Here (historically) Dickinson built the first saw-mill in the town. Here (present fact) they have a railroad station, with a fine depot; and they have mills, stores, etc.; and here (prospectively) a snug village must be. The principal proprietor is James M. Kidd, of Ionia.

BELDING.

This village, towards the northeast corner of the town, is likely to be the "city;" for here they have capital, determination and pluck, and, withal, a grand water-power.

In early times—the date lost in antiquity—Lucius Pattison made a beginning at what is now Belding; dammed the river, dug a race, and put up a saw-mill. The place did not amount to much until June, 1871, when a company, composed of David E. Willson, Wm. A. Luther and Robert M. Willson, purchased the water and twenty acres of land of Wm. A. Knott. The only improvement was a grist-mill, which they did not purchase. They paid $10,750.

They commenced operations immediately; built a saw-mill. At the same time they purchased a one-fourth interest in 80 acres of land adjoining, paying $2,000. In company with Milo M., Hiram H. and Alva N. Belding, they platted the most of the 80 acres. The first year they built the saw-mill—capacity 50,000 per day. A sash, door and blind factory is owned by Fargo & Gooding.

The head of water is twelve feet—not now using but eight feet. The power is not one-third used.

The village has now 400 inhabitants, with the usual business of a country village, in addition to what rests on the water-power. A branch railroad comes there. The company own ninety-five acres of land across the river, which they are intending to plat. There is a good graded school, with two teachers; two churches—the Christian and Baptist.

The Christian Church was organized in 1844. The pioneer members were Geo. A. Phillips and wife, Mrs. Boynton, Mrs. Stokes, Erastus Jenks and wife, Richard Ellis and wife; Alva Thompson, wife son and daughter. The next year the Rev. Wilson Mosher became its pastor, and continued in that relation until his death in 1873. They have held their meetings in schoolhouses and halls, but propose soon to build a church at Belding. Present pastor, David E. Miller. Number 35.

KEENE.

The following account of the "settlement" of Keene was furnished the publishers of the "Ionia County Directory," by a well posted citizen of the town. The author of this book, on visiting the town, ascertained that, with a few minor corrections, the report was correct, and that but little more could be gleaned. With his thanks to Mr. Dillenback, we gladly avail ourselves of the results of his inquiries.

Keene is inhabited by a "peculiar" people; whether "sanctified and set apart" is not known, but this much is certain: the town is not like other towns. In other towns there is a mixture of saints and sinners; farmers, mechanics, merchants, professionals, etc., but here they are all of one sort—farmers. It is not certain that they are not as religious as the people of neighboring towns, but as yet they have neither priest nor church of any kind. It may be that some jovial sons of Bacchus may there be resident, but this much is true—the town has neither tavern nor grogshop. A low whisky-hole was once set up, but it died of delirium tremens or starvation, and no sneaking scalawag has ventured on another. The town has never had a store or mill. The people, with the exception of one blacksmith and a rake-maker, are all farmers The reason of this seems to be, it is encompassed with villages on its borders. On the east, at no great distance, is the city of Ionia. Just on its southern border, across the river, is the village of Saranac, and on the north, just on the line, is the village of Smyrna. In these are the churches where the Keeneites worship. They have eight chances to find their own order in Saranac; three in Smyrna, and still more in Ionia. There they go, and having helped build and sustain these, they are not so green as to build churches *in* the town; having no need of them. They can go to mill at either of the aforementioned places; and also they can there find a mechanic, and can buy their tobacco, and the thousand and one things civilized desire may call for; and there, too (if they have the pass-word), they can get their whisky. So we will not call the Keeneites a forlorn and forsaken people. If you look at their farms and houses; contemplate their "lowing herds," their "bleating flocks," and their "grunting swine," and then take a look at the well-fed owners, quietly sitting before their doors, smoking the pipe of peace and independence, you will be disposed to envy them their peaceful lot. Far from all "middle-men," and other intermeddling characters—such as lawyers, ministers, doctors, shoemakers, and the like—happy, thrice happy, Keene.

"No base mechanic enters here;
No intermeddling lawyer near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys."

Keene was out in the woods, out of the pale of civilization, until late in the fall of 1837, when two young men from Monroe county, N. Y., discovered it, took a liking, built a mansion, 10x16, and went to chopping. Their names were Orran Owen, and Charles Hickox. Edward Butterfield and Cyrus Rose discovered their tracks and followed. They commenced work February, 1838. Butterfield soon brought in his family, and is recognized as the first settler. Rose moved in the next December.

In 1838 were added, Philip Monk and his son, James Monk, Canadians; Morton Reynolds, also from Canada; John Follett; John Conner, from Oakland county; James Chrysler (Canadian); Samuel Wells, from St. Lawrence county, N. Y., and and Dexter Cutter. Of these, Mr. Butterfield died in 1846, Mr. Hickox in 1870; Mr. Conner was killed by the falling of a tree, in 1852.

In 1839, Philip Monk, James Baird and Elijah Sprague were added to the settlers; David and Stephen Shaul; also Jennison Henry and Simon Heath, John L. Covert, Elijah Sprague and family; Wm. Lott, Thomas Beattie, with Nathaniel, his son, and his son-in-law, Joseph Brown; Prindle Hubbel and Robert Taylor. There *may* be error in the date of the advent of some of these:

> "Oblivion comes careering on,
> In the still fresh track of time."

Wm. Lott kept the first, the last, the *only* shop for the dissemination of poor whisky to thirsty, besotted, brutish men, who forget why they are not swine.

Thomas Beattie came not as an adventurer, to make a home for himself; he was an old man, who came with his son, and long since has gone to his rest.

Hubbell died where he had lived, about 1855.

Mr. Brown was killed by the running away of his oxen.

Philip Monk, came an old man. He died about 1860.

Charles Hickox was never a permanent resident. Died at Greenville, 1873.

Jennison Henry was killed in '51, by a falling tree.

Of those mentioned, several eventually found themselves in Saranac or Boston; of these were James Baird, Cyrus Rose, Samuel Wells, James Monk, John Follett, James Crysler.

John L. Covert moved to Vergennes, where he still lives.

Simon Heath left Keene for Ionia, where he died about 1857.

The brothers Shaul, went back to Canada.

Mr. Baird died in '64, and Mr. Sprague, in '63; Mr. Monk in '63.

Robert Taylor is long since dead.

It will hence be seen that but few of the original settlers are in the town of Keene, or have laid their bones in her soil.

We must go back a little on the track of time and record *the* event of 1838; when, on the ever memorable May 17th, the glad parents—Morton and Alvira Reynolds—welcomed the first baby, *their* baby, to the town of Keene. The few residents shouted the news from hut to shanty. "They've a baby at Reynolds'!" Nothing was thought of but Reynolds' baby. "Have you seen the baby?" The house was besieged by the young and old, each anxious for a peep at the dear little new one. Old Father Monk gave it his blessing; to which Mrs. Butterfield added a cap, and Owen a cradle. True, this account of their doings is all apocryphal; the record and tradition merely showing that a baby *was born*. The rest is what is supposed to have been done; the historian not being willing to believe they were a lumpish set of humans, without human souls. They *had* souls, and therefore they welcomed the "baby" and jubilated the event; and now and henceforth that jubilation is history.

The first death in the town, was that of Mary, the wife of Robert Rose.

The pioneer wedding occurred in 1840, when Alvin Butterfield led to the altar—no, Esq. Dexter's—Miss Plena Phipps. Now we do wish that those who make history, would write it. Now here is all we know of that great event—the names and the date. It is one of the four great events of life—the most important of all. To be *born*, *married*, *divorced*, and die, are *the* events in a life history. The *first* and *last* are inevitable to all. The *second* and *third* how few escape; or, driven by their strong impulsions, attempt to avoid?

Did you ever attend a primitive wedding? We cannot describe this one, for we have already told all we know; *they were married.* But we *can* describe a backwoods wedding. A bushel of doughnuts is fried, wild turkeys or ducks are cooked, blackberry pies baked, and a jug of "be joyful" brought from afar. All, for a circuit of miles, are notified, and in due time appear at the log house. Bascom, with his wife and children have come five miles on an ox sled. Simpson has come on his horse, with his wife behind him. Elnathan has come on foot, dressed in his best, leading his intended, the fair Roxana, by the hand, or gallantly carrying her on his back across the intervening streams. Obadiah, with no girl, is there alone. For the style of marrying, see "Lyons."

Then comes the feasting, the dancing under the trees, the kissing of the bride, with the freely expressed wishes of the guests—prominent among which is the hope that the happy pair will not long be alone. Hope has given wings to imagination, and visions of sons and daughters appear—unfashionable articles now-a-days, unless with the "foreign element." But recollect, we are speaking of the days of primitive simplicity, before fashion came round. The few maidens present (for they are a scarce article in the woods) are looked at fondly by the bashful swains; and, with averted eyes, seem to think of nothing but the new-made bride. Sly minxes they are; they all want Obadiah, but he does not know it. He feels that he is the gawkiest young man of the whole, and is awfully jealous of Peter.

But the time comes when they all must go. Esq. Smith tells Dan and Roxana they can ride with him; he has no one but his wife. They thank him, and say they can go on foot. The Esq. did it just to test them. He recollected that he was young once; and how easy it was then to walk, especially on a moonlight evening.

The new couple go hand in hand to the cabin prepared; and, with bright hopes for the future, begin life together. The bride has a kettle, two chairs and a table for furniture, and her young heart is pleased with these. Bravely they struggle to make for themselves a fortune and a home. Where stood their little log house, you may now see the house that tells of taste and wealth; and there the little grand-children come at Christmas, to hear grandpa tell his bear stories, and to eat of grandma's pies and cakes.

Keene was a part of Otisco until 1842. Its limits have since twice been changed. The name was given by E. Butterfield, from his native town in New Hampshire—a practice of which the historian does not approve.

The first election was held at the house of Nathaniel Beattie, on Monday, April 4th, 1842, at which thirty-nine votes were cast; and the following persons received the honors of the highest offices:

Asaph C. Smith, Supervisor; Cyrenus Day, Clerk; Samuel Wells, Treasurer; John L. Covert, Joseph W. Sprague, Aaron Hardenburg, Zacheus H. Brewer, Justices.

A post-office was established in 1845; A. C. Smith, P. M.

Miss Ruth Hunt was the first school teacher—the date and place not reported. The first school house was built in 1842, where the Potter school-house now stands.

The fine bridge across the Flat River was built in 1869.

The first settlers squatted on lands that were a reservation, and had never been in market. They joined in the general conspiracy against the "speculator"—a movement which made it unpleasant for any one to bid against a pre-emptor.

The inhabitants of Keene have generally got rich by attending to their own business. They have looked well to their schools, and have furnished little business for the lawyer. "*Vive la simplicite rurale!*"

ORANGE.

This town has given little to record, except its settlement and organization. Its independent existence commenced in 1845, when it was set off from Portland and Berlin. The first town meeting was at the house of Dean W. Tyler. At its organization the principal officers were:

Alexander K. Hall, Supervisor; John Brown, Clerk; Myron J. King, Treasurer; Adam A. Lewis, Dean M. Tyler, Alexander Dalziel, Justices.

The settlement dates from 1836; and those who have the honor of being the first settlers, are Seely Arms and Benjamin Brand. Mr. Brand built a house—the first in town—entirely of wood and bark, without a nail.

In 1837 Thomas Marsh was added; and in 1838, Ira F. Levalley, Dean M. Tyler, his sons, Dean and Isaac, and his son-in-law, John Brown, George Jourdon, and Samuel Grinnells.

In 1839 came in David Kenny, with five grown-up sons, three of whom the next year brought on wives.

For 1842, we find S. W. Badger; and for 1843, James Humphreys.

The settlement at first was slow, as some other towns had the reputation of being more desirable land, and so Orange was neglected until the first feverish rush of emigration and speculation was over. Calm, sober, second thought, in after years, settled it steadily, and it was found that Orange had as good land as Otisco or North Plains. The fact was made patent in the settlement of the Grand River Valley, that a man, accustomed to Eastern lands, was no judge of land in Michigan. The first selected lands were often the *poorest* in the region. Not a few of the earliest settlers have told the writer that *their* selections were the very poorest they could have made. And, let me say, that *the best* land is still slighted. One good citizen of Orange complained to the writer that "great damage was done to the town by the statement in the directory," that the town had a considerable amount of *marsh land*. Now one acre of that despised "marsh" is worth the best three acres of upland in the town. If you don't believe it, drain and clear one of those swamps, and then grow fat and rich on the surprising fertility of it. Afraid of the work, are you? It is not so much work as to subdue the same *value* of dry land. Give a man of spunk a good marsh, and in after years you will see his jolly cheeks fairly hanging down with fatness, and his old leather pocketbook will be bursting with greenbacks. Bankers will touch their hats to him, and his townsmen will elect him "supervisor."

My farm shall have just 10 acres of upland on it, the rest shall be frog pond. People put their thumbs on their noses and wagged their little fingers, when Governor Crapo selected for himself 1,000 acres of frog pond for his farm. The same persons, passing by few years later, could only gape in blank astonishment, when seeing that on that 1,000 acres there was hardly room to stack his crops. So, if *you* have a mud marsh on your farm, don't feel insulted if anybody notices it, but blandly intimate that you are going to *drain it* after harvest.

Benjamin Brand was a worthy Dutchman, quietly pursuing the even tenor of his way. He recently died.

Seely Arms was a respectable, but not prominent man. He resided in Orange until his death in 1865.

Thomas Marsh, in a good old age, and enjoying a competence, is where he did battle with the forest, or harmlessly chased the deer.

Dean M. Tyler's course in Orange was short. He was *the* man looked up to, the few years he stayed. He was killed by a falling tree, in 1848.

Is it not a little surprising that *so many* of the pioneers were killed by falling trees? Men do not now get killed by them in Michigan. No, it is not surprising. They came from the open country, and knew not the dangers of woodland life. There is no safety or caution which is not the price of death. A few have to be killed to teach carpenters and masons to build their stagings. Once in a while a man has to be torn limb from limb, to show men that there is danger in revolving shafts or driving belts. Once in a while a man has to be cut in two to teach people to have their eyes open, and their thoughts about them, when around one of those death-dealing circular saws. Now and then one must be blown up or shot, to teach people that gunpowder is an article that will bear watching. But there is one danger that fails to give its note of warning, although it has been instructively dealing in death—the danger in coupling cars. Deaths uncounted have failed to teach the lesson they intended. I ask no patent for the invention; but *no more* of those *accidents* would occur if the railroad was fined $100,000 for every such accident. *Fear* would inspire the proper caution; and a man might couple cars all his life, and die of old age. But why this preaching, and what is its lesson? Learn *where* is the danger; habitually *fear* that danger, and you are safe. You will not be killed by a falling tree; you will not cut your foot, and you will not be blaspheming by talking of "inscrutable providences."

Of Tyler's sons, one—Dean—soon moved to other parts; the other—Isaac—still graces Orange by his presence, and long may he wave!

John Brown was a leading man of fine business capacity; manly, pious, and honorable; had a good deal to do with town affairs, for the people felt their interests were safest in the charge of men who knew the distinction between right and wrong, and who also were possessed of that too rare article—*a conscience.* He died in 1860.

George Jourdon, his hard work over, now lives in Portland; rich enough, if he does but know it, and as happy as good dinners and a jolly soul can make him. He can spin yarns about old times, and shake his fat at the remembrance. When you see him, just ask him to tell some of his hunting stories; especially, about his chasing a bear in the night, with nothing on but his shirt—tearing through brush and over logs. until shirt was gone, still chasing bruin, until the varmint was treed and shot; and you will laugh, too. The fact is, Jourdon was educated in the Calvinistic faith, and believed in "perseverance."

David Kenny was killed in a few years *by a tree.* One of his sons soon died; the others moved away. A very respectable family.

The venerable Elder Chatfield was the first preacher in Orange. This pioneer of the Gospel in Ionia county, superannuated, died at Portland.

Like most quiet, orderly country towns, Orange has but little history. No startling circumstances have horrified the community; and the town being born, has quietly, peacefully grown to maturity. Things have gone on in the regular channel. They have courted and married; and children have been born to them. They have changed a savage wild into fields, waving with grain; have built and adorned their beautiful homes, until Orange is a fine rural town. And yet it has no history but a "bear story." Just as though the town itself was not an engraved history, of which each stroke of the ax was a letter. But a history, written on the earth is one thing —history in a book is quite another. The book takes no note of the everyday events, when these everyday events are all that is truly real.

CAMPBELL.

This wealthy, beautiful and excellent town, on account of the lateness of its settlement, has no pioneer history, except what centers around two brothers—Irishmen—after whom the town was named. These were Martin and Jeremiah Campbell, who, on Christmas day, 1840, took possession of their land; where they lived for seven years before they had a neighbor. Jeremiah Campbell was a bachelor, and has always remained such. Martin had a wife and family.

The Campbell's did not, like most pioneers, come in poor. Jeremiah brought in fourteen head of cattle and some of "the root of all evil." He built him a shanty; browsed his cattle during the winter. How much his brother brought is not known. Martin, after some years, went off to California, leaving Jeremiah, with a maiden sister, on the place where he first began his almost hermit life in the wilderness. There he lives. The fact that he is the patriarch of the town; that it bears his name, that he was its first Justice of the Peace, have not puffed him up with pride, or made him feel any bigger than when he first took up his residence in the woods. He apparently wears the same shirt he did then, smokes the same pipe, has the same simple furniture, is true to his old religion, and, in old age, is the same Jeremiah; a center of interest; an interesting fossil—a man of his own sort. On coming in he bought only eighty acres of land. He had many adventures while hunting his cattle; he has sat up all night, listening to the musical concerts of the wolves; was once scared nearly to death by a panther—which proved to be a screech-owl. He has been twice burned out, and now lives in a snug little house, where he can indulge his simple tastes; and, on the down hill side of life, is happy and respected. He has scorned to be anything but Jerry. Go and see him, shake the hand of an honest man, and think whether the people did right when they gave the town his name.

It was not until 1848 that other settlers moved into Campbell; then came four brothers—Amasa, Calvin, Charles and Marcus Nash; Marvill Church, Wm. Mercer; Alexander H. Bushnell, Joseph S. Whitney, Thomas Q. Frost, Henry Briggs and Alvin Briggs.

The town was set off from Boston, and organized in 1849; the first meeting was at the house of Marvill Church.

First town officers: Supervisor, Wm. Mercer; Clerk, A. H. Bushnell; Justices, Jeremiah Campbell, Alvin Briggs, Martin Campbell, Amasa Nash.

The number of voters was 14, nearly all of whom were placed in office, and some had a plurality.

In religion, it must be admitted, the inhabitants are not united; no less than five church organizations existing in that rural town, viz: Wesleyan Methodists, Episcopal Methodists, Dunkards, Christians and Presbyterians. The Dunkards are the only society that has a church building; a small one, near the south line of the town.

With little to speak of as matters of history, the town has much of which it may well pride itself—the results of quiet industry. Later in settlement than any other town in the county, it presents to-day as few evidences of the poverty and necessities of early times as the older settled towns. The first houses have mostly disappeared, and the inhabitants of Campbelltown (let that be the last time it is called Campbelltown—call it Campbell) do not feel that they are in a new country.

SEBEWA.

It is refreshing to come to a town the pioneers of which had the good taste to give it a musical and poetic name, instead of condemning it to be known by some uncouth sound, which happened to be the name of some *man*—perhaps a *great* man, perhaps a small one—ambitious that his town shall from him be called "Smithville" or "Jonesburg." Again, who can approve of that lack of self-respect that gives us many small places named after great ones?

I reverently take off my hat to the pioneers of Sebewa. They could appreciate the music of the beautiful Indian word, by which they designate a small stream; and, appreciating it, applied it to their embryo town, and also to their principal stream, though they improperly call it "Sebewa Creek," when it should be "*The Sebewa.*"

Sebewa was a part of Berlin from the time of its organization until 1845. Its first election was held at the house of Jacob Showerman, March 19th.

No record of the organization of the town is in existence. except a copy of the act of the Legislature authorizing the organization of the town. directing that the first meeting shall be at the house of Jacob Showerman (without date.) Under that is a list of accounts. audited in October. From that list and the memory of some of the old residents, we make out that

Benjamin D. Weld was Supervisor; Anson W. Halbert, Clerk; Edmund Sanborn, Geo. W. Dickinson, Justices.

The first proper record is of the 2d year—1846.

It is a matter of tradition in the town that sixteen voters were at the first election. From the records ot the 1st and 2d years we gather the names:

Joseph Munn, Paul Steel, Benj. D. Weld, Edward Sanborn. A. W. Halbert, John C. Smith, Wm. Hogle, John M. Tirrill. Jacob Showerman. Orrin Merchant, Richard Fleetham, Moses Hogle, Walter Harmon, Eleazer Brown, John Maxim, G. W. Dickinson, Elkanah Drake, Rufus Goddard, John Waddell.

Some of these were transient, and have passed from memory as well as from the town.

The antiquity of Sebewa dates back to 1836, when a man by the name of Jones settled on Sec. 1. But scanty particulars can be gleaned, as he stayed but a short time, when he sold out to Mr. Hogle and disappeared. This much is known: he and his wife came in on foot, bringing all their worldly goods in their packs. Perhaps they found it lonesome with nobody but wolves and bears for company. and, discouraged. sold out to the first land-looker who would give them the means to get away. We hope he is now a village squire somewhere else. looked up to and venerated; but among the numerous family of Jones, it is useless to inquire for *the* Jones. the pioneer of Sebewa.

John Tirrill, Charles W. Ingalls, and John Brown (not *the* John Brown "whose soul is marching on,") are accredited as being the first permanent settlers, moving in in 1838. They were three Vermont Yankees. Some others had located their lands before, but did not immediately possess them.

In the fall of '39 Jacob Showerman moved in with his family. In '40 were added Stephen Pilkinton, Moses and William Hogle, and John Smith. In '41 John Waddell and Benj. D. Weld, and in 1844 Rufus Goddard. For some years the settlement was slow. Heavy timber may be the reason. Sebewa, when first settled was merely on the outskirts of civilization—about 17 miles off—that distance from Portland. Yet, though not called on to do as the earlier settlers of Ionia county did, they still can tell their stories of the early times, when *going to mill* was an event; the nearest was at Portland, and they had no roads. To get their grinding done, the neighborhood would club together, and generally send David Goddard, then a youth of fifteen, with an ox team, and ten bushels (a full load). He would start early, with their benedictions, and at ten o'clock at night be at the mill. There his grist would be ground in the night. Meanwhile, he would turn out his team, eat his supper, wrap himself in his blanket, and sleep until morning; then, re-harnessing Buck and Brindle, he would wend his weary way homeward. Some miles from home he would be met by a neighbor, with a lantern; and, on his arrival, be greeted as a hero and a benefactor. The women, seeing there was a prospect of biscuits, would greet him with a "God bless you, David!" The boys would pat and praise the oxen, who had so oxfully performed the pilgrimage, and so cheerfully drawn the load. All were happy when David got back from mill.

Thus began David's popularity in Sebewa—a popularity which the man retains. All swear by David now—think he is the best fellow living—"a good deal more honest than there is any use in being." They make him supervisor, postmaster, and a general factotum; never watching him, for they know it is all right if David has the managing. A good name is a good thing; but sometimes it is rather an expensive luxury.

Little can be recorded of this excellent agricultural town. Its history is the development of fine farms.

It has four church organizations. Presbyterian, Baptist, Deciples, and Wesleyan Methodist.

The Presbyterian church was organized in 1865, by Rev. Lewis Mills. Its original members were:

D. W. Goddard, Robert Allen and wife, Hannah Goddard, Mary Coe, E. B. Buckman and wife, Benj. Bartlett and wife.

They have a small church edifice, which was dedicated February, 1866.

Present membership, about twenty. No settled pastor.

The Baptist church was organized April 3d, 1858. Original members: Josias C. Clark and wife, Samuel Freehouse, Carlos Pierce and wife, Stephen Rider and wife, Addison Rice and wife, John Jackson and wife, Cyril Carpenter and wife, Elkanah Carpenter and wife, Samuel Carpenter (a preacher), Mary Betts, Margaret R. Griffin.

The first pastor was Elder Samuel B. Towne.

Church dedicated in 1872.

Present membership about seventy-five.

Of the other religious societies we have no information.

A willow tree of remarkable growth may be seen in front of Mr. Goddard's house. As a boy, he stuck the stick in the ground. It is now more than ten feet in circumference.

Sebewa is a great town for wheat.

ODESSA.

This town was set off from Berlin in 1846. The first town meeting of thirteen voters was held at the house of Myron Tupper, in April of that year. There were seventeen offices to fill, and thirteen men to fill them. The names that appear on the records, with the number of offices given to each, are given below:

Myron Tupper, 1; John D. White, 1; Reuben Haight, 2; Geo. E. Kibby, 2; Asa Houghton, 2; Esteven Russell, 2; Hiram S. Lee, 1; Benj. F. Tupper, 1; Wellington Russell, 1; James A. Galloway, 2; Daniel Hetor, 1.

Poor Joseph Hetor went home that night a private citizen.

First town officers: Myron Tupper, Supervisor; Esteven Russell, Clerk; John D. White, Treasurer; Hiram S. Lee, Reuben Haight, Benj. F. Tupper, George E. Kibby, Justices.

Odessa was an unbroken wild until 1839, when Myron Tupper, accompanied by Harvey Kibby, came on, chopped five acres, and planted some corn and potatoes. In the fall, Tupper brought his family. Next came Wellington Russell, the same year. Tupper, Kibby and Russell shantied together the first winter. Russell and Tupper still (1876) live on the land they first occupied. Kibby, disregarding the divine command, let his name run out when he died—an awful warning to all old bachelors. It does seem strange, when a wife may be had for the asking, that so many will shiver alone, darn their own stockings; live with no little fond arms about their neck; die, and go to——the grave, where they will be forgotten. Are you not ashamed of yourself, you undignified old bach., when you look at your neighbor, the *family* man? See him, with two little ones on each knee; six more clinging on his chair, besides the one that is treading on the kitten's tail, and that one with his hand in the sugar-bowl! Perhaps it is all because Sally Ann Sago said she "would rather be excused." You unregenerate, white-livered, faint-hearted, soft-headed *non compos!* Give up because *one particular fish* did not bite your hook! Live a despised, slovenly, undignified old bach., just because one girl said *no!* A dozen others were peeping sly at you, longing for a chance to say "*yes;*" each one of them worth two of that red-headed vixen. Fie, fie! "Faint heart," et cetera.

The history of Odessa moves slow, when the historian stops to moralize; but is it not the office of the historian to be the Mentor of his own and future ages? Again, the advantages of history lie not in the simple facts chronicled there, but in the lessons drawn therefrom. It is the historian's province to see what these lessons are, and by a wise and philosophical use of them, be the great teacher of the world. No more will I apologize for digressions. Henceforth I will feel the true dignity of my position.

Coming back to the tame recording of events: next came Hiram Lee, who, at the present writing, lives in Keene; having achieved a fortune by hard labor and energy. Then, Benjamin Russell, whose life's labor, well done, was ended in 1870. Benjamin R. Tupper came in 1840, and is still resident.

As those who came in 1842, or thereabouts, may be mentioned, Esteven Russell, John D. Hite, Reuben Haight, Geo. E. Kelly, James N. Galloway, Asa Houghton, Daniel and Joseph Hetor.

The town (one of the best) has but little history. There was the usual up-hill work, incident to hewing out homes in the heavy forest; a moderate stock of adventures with the denizens of the woods. But it was only twelve miles from civilized settlements, mills, physicians, and the other requisites of civilization. Lonely they might be, but half a day would carry them where white folks lived, and where they could get their corn ground, buy tobacco, whisky or calico; they had only to plod right on, cut down tree after tree, subdue field after field, and the Odessa of to-day was the result. While there has been little in particular to record, the aggregate of the whole is a firm, well-cultured town; built up and developed insensibly. We will still hope that no special historic event shall intrude itself into the regions of rural simplicity. Leave the big schemes and the great crimes to the cities. Go there yourself, when you must have a bust; there do your drinking, and there commit all your irregularities. Come home to Odessa sober; there sow your wheat; there train your children, and there sleep in honor when your life-work is done; and be sure that affection may, with truth, inscribe on your humble monument, something that may read like—

A true-hearted father; a citizen good;
His life labor done, is resting him here.

Or:

She guided her children by wisdom and love;
And has now set a light in the window above.

But if you respect the good town of Odessa, don't oblige the people to strain conscience when they place such an epitaph over you.

The first child born in Odessa (and she, not liking the wildwoods, went to Woodland, Barry county, to be born) was Rosetta, daughter of Myron Tupper. She died in 1870, the wife of Esteven Russell.

The first death was that of a daughter of Hiram Lee. Another daughter of Lee was accidentally shot by her father.

Religiously, Odessa has not made much of a show. The Free-Will Baptists first got a footing, and the first man who preached there was Riley Hess, one of those devoted pioneers who sought the stray lambs in the wilderness. He has closed his earthly labors; having served the first generation in the Valley, by his holy example illustrating the religion he professed and inculcated, he rests now. Greater men have succeeded; but who has left behind him more of the atmosphere of holiness than the humble Hess?

For a series of years our friend, Myron Tupper, who seems to have been the factotum of the town, was their preacher. He cannot be accused of making merchandise of the gospel; for he preached for nothing and boarded himself for many long years. Tupper was a zealous evangelist; preaching in this and other towns; riding thirty or forty miles on a Sunday, and preaching two or three times. Think of that, ye kid-gloved, smooth-spoken, self-serving preachers, who temper the gospel to the tastes of a fashionable congregation, and preach for *eclat* and a big salary. Tupper never received $50 a year: worked on his farm for a living, and *gave* the Sabbath and his unwearied labors to his fellow men and to God. Tupper, I like you, and would be glad to hear you preach. But I slightly fear I should merit the sarcasm of the Methodist class-leader, who, in answer to the man who in class-meeting thanked God for a free religion, stating that for the ten years he had been a Methodist it had cost him but 25 cents, devoutly raised his eyes, and said, "God have pity on your poor, stingy soul!"

The Free-will Baptists kept up an organization for some dozen years. Hess was their first preacher, and afterwards Tupper. It has languished and died out.

The United Brethren have lately secured a standing. The original Class was organized in 1866, and consisted of Daniel Mower and Wife, Nicholas Arney; Isaac Maurey and wife: C. E. Bretz; Thomas Cooley and wife, and P. A. Wacks.

Their present (1876) membership is about forty-five. They depend on circuit preachers.

In 1875, they built a house of worship, 45 by 50 feet—cost $3,000. Well done, Brethren!

All the religion there has ever been in the town, has been of that humble, quiet sort, which consists in the worship of God, and in the practice of the Christian virtues. They have not brought in the fashionable sort, for the Free-Will Baptist or the

Brother does not take stock in aristocratic piety; and does not require a plush-covered cushion on which to kneel to say his prayers. No! no! no! Like their Master, they can sit with publicans and sinners, and kneel by the side of the humblest, in worship of the Eternal. Under the tree or in the school house, they can preach the simple religion of Jesus; and lovingly invite all who have souls to join with them in spiritual communion. If you have a better religion than that, please display it. *You did not get it from Jesus of Nazareth.*

An adventure of Mr. Crapo is an episode in the history of Odessa, and is of no small interest. In 1868, in company with Samuel F. Alderman, he was out in Montcalm county, land-looking, when he *should* have been at home, leaving wild-wood ranging to the young. He had the misfortune to split his foot, so that it was impossible for him to proceed or return. They were forty miles from any settlement. The next day Alderman started to find a lumber camp, which he believed was sixteen miles south, and where he hoped to get help. He got lost on the way, and did not return for six days. He (Alderman) suffered everything but death; was badly frozen, starved and faint; yet his grit carried him through, and he found Comstock's lumber camp. From the camp eleven men came without delay to the rescue of Crapo.

In the meantime Crapo, believing Alderman had perished, himself prepared to die. His provisions were nearly exhausted. What little he had he husbanded to protract life, for however certain death is, we ask a day more. He cut his name on his gun-stock, that, if found when dead, he might be identified; and languishing, waited his final hour. But the loud cheer of Comstock's men roused him from his dream of death to the consciousness of life and safety. They were the finest looking lot of men he ever saw; each one a perfect Apollo.

They carried him on a litter sixteen miles to their camp, where his wants were attended to; and he lives to tell the story.

Two lessons may be learned from this adventure of Crapo:

1st. Old men should stay at home, or keep in the settlements.

2nd. If you must split your foot, do it about home, for forty miles in the wilderness such a thing endangers life.

And 3d. There is a very strong popular prejudice against a "cloven foot."

DANBY.

The early history of this town is identified with that of the settlement, which centered at Portland. Its own political history commenced in 1845. Until that time it had been a part of Portland.

The town held its first meeting at the house of Chancellor Barringer, April 7th, 1845; 26 voters present. No poll list is in existence, but the following names are found on the records of 1845:

Abijah F. Schoff, Oscar P. Schoff, Elkanah Drake, John Campton, James Burns, Matthew Davenport, Wm. Cronkrite, Henry Jones, Lorenzo Sears, Charles G. Brooks, Alpha David, Nathan Wyman, Geo. S. David, John D. Brown, Geo. A. Kilbourne, Ashur Kilbourne, Chester Davenport, Elias Bailey, Reuben Hopkins, Benj. Horner, Erastus Miner, Wm. H. Turner, Henry Allman, Geo. W. Peake, Sydney C. Perry, Lorin Barr.

The list of names here given is *not* the poll list of the town, but the names of those who voted at the first meeting:

Abijah Schoff, Supervisor; John Campton, Clerk; Matthew Davenport, Wm. Cronkrite, Henry Jones, Lorenzo Sears, Justices; Charles G. Brooks, Treasurer.

On the list of those *who voted* at the fall election, we have the additional names of Jonathan Bailey, Justus Bailey and Geo. Davenport.

Of the early settlers it cannot now be ascertained who were the first. John Campton came in with his family in March, 1837. He is certain that he found in the town: Ashur Kilbourne, Abijah Schoff. Willard Brooks, Charles Brooks, Wm. Cronkrite, Isaiah Frost. Soon after came, that year, John D. Brown, James D. Norris, James Burns, Patrick Murtaugh, Seth Hull, Benj. Horner, Chester Gleason, Chancellor Barringer, Nathan Wyman, Elias Bailey, Isaac DeWitt.

After 1837, settlers came in more rapidly.

The first school was kept by Hester Ann David, in what is now Dist. No. 1; commencing Dec. 6th, 1844. Her school was in a shanty. She is now Mrs. Soules, of Portland.

Religiously, the Methodists have always had full swing in Danby; were the first to occupy the field, and in substance, have had it entirely to themselves. Of them the first class was gathered June 14th, 1838, by Eld. Orrin Mitchell, who came but once: and consisted of: John Campton, Aaron Campton, Jonathan Ingalls, Charles W. Ingalls and wife, Nancy Hull, Wm. Cronkrite and wife. Soon joined: John F. Tirrill, Martha A. Tirrill, John D. Brown, Charlotta Brown, Stephen Pilkinton, Abigail Tirrill.

The first class-leader was J. Campton, who has always since filled that position.

The church occupy School House No. 1. No other denomination has ever had an organization: though many in the town are connected with the churches in Portland.

The first birth in Danby, so far as known, was that of Charles Brooks, August 28th 1838.

The grim messenger—death—first gave his summons to the wife of Abijah Schoff. She was buried on their own land, and her grave is surrounded by a picket fence.

The first white man buried was Wm. Cummings. To show the primitive style of doing things among pioneers—he was drawn to his grave on an ox-sled, and to lower him into it, use was made of the *only* halter in the settlement, and a log-chain. He sleeps there just as quietly, as he would if drawn in a plumed hearse, and lowered to his resting place by less simple means. In the back-woods a funeral is a solemn thing. We are familiar with death in the city. The funeral cortege passes in pomp along the street. We inquire, "Whose funeral is that?" look at the hearse, count the carriages, and let it pass. But it is not so in the woods. There a funeral is a sad reality. They can make no pageant display; but with the deepest solemnity, lovingly bear the dead to the humble grave. Tears fill all eyes as the hollow thud of the falling earth tells the sad tale, that a brother or sister is shut out from their sight forever. Manly bosoms heave, and woman's eye is teary, as they turn from the grave, and seek their homes.

"Bury me where most the butterflies are,"
Was the youthful naturalist's dying prayer;

"O lay me where my fathers are laid,"
The dying patriarch feebly said;
'Tis the last fond wish, full oft expressed;
"In my own dear land be my final rest,"
Where kindred friends and neighbors come,
And bedew with tears the lowly tomb.
In the dying breast the hope will rise,
That loving hands will close the eyes;
That loving hands may bear the bier;
That loving eyes will shed a tear;
That loving hearts will yet be found
To consecrate the swelling mound;
That loving hands will plant the rose
Upon the grave where we repose.
In living souls to have a share
Is nature's last, its yearning prayer.

INDIANS.

In Danby at the time of its first occupation by the whites, was a small settlement of Indians on section 22, on land now owned by C. Ingalls. Their number is supposed to have been about 150. The name they gave to their settlement is variously remembered: "Chim-i-me-con," "Mishshiminecon," and "Michimmeny Cahniny."

The old lady, Mrs. Brooks, who lived eight years with the Indians as almost her only companions, and became as much master of the Indian language as of her native Irish, says the name was "Chiminicon." Their chiefs were Da-mek, and his half brother, Man-uk-wood.

Prominent among the others were Onewanda, Nacquit, Negumwatin, Sisshebee, Nikkenashwa, Whiskemuk, Pashik, Squagun, and his sons, Thargee and Chedskunk.

Damek was a frightful looking Indian, and not a very good man. Nacquit was a good Indian. Negumwatin and Nickkenashwa were bad fellows. On the whole, the clan, as found, were rather a set of low-lived Indians.

About 1850 a missionary came to preach to them, by name Manasseh Hickey, a Methodist. The Indians were having a drunk when he came, and were disposed to do violence to him. Through the benevolence of a lady in New York, a mission house was built, and by the aid of the people and Missionary Society, implements of husbandry were furnished them, and a school established.

When there had been preaching, the chief men would hold a council on what they had heard, and if they approved, the speaker was invited to give them another talk.

The preaching was through an interpreter. The mission-school was taught by Mr. Campton. An educated Indian woman had taught before. Louisa Bogue afterwards taught there. In time Campton became their spiritual leader. Soon the Indians very readily received the instruction of those who labored for them; and, under their leadership formed a church. The change in their character was great; they took to the practices of civilization; divided their reservation into small allotments; built log houses; cultivated the ground, and tried to live like white folks. The women got the idea of neatness; learned to sew, wash, and keep house. They became constant at church, and adopted the dress of the whites. The men became more gallant to the women. They generally adopted the religion that was preached to them; entering readily into the spirit of the church, singing, praying, etc—in fact, became a band of civilized Methodist Indians. They went off to the reservations in Isabel county. Their former teacher and preacher, Campton, is still in Danby, and is happy in the thought that his labors resulted in raising a band of brutified savages to the rank of men. Believing that is the case, we make our respectful bow to Campton, as to one who has done *some good* in the world; who has lived not altogether for self, but who sought to serve humanity and his God.

Kind reader, pause a moment. Is the world any better for *your* having lived in it?

In Danby, on the left bank of the river, is a mineral spring, which needs only a little enterprise and the effrontery to tell of marvelous cures of epilepsy, palsy, gout, rheumatism, scrofula, etc., and the brazen assurance of a resident quack to make it a famous watering place. It is on the place of Mr. Mills; and the tufaceous deposit from it, which is immense, has been burned for lime. It is a very strong chalybeate water, depositing ochre in great quantities. This ochre is a good paint. Were not so many worthless mineral springs cracked up until people begin to see through the humbug, *this* might be brought into notice, which is doubtless equal to any chalybeate spring in the world. But "*Vive la humbug!*" Springs that are as good as sea-water, are resorted to as to a Bethesda; the water bottled and shipped off, as a life-restoring panacea; while Danby waters, which have health and curative powers in them, are a mud bank by the side of the river.

Were not Danby a pleasant town, the Grand River is very foolish to linger so long in it, meandering, as it does, through eighteen sections of its land before it reluctantly leaves, turning again and again; fondly lingering—loth to bid farewell. No wonder, for 'tis a peaceful town, where are not a dozen sects, pulling each others' hair, but each holier than the rest (in their own esteem). No, that is not Danby. *They* worship God in a school-house, and have *not yet* come to that point of civilization where the church is the center of fashion, and a place where,the poor cannot decently appear. Money! money! money! thou Mammon of all ungodliness, why has thou desecrated the church? Why hast thou not left one place where rich and poor may stand, each on his individual merit, as a Christian and a man!

It is related of a German king, that, being sick, he set a page to read his prayers. The young man, as he was praying in the name of his king, left out some of the most deeply penitential and humiliating passages. The king interrupted, and asked what that meant. The youth said, "I feared your majesty would not like it." "None of 'your majesty'-ing here," said the king, "remember we are in the presence of our God, where I am a good-for-nothing, sinful rascal, as well as you. Go on, and give me the worst of it; I deserve it." But I am afraid that when I go to church to show my new coat, I don't look on the humble one whose coat is seedy, as my equal in the presence of the Lord. Perhaps He has a different opinion about it.

IONIA COUNTY HISTORY RESUMED.

The territory, until settled, was for judicial purposes, attached to Kalamazoo county. In 1835 the county first had political existence, as a town of Kalamazoo county. When

Kent county was organized in 1836, Ionia was attached as a town to Kent, and as such remained one year.

As a town of Kalamazoo county, the first meeting was at Generau's, April 6th, 1835, on the right bank of Grand River, one hundred rods or so from the mouth of Maple River. Philo Bogue, Chairman; Dr. Lincoln, Clerk.

Officers elected: E. Yeomans, Supervisor; Dr. Lincoln, Clerk; Asa Spencer, Collector.

A full board of officers was not elected. The supervisor acted as assessor.

Second meeting at same place.

Ionia county was established by act of Legislature in 1837. At the same time the county was divided into two towns—Ionia and Maple. The first township meeting in Ionia to be held at the house of Samuel Dexter; the first meeting in Maple at the house of William Hunt. (Lyons).

Maple consisted of all the county east of a line dividing the second tier of townships in the middle. The rest of the county was Ionia—or two and a half tiers of townships on the west.

In process of time, towns were formed by cutting off from these. For particulars, see the history of the several towns, and the summary of Legislative action.

There is no important purpose served by tracing all those temporary arrangements, and the subsequent mutations, by which rivers have been made to be township boundaries.

At first the county started her political existence with two towns—Ionia and Maple. The records of the county are partly not in existence, and those of Maple cannot be found. The records of the doings of the supervisors are missing. What is gathered is from the book of the county canvassers, and the records of the courts.

The first meeting of the county canvassers was at the house of Asa Spencer, and the result of the county canvass was:

For Associate Judges: Isaac Thompson, 292; Truman H. Lyon, 187; William Babcock, 104.

Judge of Probate: Cyrus Lowell, 116; Wm. D. Moore, 173.

Sheriff: E. W. Curtis, 191; H. V. Lebhart, 93.

Clerk: Asa Brunnell, 183; Erastus Yeomans, 116.

Coroners: Philo Bogue, 187; Thaddeus O. Warner, 293.

Treasurer: Robert S. Parks, 106; John E. Morrison, 185.

District Surveyor: Buel H. Mann, 220.

Register of Deeds: Mason Hearsey, 102; Adam L. Roof, 189.

In November A. F. Bell was made County Surveyor.

The above shows on the highest vote 293, which is assumed to be nearly the number of settlers entitled to vote. These were scattered in Ionia, Berlin, Danby, Easton, Lyons, North Plains, Orange, Otisco, Portland and Ronald, and there was one settler in Campbell.

In 1838 there were five towns, whose votes were canvassed, viz: Portland, Maple, Ionia, Boston and Otisco.

The officers chosen were: John Plaice, Sheriff; Lawson S. Warner, Clerk; Thomas Caswell, Treasurer; William Dallass, Register.

In 1840 six towns—Cass having been added—elected: Samuel Dexter, Associate Judge; Henry Buston, Judge of Probate; Alonzo Sessions, Sheriff; Abram S. Wadsworth, Commissioner; Osmond Tower, Clerk; John G. Dexter, Register; Asaph Walker, Treasurer.

In 1842, Keene appears in the towns represented.

Wm. Crumer, Sheriff; David Irish, Clerk: Asaph Mather, Treasurer; Wm. Dallass, Register.

1843. Fred. Hall, Register of Deeds, and Cyprian Hooker, Sheriff.

1844. North Plains added.

Hiram Brown, Sheriff; Hampton Rich, Clerk; Isaac G. Frost, Treasurer; Fred. Hall, Register of Deeds; W. Z. Blanchard, Judge of Probate; Erastus Yeomans, Almeron Newman, Associate Judges.

1846. Added: Danby, Sebewa, Ronald, Orange, Odessa, Orleans.

Officers: A. F. Bell, Representative; Luke Harwood, County Judge; Volney Eaton, Sheriff; Hampton Rich, Clerk; I. G. Frost, Treasurer; A. F. Carr, Register of Deeds.

1848. Cyrus Lowell, Representative; Peter Coon, Sheriff; Abram V. Berry, Clerk; John C. Dexter, Treasurer; Ethan S. Johnson, Register of Deeds; John L. Morse, Judge of Probate; Lambert B. Barnard, Erastus Yeomans, Associate Judges.

1850. Sixteen towns—Campbell having been added.

J. C. Blanchard, Prosecuting Attorney; C. M. Moseman, Treasurer; E. S. Johnson, Register of Deeds; A. C. Davis, Clerk; Hiram Brown, County Judge; Gilbert H. King, Judge of Probate (to fill vacancy); Asaph C. Smith, Sheriff; Erastus Yeomans, Joseph Boynton, Associate Judges of Circuit Court.

1852. Charles W. Ingalls, Representative; Charles M. Moseman, Treasurer; Alvin C. Davis, Clerk; Adam L. Roof, Judge of Probate; Thomas Cornell, Register of Deeds; Ami Chipman, Sheriff; John C. Blanchard, Prosecuting Attorney.

1854. C. Lovell, Representative; C. A. Holmes, Sheriff; W. B. Wells, Clerk; A. Williams, Treasurer; H. Hunt, Register of Deeds; Harvey Bartow, Prosecuting Attorney.

1856. A. Sessions, Representative; C. A. Holmes, Sheriff; W. B. Wells, Prosecuting Attorney; J. L. Morse, Judge of Probate; A. Williams, Treasurer; A. Cornell, Clerk; Oscar Thompson, Register of Deeds.

1858. Abram Alderman, Sheriff; W. B. Wells, Prosecuting Attorney; E. S. Johnson, Treasurer; Clark O. Preston, Clerk: Julius Jennings, Register of Deeds.

1860. A. Alderman, Sheriff; John L. Morse, Judge of Probate; C. O. Preston, Clerk; Julius Jenner, Register of Deeds; Albert Williams, Prosecuting Attorney.

1862. John S. Bennett, Clerk; Joseph Rickey, Register of Deeds; Geo. Ellsworth, Treasurer; Wm. W. Mitchell, Prosecuting Attorney.

1864. Willard Wells, Judge of Probate; J. S. Bennett, Clerk; J. Rickey, Register of Deeds; C. A. Preston, Treasurer; W. W. Mitchell, Prosecuting Attorney.

1867. Sandford Yeomans, County Superintendent of Public Schools.

1868. A. Alderman, Sheriff; W. B. Wells, Judge of Probate; Edgar M. Marble, Clerk; Silas Sprague, Treasurer; Vernon H. Smith, Register of Deeds; B. Morse, Prosecuting Attorney.

1870. Edson P. Gifford, Sheriff; Henry C. Sessions, Clerk; John Morton, Treasurer; Alfred H. Heath, Register of Deeds; E. W. Marble, Prosecuting Attorney.

1871. Charles A. Hutchins, Superintendent Common Schools; Eb. D. Kelsey, Drain Commissioner.

1872. E. P. Gifford, Sheriff; Wm. B. Woodworth, Judge of Probate; H. C. Sessions, Clerk; John Morton, Treasurer; A. H. Heath, Register of Deeds; E. M. Marble, Prosecuting Attorney.

1873. Wilbur H. Moon, Superintendent Public Schools.

The first term of the Circuit Court was held in a building occupied by Daniel Ball, as a store (now the Granger House), in May, 1837, Epaphroditus (we give the whole) Ransom presiding. The only business transacted was to admit to practice Adam L. Roof. The second term was in November, 1837, same Judge, Isaac Thompson associate; grand jury empanneled, Samuel Dexter, foreman. Cyrus Lovell was appointed Prosecuting Attorney; Charles Smith was admitted to the bar. The grand jury returned several bills of indictment (not specified). It seems that at that early day there was wickedness, or, at least, suspicion of it. The court adjourned, doing no business further, except dismissing a petition to establish a ferry at Generauville. May term, 1838: same Judges; C. Lovell appointed Prosecuting Attorney. First cause, John Lloyd *v.* Allen Hutchins; default entered against judgment. Several causes were tried, mostly complaints for selling liquor to the Indians. One case of divorce was preliminarily acted upon. Here we have the proof that the ancients, like the moderns, sometimes found Hymen's yoke not easy, and his burdens not light. We intentionally refrain from giving the names of the yoked cat and dog, who first in Ionia county applied to the courts, and there ventilated their disgrace and shame.

"State of Michigan *v.* Wm. A. Burgess; assault and battery." Prisoner pleaded not guilty; whereupon the prosecuting attorney entered a *nolle pros.* to the indictment, etc., etc.

Mr. Burgess, it is clear you didn't strike him; but he deserved all you gave him. You didn't hit him any too hard, the blackguard! Hope the next time he behaved so, you gave him another thrashing.

The first criminal case was that of Louis Generau, who was convicted of murder in the Kent County Circuit Court, and sent to prison. The second was The People *v.* Thomas Riley, for forgery. Verdict, not guilty.

KENT COUNTY.

ALGOMA.

Algoma had existed as a part of God's earth ever since the waters were drained from North America. It had also existed as a part of Plainfield since the organization of that town. As such it remained until 1849, when, by act of Legislature, it was established as an independent town, taking its name from a steamboat, then plying on Grand River. Not that they named the infant town, as many people name their infant progeny, in compliment. They chose the name because they liked the *sound*. In this they showed they had at least one person of good sense, and poetic taste in the territory to be named. Because it had that one person, it will ever glory in the most musical and poetic name of any town in the Grand River Valley. By the way, that humble servant of the public—the writer of these memorials—is not pleased with the names through which the earlier inhabitants decreed that for all time the people should live in a region and atmosphere of the blankest prose. In the first place, there is a disposition to laugh when one sees a hen-coop protected by cannon. Is there less of the burlesque, when the name "Grand" is applied to a fifth-class river, to a snug little city and a country village? Grand Rapids, Grand Haven and Grandville will never be the theme of song, condemned, as they are, to bear their burlesque and unmusical names. Look at the prosaic names given to towns; most of them the name of some man, country, or big city.

Why cannot people feel a pride in originality? And why were not ears tuned to appreciate musical sounds? A child is born to one, who is conscious of no genius, and he names him John or Patrick; for that is the most common name; and he wishes to be like other folks. Or, conscious of the humble origin of his child, he seeks to ennoble him by giving him a name, that somebody has made famous, unconscious of the burlesque. Your humble writer would not do so. No, no! When children are born to him, the alphabet shall be questioned as to its capability for forming musical and poetic words. If applied to to name a town, he would not suggest his own, or any other unnoted name, with the vain idea that the town would dignify the man. Let names die when the sexton has covered the man, if the man has done nothing for which he should be remembered. Don't condemn a town to be a tombstone, to perpetuate some name that should be forgotten; or to play second-fiddle. Goldsmith has sung of sweet "Auburn," but where is the poet that will ever sing of "New London." To her musical name the vale of Wyoming has become classic, grand; but what poet will, or can, give charms to New York, New Jersey, or New Hampshire? So beware, ye imitators; beware, ye toadies!

But returning from this digression, yet without an apology, for it is the business of the historian to commingle lessons of wisdom with the details of history, which give him the text. The first town meeting was held at school-house No. 3 (Plainfield numbering), April 2d, 1849; Smith Lapham, Moderator.

Offiers elected: Smith Lapham, Supervisor; Wm. Thornton, Clerk; A. L. Pickett, Treasurer; Morgan Allen, John H. Jacobs, John Hamilton, Justices.

Number of voters, 30.

The following statement of the settlement and progress of Algoma is mostly from an article published by H. N. Stinson, Esq. Let it be understood that while he is to be credited with all that is of any value in it historically, he is not responsible any further. If, in every town, some one, himself an actor, had done as Mr. Stinson has done, this book would have been much more valuable.

The first settler—Wm. Hunter, came from the State of New York, in 1842; and built a log-house. He stayed a year or two, and went away. In 1843, Smith Lapham, from Washtenaw county, bought out Hunter, and settled where now is the village of Rockford. He erected a mill on the left bank of Rogue

River; and with a few goods, opened a modest store. He was soon followed by the Hunter brothers, who built a saw-mill on the right bank, using the same dam as Lapham. They had a sale for their lumber to the new settlers, who were rapidly coming in.

In the year '44, Wm. Thornton, a Vermonter, came in, and erected a machine shop.

In 1845, arrived A. L. Pickett, also from Vermont; Joshua Briggs, from Yates county, N. Y.; John Davis, Benjamin Pettingell, and B. N. Pettingell, his son; all three from Ingham county; Henry Hersel and Henry Shank, from Ohio; who located in different parts of the town.

By common consent, the part of the town, centering at the mills, was called Laphamville. In 1845, the people built a shanty and opened a school, with Miss Amy Ann Lapham as teacher.

The same year a post-office was established, with S. Lapham as postmaster; and the same year, the Rev. James Ballard held meetings in private houses. This is by no means the first or the only town, where that now venerable man was the first to herald the gospel. Now he rests from his labors. Age is creeping on; and feeble health has warned him that his days of labor are ended. In years gone by, he was one of those who preached the gospel, but never *lived* upon it. It is little of this world's wealth, that he has ever received for his preaching. He *worked* on his farm for a living; and preached because he *believed;* loved the service of the Master, and loved the souls of men. Eccentric, perhaps (he always had the name of it), he cared little for this world's opinion. He never asked how much would be paid; but whether it was God's will, and his duty. He has outlived the time, when to be an "Abolitionist" was to be considered "eccentric;" and when clergymen, afraid of losing their salaries, dared not feel, or pray for those in bonds. Where *he* preached in log-houses and sustained himself, others, well sustained, are preaching in dedicated temples; and he, biding his time, can say: "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." Ballard, perhaps no lofty monument may mark thy resting place; but your name is engraved in many a heart; and your history is a part of the history of civilization and Christianity in the Valley of the Grand River.

After 1845, the settlement of the town was rapid, and there is no necessity of being particular.

The first marriage in the town was June 22d, 1845, when Isaac Baker and Harriet Lapham joined fortunes, not contemplating divorce. The union was legalized by David C. Gilbert, Esq. The first birth was their daughter Eva, in March, 1846.

The first death was that of Barney Lapham, a native of New York, in 1845.

In 1851, Harvey Porter opened the first public house—the "Algoma House." It was burned in 1864, and the "Stinson House" erected on its site.

In 1852, Chase and Judson put up the first grist-mill, which, enlarged and improved, is still standing.

In 1859, the village was platted, and named "Laphamville." The same year the Baptist church was erected—the first in the place—and an addition was made to the school-house.

About this time the "Laphamville *Courier*" was started by Frank Drew. It was a failure. Wm. Hicks attempted to continue the paper, but could not.

In 1850, Ensly Martin built a foundry, which, vastly improved, is in existence.

In 1865, the Methodist Episcopal Church was built.

In May, 1866, the village was re-platted by Mr. Caukin; incorporated by the supervisors, and named (the Lord knows why) "Rockford." At this time the number of inhabitants was 315.

The first village officers were:

Smith Lapham, President; George French, Clerk; Cyrus Kent, Robert House, M. T. Arbor, J. B. Hewitt, T. N. Barker, R. L. Blakeley, Trustees; Richard Briggs, Marshal.

Number of votes, 65.

In 1868, trains first passed Rockford. In 1870, the present school-house was built, costing $20,000. This school-house is *the* prominent object; and it tells a big story for the place. Schools are civilizers. About some other institutions there is diversity of opinion. But that the place where they have a fine school-house, a first-class principal, and a corps of well-selected teachers—and where the people are willing to sustain them—is a *civilized place.* People of sense choose to live there. But oh, deliver us from being obliged to live where the school-house is a mere shed, and where they get the "cheapest" person they can to run the school. In such places we are apt to find the grog-shop the chief educator; and there we find more politicians than men of brains.

In 1871 a new charter was obtained; the number of votes at the first election under it, was 142, indicating quite a growth under the village organization.

Going back a little; the growth of the town was slow at first; previous to '44, the only communication with the world outside was by Indian trails. In 1844, the Rev. Isaac Barker came from New Hampshire, and located in Courtland; cut the first road from the village to Courtland.

In the spring of '48, the first school district was organized, and called No. 3 of Plainfield; they voted to raise $200 to build a house; there were then 28 scholars in the district.

In the fall of '48, a meeting of the citizens was held, preliminary to having the town set off from Plainfield. The meeting was at the house of Lapham.

In the fall of 1849, John and Mike Furlong opened the first store, exchanging goods for lumber and shingles, the currency of the region.

In 1850, John Cox commenced blacksmithing. He became popular and ambitious, and wanted to be Governor; but disappointed in his ambition, he shook the dust of Laphamville from his feet, and went where he hoped merit would be appreciated.

The pine land attracted speculators, who bought up large tracts, and either held on for prices, or stripped the land of its pine. We need not name those who, without becoming citizens, owned large tracts of land. They don't develop a town, and the town has no interest in them. They make or lose some money out of the places, and disappear.

February 28th, 1861, was a dark day for Algoma. Daniel

Barber, an honored citizen, started to go to Grand Rapids to pay over to the County Treasurer the tax of the town, amounting to something over $600. On the way he was murdered and robbed by William Kingin. Kingin was arrested the same day, and is now serving his life-sentence in the State prison. The whole affair is among the inexplicables. Kingin was not, in common estimation, a bad man. He was going along with Barber, carrying an ax on his shoulder. Falling behind, a thought *struck him*, and he acted on that thought. With a blow of the ax he split the skull of Barber. He hurled the ax into the snow, then rifled the pockets of his victim; went on a little way, and threw the pocketbook into a stream. Remorse took the place of the first frenzy of greed. In the prison he is among the most exemplary of the prisoners; penitent and self-accusing—seemingly trying, as far as in him lies, to atone for his one great crime. He is spoken of by the warden as a model prisoner; a moment a fiend, repentent for life. Since writing the above Kingin has died.

An incident of early times is well told in a Rockford paper, by Gilbert Lapham, Esq., a lawyer at Lansing. We will let him tell his own story:

"I was one of the oldest inhabitants, and have many lively recollections of old times, in the pleasant village of Rockford. That is, I was there when the village sprouted; and believe I only lacked one thing of being the youngest sprout in the place. I think that I and a little red dog, with crooked legs and an oval tail, whose name was 'Don,' killed the first woodchuck, that migrated to the place; and I believe that we, that is, Don and I, knew more of the chipmunks, red squirrels, rabbits, partridges and snakes in the vicinity, than any other man, woman or dog.

I remember that Don and I once set a trap for a woodchuck at a hole in the hill-side. It was a nice fresh hole, and he and I were much pleased and excited at the prospect. The next morning's sun-rise found us at the place, and, sure enough, we had him; for nothing was to be seen but the chain of the trap, drawn as far into the hole as the clog would allow. We seized the chain, and, with a long strong pull, out came the animal, and Don and I pitched into him without ceremony. But how the woodchuck went back on us! In fact it was not a woodchuck, but a 'Mephitis Americana,' or, in plain English, *a skunk;* not one of the imported kind, but truly American. And what a smell was there, my countrymen! We fought it out, but when we got through, the best man living could not have told which was the skunk. I believe I made an effort to back down into the hole, firmly convinced that I had been transformed in the fight; that I was a skunk, and had been attacked by the dog."

SCHOOLS.

Rockford had simple plain buildings for her school or schools until 1870, when the present house was erected, as heretofore stated. The first principal was Prof. McEwan, a man of fine culture, assisted by three ladies—two Misses De Pew and Miss Martin. McEwan stayed but 1½ years. He was followed by Prof. O. O. Fletcher, the present principal. Expense annually, $5,775.

ALPINE.

There are some doubts as to who first penetrated into the wilds of Alpine, and is deserving of the honor of being handed down to future generations as "the first settler." This much is rescued from the dim traditions of antiquity:

In the fall of 1837, Solomon Wright, a man educated at Williams College, Mass., came with his family from the State of New York, and pre-empted eighty acres of land in the southwest part of Alpine. His eldest son, Benjamin, also pre-empted land. The old gentleman, not rich, had five boys, and, as they have given name to a town near by, and have not been ciphers in the world, we will here give their names: Benjamin, Solomon, Noadiah (better known as "Dutch"), Andrew and Jeremiah S.

The Wrights found no settlers in the west part of the town, or in the north part of Walker. There were in the town three Frenchmen named Peter Labelle, Joseph Genie, and another, name forgotten. These Frenchmen put up a mill on government land; stayed two or three years, and went away. Further it is not known that there were any residents in town when the Wright family came in the fall of 1837.

Two brothers, James and Francis Blood, arrived the same fall, and located themselves near Wright.

Of these pioneers of Alpine, Solomon Wright, 2d, is the only one remaining in the town. In his goodly mansion on the south line of the town; he has long enjoyed the respect of the community, where he has had a leading influence. Adverse fortune has come upon him, but if the good wishes of the people could carry him through, his house will again be one where genial hospitality and good companionship will win and perpetuate good will.

The old gentleman—Solomon, Sr.—was never an active man in the region. He was a scholar rather than a business man. He died at a good old age, August, 1853.

Noadiah C. (Dutch.) Why everybody knows Dutch Wright. We say "Dutch," for he has so long borne that name, that should you say "Noadiah" he would not mistrust he was meant. He signs his name "N. C. Wright," but it is questionable whether he would not have to refresh his memory by looking at the family Bible, before confidentially telling what "N. C." stands for. He lives in a big house, paid for with money which came of his understanding "horse." That beast he *does* understand; and he conceives a most profound respect for a man who can cheat him in a horse trade. As an example: A man in Grand Rapids was in possession of an otherwise good-looking horse, that was *blind*. One day a bright thought came into his head—he would go and put a drive on Dutch Wright. So, fortifying himself, he harnessed his nag into his wagon, and leisurely drove along to the "Wright settlement." At the same time Dutch had a very good-looking horse, that he was anxious to get rid of, for reasons not now known. As the city fellow was leisurely and meditatively driving by Wright's farm, Wright was plowing by the side of the road, with his worthless beauty and a plain, valuable beast for a team. Being slightly acquainted, both stopped, discussed the weather, the last political news, etc. In the meantime, Wright conceived and suggested a horse-trade, to which the city chap seemed entirely indifferent. Wright finally offered him either one of his team; not doubting which he would take. The offer was accepted, and the exchange made, to the infinite chagrin of Wright, when he saw him take the plain horse. Mentally, he soliloquized: "That man is not so green as I supposed; he understands "horse." The city man departed, and the farmer soon found that his new acquisition "though having eyes, saw not." Did he get mad? Not he. He threw up his hat, and shouted himself hoarse; then sat down on a stone, and laughed until tears came into his eyes. Calming himself by degrees, in measured tones he said: "I have found the genius at last; I have found my master; I have found the man who can cheat Dutch Wright in a horse-trade. By the "Hoke-fenoke and the living Jingoes! I'm his friend forever!!" He sought out the genius, and they consecrated the beginning of the warmest friendship by copious libations at Wright's expense. Speak evil of that man, or intimate that he is not a genius—the king of "*horse* men," and look out for the "Dutch" of Wright.

James Blood died in Walker, and his brother Francis sold out after a time and moved away.

We learn of no accessions until 1840. This year brought John Coffee from Ohio, with Richard Goding, Jacob Snyder, a German; John Plattee, Turner Hills, and Noel Hopkins.

Turner Hills was a Vermonter. He came with his wife and family to Grand Rapids in 1838. In 1840, he took up forty acres of land, near where now is the hotel in Alpine. That he had slender means is indicated by his taking up so little land. He cut his own road more than two miles. At that time there was no settler in the east part of the town. He died in 1842, after having fairly made a beginning, leaving four sons and a daughter; and one who remained his widow —"Mother Hills"—until her death, in 1873. A word for this noble woman. She united native good sense with great information—was one of the "oracles" of the town; her opinion valued, and her character spoken of as combining in its elements all that is noble and womanly. She was the counselor of the old and young; and she died at a good old age, with the blessings of the community, and the veneration of the family she had reared. *As a matter of course, her family was not a failure.* The time has not come to speak freely of them; as they are living, and not silver-grey with age. Let them work awhile longer, and fulfill the destiny marked out for them by a wise mother.

The individual who pens these lines, always makes his most reverent bow to a *wise mother.* God bless a mother, anyway. But when she is *good* and *wise*, she needs no praying for; she is a fountain of blessings herself; and happy are the children who call her "mother."

The Catholic church first "sainted" and afterwards deified the abstract idea of a good mother, under the name of "Mary;" and it was the best thing that church ever did—it sanctified the holiest idea; and taught people to love, to reverence, and to worship *purity*, *goodness* and *motherhood* as divine; and when combined, to *deify* that idea.

The writer is no Catholic. But, "heretic" and "sinner" as he is, he does feel that, in advancing the purified idea of "Mary" to the rank of an object of worship, the Catholics have given to religion a purifying influence; they have sanctified virtue, and thrown a charm around it; a charm which will aid in purifying the hearts of the votaries of the church. Not believing the dogma, still we say, "Blessed is its spirit; and with the Catholic idea, blessed is Mary."

We were never made for the pulpit, and therefore think there was wisdom in our not taking to it as a profession. We cannot stick to a text, but are continually flying off in a tangent. An *idea* strikes us, and off we go, until we find ourselves we scarce know where. But we'll come back to Alpine.

The few succeeding years are mingled in the minds of the "old settlers," and they will be here jumbled together.

Thompson Casson is to be noticed, who came in '42, and died in '48. He was a good-hearted, public-spirited, intelligent and moral Scotchman; a natural leader; a good specimen of a man. He had not secured fortune, but he died with the respect of all. When a good man dies, all feel it; but at the death of a human animal tears are scarce.

In 1843, came John Cathcart. In 1850, he was stabbed by a neighbor under the influence of liquor, and died in consequence. The man was sent to prison. About the same time came John Haire, who has since been seen, heard and felt at Georgetown, Ottawa county. Also Stephen Coon, who died in 1850. Three sons of his are now respectable physicians in Lisbon and Casnovia. Coon could not have been a very bad man, or he had a good wife.

Here, too, may be mentioned Henry Church, who still lives in the north of Alpine.

In June, 1844, came "Uncle Edward Wheeler,"—the first supervisor of the town—everybody's "uncle." Wheeler is an old man now, and we will talk about him. He is a great pet. The children hail him, "Uncle Wheeler, ain't you going to give us a kiss?" "Give me the first one!" The genial old soul loves everybody, and everybody loves him. When he dies there will be a big funeral, and many eyes will be dim. God bless your genial old soul, Uncle Ed.

Wheeler, when he came, had a family, and some money. He bought 160 acres of land, which, paying in State scrip, cost him $104.50. A brother-in-law, Harry Wilder, came with him, who bought 40 acres of land of Wheeler, and paid for it by cutting down eight acres. (Land is not so paid for in Alpine, now.) Wilder died in 1858; a good man and devoted Christian.

At this date we find, also, Baltus Shafter, Joseph Kipler, Casper Cordes, Moses Rumsdell, Sherman M. Pearsall, Harvey Monroe, Francis Greenly, Henry Porter, P. Fox, John Avery, Robert Delmar, Henry and Lorenzo Dennison, Philip Cummings and his sons, and perhaps some more. Greenly was killed by lightning. At this time (1844), Wm. H. Withey had a mill on Mill Creek.

Alpine was long identified with Walker. She was slow to claim to be of age, and lived contentedly as "North Walker" until 1847. Then, in April, she held her first election, at the school-house in the southeast corner of the town.

The first officers were: Supervisor, Edward Wheeler; Clerk, C. D. Schenick; Treasurer, Casper Cordes; Justices, Wm. H. Withey, John Coffee, John Colton, John Tuxbury.

The name was singularly chosen, and is not the most appropriate. Every town is apt to have a dictatorial voice; and the north half of Walker had its man *who must dictate.* He decided that the pine trees of the east part of the township should furnish the name; and his poetic genius conceived and brought forth the name—"All Pine." In the name of the whole, he decided that the infant town should be so baptized. Mrs. Hills, seeing that "All Pine" was destined to be the name, suggested that one "l" should be dropped, and the two words condensed into one, which would still preserve the "pine," and be more musical. A sly twinkle was in her eye, as dictator said, "That's jist the thing."

The tourist will look in vain for its "towering heights" and "beetling crags" where "leaps the live thunder." He will come prepared with alpenstock, to scale the snow-crowned and rocky heights—to trace the glacier in the mountain defile, or to dodge the avalanche. But, wandering, he finds a region fair and smooth as a lady's cheek; and, disgusted, he calls out to a passing denizen: "Where are your Alpine heights, and your Alpine vales?" Citizen Hills, for such is he, says to him: "Have you no poetry in your *soul?* Can you not *conceive* mountain scenery, and enjoy the *idea?* Are you so prosaic as to see only tame reality?"

By this time the disgusted traveler has put distance between himself and Hills. Nevertheless, the spirit of poetry is on Hollis, and he apostrophises:

> "Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again,"

et cetera, et cetera, and so forth; until, in a fine glow of poetic rapture, he extemporises:

> Time was when Indians was scalpin'
> One another, up here in Alpine.

The remainder is unwritten.

Situated, as the town mostly is, in the best land in Michigan, it is no wonder that thrift and wealth abound; that goodly residences and and noble farms are the rule and not the exception. The land was mostly taken on State warrants, when *land* was lying around loose, "all sprawled about," and hardly considered a thing of value. "Times change, and we change with them." The men who joined issue with the "heavy timber" now rest from their labors, either in their graves, or in their *otium cum dignitate*, which, translated by a college student, means, "smoke their pipes and oversee." A few, like Buck, Murray and Pearsall, don't know when they are rich enough, and work from habit. But most of the old fellows look on their broad acres, and let the boys do the work.

There are two churches in the town, the Baptist and the Catholic.

ADA.

Ada was authorized by the Legislature to commence existence as a town in 1838. Its limits were the present town of Ada, and what are now Cascade and Caledonia. It received its name from a little child of the town, "Ada Smith"—daughter of the first settler, Sidney Smith—now the wife of James Miller, Esq., of Grand Rapids.

The lands pre-empted at Ada were mostly river bottoms, some of the best land in the country. Titles could not be obtained until 1839. Some improvements had been made; the block-house tavern, long known as the Withey house, had been built.

When the lands were sold, several persons secured large tracts.

Rix Robinson, by favor of the Indians, by the treaty, had some 600 acres.

Loan and Perry Hill secured 600 acres on the right bank of the river two miles below the bridge.

Rhodes, 500 acres, now known by his name.

Lucius Lyon, 1,000 or so along the Thornapple and where is the village of Ada.

Charles Robinson pre-empted below the Rhodes place; Rix Church in the same region.

Torrey Smith, two miles above the bridge, on the right bank of the river; Simeon D. Holt above Smith.

John and Wm. Spence, next below the Pettis farm, where is the school house.

Rix Robinson, as an Indian Trader, came to the Grand River in 1821, and established several trading posts, making his central place with the Indians at Ada. Being a person without rights, and at the sufferance of the Indians, he can scarcely be called for many years a settler, but rather a sojourner. He was, in reality, the pioneer of the Valley. He identified himself with the Indians for purposes of trade. When the land was opened for settlement he became a settler with others. As he will be the subject of a special article, no more will be said of him here.

Sidney Smith is reported to have been the first after Robinson who took up his abode in this town. His residence was a short distance west of the Ada Bridge.

The real settlement fairly commenced in 1836. In 1837, we find John Spence, William Spence, Edward Pettis, Edward Robinson, with a large family of sons; John W. Fiske, Gen. Withey, Digby V. Bell, Zerra Whitney, Torrey Smith, A. H. Riggs, Putnam Hill, Elias Crow, Enoch Price, Minos Gypson, Rix Church, Lot Church, Charles Robinson, Wm. Slauson, Perry Hill, Loan Hill.

Enoch Price and Elias Crow took lands near Pettis.

Pettis located by a fine spring on the bottom lands, where he now lives.

Minos Gypson was Pettis' neighbor.

Edward Robinson located below Rix Robinson.

Very early in the history of the town, they saw that at the mouth of the Thornapple was the place for a city, or a village, at least. *Accordingly*, and in the spirit of the times, a village was platted, and the lots were sold *for taxes*, until all was absorbed in the farms surrounding—no one owning a village. When the D. & M. Railroad established their depot there, and Clement put up mills on the Thornapple, in 1853, it became self-evident that a village must be there. A portion of land on both sides of the Thornapple was laid out, and a snug little place has grown up—this time on the ground and not on paper. Before that time there had been the nucleus of a village on the other side of the river. There they had a store, the school-house, blacksmith shop and several houses.

A bridge was at an early day built by the State, which fell in 1852, with several men on it at the time. None, however, were killed. The present toll-bridge was built in 1853; it is now free.

In 1854, the second school-house was built near where stands the school-house of to-day. It was a very respectable wooden structure. Moses Everett, then recently from New York, a teacher by profession, was first placed in charge. About 1870, the second house having become too small to accommodate the rising village, the present brick house was built, and the school opened in it.

Two churches, Baptist and Methodist, attest the interest of the people in religious observances; and the snug houses and business places the thrift of the pleasant village.

Ada had its Indian band; their planting ground was on both sides of the Thornapple, at its mouth. A small band of them, at the time of the extinction of the Indian title, located themselves on the left bank of the river some miles below, where the Catholics established a mission. These Indians, under wise leadership, became civilized; had as good farms as their neighbors; as good houses, cattle and crops. They, however, broke up and went to the reservations at Pentwater. This settlement was known as "Boshaw's," so called from a French half-breed, who was influential amongst them.

By the way, the Catholics *civilize* the Indians. Their missionaries do not rely simply on preaching the Gospel; they do not try to do all at once; have patience, and succeed; while Protestant zeal has generally resulted in lowering the character of their missions. Protestant zeal has over-shot itself, not being directed by wisdom.

The Protestant missionary has aimed, in the first place, to "convert" the Indians, and is satisfied if he can see them praying and singing. He indoctrinates them in a theology they cannot understand, and numbers his "converts." The Catholic, on the contrary, shows the Indian the advantages of civilized life, of agriculture and the arts; and not by bold attack, but in a sidelong way, introduces his religion. The Indian is cool-headed, and the Catholic does not try to wake in him religious enthusiasm. He works coolly; gains slowly; and soon has the satisfaction of seeing his Indians what he wanted them to be—civilized men and the adherents of his church. Cannot Protestants learn a lesson from them? The Protestant, on the contrary, tries first to make them the adherents of his church, and *hopes* and *expects* that civilization will follow. The result with the *Indians* has not been what the Protestant hoped and prayed for.

Perhaps no man has lived there whose influence was more felt than that of Mr. Perkins, who bought 600 acres or more of land at the mouth of the Thornapple in 1852. This land, and the other lands around it had been cultivated on the "skinning" principle until the owners, conquered by the weeds, had taken down their fences and thrown their fields into common. Perkins knew the advantage of running the plow more than four inches deep. He fenced these abandoned commons; put in and *put down* the plow; and showed the first year his 100 bushels of corn, and his 40 bushels of wheat to the acre. This one lesson he taught the people of Ada. "The gold lies *deep* in the ground;" and by that one lesson he doubled the value of the town. Now, Perkins was not a saint, but he was the farmer who taught Ada the real value of their lands, and "civilized" their farming. It is strange that while the prophetic bullfrog is always calling out to the farmer "Beam deep!" he does little more than scratch the surface, and seldom gets more than fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre; when "beam deep" gives 40! If you plough your ground with one horse, one horse can carry off the crop. About ten years ago the writer was talking with a farmer in Ada—a man, by the way, who knew more of a good many other things then he did of farming.

This man said his "land was poor;" he could get no good crops from it; and was told in reply: "Your farm, sir, is one of good capabilities; it is good land; but I am afraid you do not know how to persuade it to give its crops." The farmer sold that land to one who had before raised forty bushels of wheat to the acre; and, as he knew what "beam deep" means, he is getting rich from off his *excellent* farm. These farms want a good deal of severe discipline. When one has put his farm under proper discipline, it is cheering to see how happy he looks about harvest time. I wish I owned one thousand acres of the Ada bottom lands, and knew how to cultivate them! Then I would get my wife a gold watch, and my daughter a piano.

At a very early period, Ada was one of the stopping places: and a block-house tavern was kept by J. W. Fiske, and afterwards by Gen. Withey. That house did service as a tavern until as late as 1855, and like Yankee Springs Hotel, was famous. Fiske, the first keeper, now resides in the town of Grand Rapids, near where he won a name in another log-house, and where he built a fine brick hotel by the lake, that bears his name.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

BY REV. E. BOOTH.

Congregational Church of Cascade, organized Sept. 24, 1849, with nine members, viz:

G. G. Bailey, J. A. Barker, Christina Dennison, E. R. Dennison, Delia G. Bailey, Hezekiah Howell, Margaret Howell, Caroline Barker, Charles Coger.

The whole number who have joined up to this date is 92. Number died and dismissed, 46. Leaving present membership, 46.

Rev. R. J. Hess preached for the church about three years, after which there were no services except occasional preaching by Rev. E. Prince, until Aug., 1851, when Rev. J. Ballard became pastor, and continued three years. In Aug., 1860, the church took the name, "Congregational Church of Ada," and the place of meeting was changed to the village of Ada.

In Oct., 1863, Rev. N. K. Evarts commenced preaching, and continued three years. He was followed, in Feb., 1867, by Rev. D. L. Eaton, who also preached three years, occupying the Baptist church. In March, 1870, Rev. E. Booth commenced preaching, and has continued until the present time.

In 1871, the church commenced building a house of worship, which was completed, furnished and dedicated Jan. 10, 1872.

The house is 32 by 50, 18 feet high, Gothic style, frame cased with brick, and cost—including lot, horse-sheds, bell, stoves, carpets and cushions—about $3,100. This sum was raised by the people of the place, with the aid of $300 from Congregational Union, and about $500 from friends abroad and neighboring churches.

Mrs Margaret Howell is the only one remaining of the original members of the church.

The church is now free from debt, and in prosperous condition.

A BIT OF CHURCH HISTORY.

On a recent anniversary occasion the Rev. E. Booth, the worthy pastor of the Ada Congregational Church, preached a sermon from which the following facts are gleaned:

On the 24th of September, 1849, the Congregational Church of Cascade was organized with nine members—G. G. Bailey. Jesse A. Barker, Christina Dennison, E. R. Dennison, Delia G. Bailey, Hezekiah Howell, Margaret Howell, Caroline Barker, Chas. Coger. Of these only one—Margaret Howell—remains in connection with the church. In April, 1860, the place of meeting of the church was changed to the village of Ada, and the name was changed to "Congregational Church of Ada," which name it still bears. The church met in the school-house and afterward in the Baptist church. In the fall of the year, 1870, it was decided to build a house of worship. With some assistance from friends at home and abroad, the effort was successful, and on the 10th of January, 1872, a neat house was dedicated, costing, with its furniture, bell, horse-shed, etc., $3,100. Since that time the church has taken a new lease of life, and its prospects are brighter than ever before.

During the quarter century of its existence, the church has enjoyed three revivals; ninety-two names have been placed on its roll of members. Forty-five of these are still in connection with the church. As far as known, only five have died. The church has had five acting pastors—Rev. R. J. Hess, from 1849 to 1852; Rev. J. Ballard, from 1859 to 1863; Rev. N. K. Evarts, from 1863 to 1867; Rev. D. L. Eaton, from 1867 to 1870; Rev. E. Booth, from 1870 to 1875. The intervals of this service have been supplied more or less by transient preachers.

Like most of the Congregational churches of the West, this church has been fostered by the American Home Missionary Society, and it is hoped that its moral and pecuniary powers for good will, in the future, amply repay the prayers, and labor, and money that have sustained it for the past twenty-five years.

BOWNE.

The pioneer of Bowne was Jonathan Thomas, who in 1836 entered a large tract of land in the southwest part of the town.

He brought on with him William Woolley, Frederick Thompson, Israel Graves, and their families. From Toledo they came, with ox teams; and were two weeks on the journey.

At this time it was a "new country," but they proceeded to make themselves comfortable. If you wish to know what it took to make a man of means comfortable, imagine a log shanty 12x16, and in it stowed three or four families. Mr. Thomas soon found himself unfit for the hardships and privations, to which he had not been inured. He was taken sick, and was carried back, on a bed, in a sleigh, to New York. The same man, lying on his bed in a wagon, went to Kalamazoo, during the first summer, for wheat, when out of provisions.

In the spring of 1838, Roswell Tyler and his three sons—Roswell, Loren B., and Asahel R.,—ventured in; also Malcomb and John McNaughton, who broke up land and put in wheat. In the fall, Norman Foster and J. C. Beach were added. Afterwards, in the course of a few years, William Stuart, Jas. Truax, Daniel C. McVean, Jared Miller, and Abraham Lowe.

Thus its will be seen, that though Bowne was remote from any of the river points of settlement, it was at an early day taken possession of. Although there was a scattering of settlers along the river before, 1836 was the year when possession was taken in earnest; and that year witnessed the occupation of Bowne by Thomas and his band. It was a venture further from the river than any other of that year.

At first the settlers leaned on Thomas and the Indians. Thomas had money; they worked for him, clearing his land; and would sell turnips and potatoes to the Indians; getting money and venison. Among the Indians then resident was Pegu—a good-hearted, noble fellow, of whom all speak with respect and gratitude. He is now at Pentwater; but would find himself among friends, should he come back to Bowne. Another of the early Indian favorites of the settlers, was Pokanomino, who is now a thriving farmer at Freemont Centre.

The Indians of Cascade, Caledonia and Bowne were a mixture of Ottawas and Chippewas. They did not belong to any mission, and were known as "Robinson's Indians." The old leader was Casna, who resided three-quarters of a mile from Whitney's tavern. He attempted farming. His wife was a most lady-like woman; held in the highest esteem by the whites. A number of their kindred were settled around them; among whom she was "a good mother." The writer well recollects the first and only time he saw her. She was riding her pony, on her homeward journey from Grand Rapids. We remarked to the man in company that she was "a respectable looking squaw," and received the answer: "She is a venerable woman." In fact, human dignity does not depend on complexion or race; and we are happy to notice, that people with souls are beginning to appreciate that fact. What makes the difference? What *color* is a human soul? In former times, the British military uniform was scarlet. An officer met a little negro boy in the street, and showed his sense of disgust. Little darkey put his thumb on his nose, and said: "You was as black as I be till you was biled." Little nig was a philosopher, and had seen lobsters, living and cooked. And let me ask you, who look with lofty self-complacency on your white skin, as your patent of nobility, and with contempt on the one who is of a different hue, are you a gentleman, or are you merely a boiled lobster? But in our wise reflections, we have strayed from Bowne. *Revenons a nos moutons.*

There were some troubles with the Indians, due to whisky. But, on the whole, they made themselves useful; and, indeed, they were indispensable. Their hospitality was hearty and sincere, and, where they professed friendship, it was true and reliable. The Indian, uncorrupted by association with the baser element of the whites, is chivalrously honorable, honest and true. His friendship or his enmity is reliable. He don't smile in your face and stab in the back. He don't ask the question, "Can I *conveniently* do this stranger the favor asked?" So the settlers in Bowne found them, and they remember the Indians with respect and *gratitude.*

What an event to the early settler is "going to mill!" We now have the saying, "As plain as the road to mill;" as though going to mill was as simple a thing as going to the barn. Let us go to mill with Mr. Thompson once, in 1837. It was to go to Kalamazoo with oxen, through the woods; camp out, and get along as he found himself able. His oxen strayed away; and with his journey and hunting his oxen, he got back in eight days. His wife, wearied with waiting, and fearing danger, set out on foot and alone to find her husband, and met him returning. A specimen of an old bachelor met her on the way, who, on learning why she was so far from home, and so earnest, said, "I, too, would marry if I could get such a wife." There are, even now, some women who consider their husband a part of self. We won't say "God bless the man who has such," for God has anticipated the prayer.

A little episode of these times may illustrate the primitive way of dealing with sinners. A specimen of that genus had stolen some money from Mr. Campau. They caught him, and chained him up in the barn at Whitney's tavern. Then Whitney and Campau matured their plan. Campau was to disappear, which he did, but put himself where he could see the sport.

Whitney went to the rascal, told him Campau had gone for an officer, and that it would go hard with him; that he (Whitney) wished to befriend him, and would let him go before Campau got back, if he would clear out. He told him to take the shortest cut to the woods, and having got under cover, to put distance behind him as fast as possible. This the fellow *upon his sacred honor* promised to do. Whitney then undid the padlock that held him chained; he shot for the woods, and was seen no more. In the meantime the two were holding their sides until he was out of hearing; and then they exploded. By the way, who ever repented of telling a lie to a thief?

A pair of panthers were seen by Mr. Thomas, between Bowne and Middleville. They were afterwards seen by two men who had rifles, near Ball Prairie, on the Thornapple; but the men dared not shoot. These panthers have been traced across the southern part of Ionia county, where they were repeatedly seen; across the southern part of Kent county, to Talmadge, in Ottawa county, where one of them was killed; the other has maintained an *alibi* ever since. In speaking of the beasts of the forest, this pair of panthers are the only ones spoken of by the old settlers as having been seen. It is doubtful if that beast was ever anything but a stranger and a pilgrim in Michigan. The settlers can tell bear and wolf stories until they cease to interest; but all we can hear of the dreaded panther is of this one pair, and they were a couple of cowardly sneaks, probably expelled from society and ashamed to be seen; their most daring exploit being to chase a defenseless boy, and be scared by his shout.

By reference to what is said of Caledonia, it will be seen that Bowne was united with that town until 1849. The settlement had been slow, and it seems that but few voters participated in the first election.

The first meeting was at school-house No. 1, the first Monday in April.

Elected: Supervisor, Roswell F. Tyler; Clerk, Daniel C. McVean; Treasurer, Justus C. Beach; Justices, Daniel McNaughton, Jared Miller, Norman Foster.

Sixteen names are on the record, in addition to those above: Henry C. Foster, Frederick Thompson, Abijah Pool, John A. Campbell, Loren B. Tyler, James H. Truax, Asahel R. Tyler, Wm. Gibson and John Underwood.

Since the organization of the town its progress has been a steady one of filling up and developing as an agricultural town. Its first saw-mill was built on Sec. 36, in 1855; its only grist-mill was put up by A. D. Thomas in 1862.

The first census we have of the town is that of 1854, when the population was 357.

The progress of filling up can be seen by referring to the summary of the census returns. The U. S. census, of 1850, makes no mention of Bowne. In 1845, the two towns numbered 127; in 1850, Caledonia, 99.

At the present writing (1875) several of the pioneers are living and resident. Norman Foster, a quiet, sensible, straightforward man, died in 1870. Asahel Kent died in 1840, and John P. McNaughton, in 1841. Roswell C. Beach closed the life of a worthy citizen in 1862. John Underwood died in 1868. Malcomb P. McNaughton died many years ago.

The survivors of the earlier days are still a band of brothers, bound by the ties of long ago. As age silvers their hair, they more and more live over the days "lang-syne," when far in the wilds they drank deep of the fraternal spirit. It is a noticeable fact that if any of these pioneers of Bowne had a fault, the survivors have forgotten it. They are eloquent in praise, but speak of no failings. They partake of the spirit of the song:

> "I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in this heart;
> I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

It may seem that a very inappropriate use is made of the beautiful lines of Moore; but just live ten years in the woods, with a few scattered neighbors, and then tell me if "love" is too strong a word to express your feelings towards those who were your companions in seclusion. I shall make no apology to the old fellows in Bowne, *for they told me so themselves.* Speak disrespectfully of one of their forest companions, and see if they don't flare.

BYRON.

Byron is an outgrowth from the Grandville settlement. By a reference to what is said of Wyoming, it will be seen that Grandville was one of the earliest settled places on the Grand River; that the organization of the town was coincident with the organization of the county. The two townships, five and six, north range, twelve west, were made a town, with the name, Byron. In this union they continued until 1848, when a separation was effected; the southern town retaining the original name; the other assuming the name of Wyoming.

The fact that Byron was a heavily timbered township, retarded its occupation. The openings to the first settlers seemed more inviting; there was free passage; and the labor of clearing, and getting in a crop, was comparatively small. For these reasons the heavy timbered lands, which experience has proved to be the best in general, were not the first sought. Let us not, gentle reader, reprove their lack of sagacity. You or I, under similar circumstances, would have done as they did.

The land for some miles from the river was of the class called "openings;" further back, on either side were "timbered lands." As the character of the openings has changed, so that nothing of the kind is now seen in the settled parts of Michigan; and as the generation of those who have grown up in the region, have seen nothing of the sort, it may not be considered amiss to give a description of the "openings" lands.

Looking at any piece of oak woods, two distinct growths will be observed; one of very scattering large trees, and the other a thick growth of smaller ones. The large trees were all that was on the land when the region was first occupied. The land was "open;" no fallen timber, and nothing but the very scattered oak trees to obstruct the view. A wagon or load of hay could be driven anywhere.

The settler had only to cut down or "girdle" the scattered oaks, put in the plow with a strong team; and sow his ground.

Neither the "openings" nor the "prairies" were natural. They were the result of the Indian practice of burning over the lands; with the double object of making them more open, so that they could see their game, and rendering the region more healthy. Where the fires killed the whole of the wood, the result was a *prairie*. Where they only killed the young growth, it was an *opening;* just as good for Indian purposes. Where the undergrowth was oak or hickory, the fires killed only so much as was above the ground, leaving the root to sprout up again. This gave rise to what received the name of "grubs," that is, strong, heavy roots, with only an insignificant bush growing from them. The root of a shrub an inch in diameter would be sufficient for a tree of several inches; and would have a spreading top, like a mushroom. A fire running through would kill all these young bushes. In a year or so all would be clear. In general there was nothing which could not be cut with the brush-scythe, or torn up by the plow.

There were two ways of preparing the ground for a crop. The first has been indicated—with a strong team "break" the land, and pull out the roots, partly by the harrow, and partly by hand. The second way, to "grub" the ground, or dig out each root with an instrument made for that purpose.

This was the more laborious and better way, as it left the land in a better condition to receive the crop. A breaking team of three or four yoke of oxen could "break" an acre in a day, but there was still all the labor of "pulling out." A stout man would "grub" with his mattock and ax, an acre in a week. A class of men in early times owned teams and made a business of "breaking." Those, who could not pay the "breakers," or who wished their land earlier under good culture, "grubbed." The openings are a thing of the past; therefore, this explanation.

Again, the early settlers had not been backwoodsmen. They came from a region, cleared by their fathers, and were little accustomed to the use of the ax. To them a heavy standing growth of timber, and the great fallen trees, were formidable. A tree was not then, as now, a little mine of wealth, but it was a nuisance—to be got rid of, and that, too, by the hardest labor. Therefore, we will not censure the wisdom of the pioneers for their preferring the openings to what they well knew would prove to be the better "timbered lands."

It required a little nerve to push into South Byron; a few settlers were early there. It is not now known that any one located before 1836, when several came into the northern part of the township. Three brothers—Nathan, Jerry and William Boynton; another "three brothers"—Justus C., Jacob and Charles Rogers. It is generally conceded that Nathan Boynton was the first. He proceeded to put up his "palace" —split logs for roof and floor, with clay and sticks for a chimney. We have called it his "palace," and not without reason, for every old pioneer confirms the fact, that his first rude shelter had more attractions in his eyes, then any house that subsequent good fortune enabled him to build, and, *we believe them.* Go into the woods yourself, camp under trees until you can get up a 12x20 log house, *with a fire place* in it, and then see if your dreams, the first night you are in it, are not of a palace—*your own home.* Ah, my dear sir, or madam, log houses were before painted verandas, and sand was used before carpets.

Mr. Rogers brought some means with him, so that he could hire much done, and in two years we find him harvesting 100 acres of wheat, which he sold for 37½ cents a bushel.

Slowly one after another ventured into the timber, to combat with the forest, to conquer a home and a farm. In 1837, we have Harmon Kellogg, John Harmon; and in 1838, Harvey Kibby, Ella Judson, Hiram Lockwood, Alden Coburn, Benjamin Robinson, Ephraim Chamberlain, Wm. R. Godwin and Cyrus Jones. It is not absolutely certain that all of these came in 1838. The memory of the survivors does not always agree. They came *about* that time.

In the years immediately following, came Charles Lane, (transient), James B. Jewell, Amalek Taylor, Joseph Gallop, Larkin Ball, Eli Crossett, Peter Goldin, Wm. Olmsted, Henry A. Van Nest, Samuel Hubbell—only one or two a year. As late as 1844, the south part of Byron was an unoccupied wild. In that year Ezekiel Cook settled near the southwest corner, and had no neighbors nearer than four miles.

The settlement of the town was so slow, that for ten years some one was a pioneer in some part of it. We cannot follow each one, neither is it necessary. This one fact is patent: that it was twelve years after the first settlers came in before they had inhabitants enough to feebly commence as a town by themselves. The reason has been given above.

The recollections are that 1846–7, were the years of real occupancy, and the records of the votes of old and new Byron indicate that there was quite an influx in 1847.

In 1847, the vote for supervisor in the town, as then (Byron and Wyoming), was seventy, when, it is well known, the principal vote was at and around Grandville. Upon the organizing of the new town in 1848, the vote was fifty-two, which indicates that either in 1847 the south Byron voters stayed at home, or that many settlers came in in 1847. In *new towns voters go to town meeting.* That is their holiday.

Indicative of the relative population of Wyoming and Byron, at the settlement between the two towns, May, 1848, Byron received 28 1-10 per cent. of the money on hand.

At the gubernatorial election in the fall of 1847, the vote of the two towns was ninety-three. In 1850, the population was 309. A reference to the census reports will show that it then filled up rapidly.

Byron is essentially an agricultural town. It has two little villages—Corinth and Byron Center—both of which sprung up around mills.

Corinth (formerly Cody's Mills) is on the line between Gaines and Byron, partly in each town, and is a hamlet of about twenty-five houses. It originated with three brothers by the name of Cody, who, in 1866, put up steam grist and saw mills. They did business about three years. The mills then passed through several hands, and were unsuccessfully operated. In 1872, they became the property of Isaac D. Hazen and W. R. Russell, who have successfully carried on the business since. In 1869,a furniture factory was started by a joint-stock company. The company did a good business one year, when the factory was burned. The company re-built, but failed to make the concern a success, and broke up, deeply involved. The village has at present no prospect of growth—is a pleasant little country center.

The other village—Byron Center—is of recent origin. In 1871, Mr. Towner built a saw-mill for cutting hard lumber. In 1872, he platted a village by his mill. Stores, shops, etc., naturally clustered themselves there, as there was the mill and the railroad station. At present, the village has about twenty-five houses. A Methodist church was built in 1873.

The old settlers have a good many stories to tell about the wolves. These sneaky pests were thickest in the shady timber. They were seldom dangerous, but at times were provokingly impudent. The writer has not heard of any one being killed by wolves in the Grand River Valley, though many have been obliged to fight them, or take to a tree. Singly, the wolf was despised; in packs, they were dangerous. A good club, a resolute eye, and a shout, generally, in the day time, would disperse the reprobates. It was not safe to be surrounded by them in the night, as James M. Barney, of Byron, learned in 1850. He, unwilling that his cow should be beef for wolves, after listening to what they said one night by his yard, sallied out with somewhat more wrath than discretion, to argue the question of the ownership of said cow. The wolves, seeing vengeance in his eye, and a shooting iron in his hand, did not stop to argue the case, but retreated to the bushes, keeping all the time one eye on Barney. He, thinking wicked words, entered the bushes; and there the wolves, abandoning their claim to the cow, debated with him until broad daylight, whether *he* should not be mutton for wolves. He used all his eloquence to prove that man was not made for wolves, using his gun as his aid, and he got his case.

One of the stray panthers, otherwise spoken of as having traversed the south part of Ionia and Ottawa counties, was seen in Byron, but there was no adventure with it.

In the spring of 1836, a tornado did some damage in Byron and Paris. In Byron, it blew down the house of J. C. Rogers; and in Paris, that of Cyrus Jones. No one was seriously injured, though several were badly scared. Who wouldn't be? The humble writer got mixed up in one once, and while the trees were crashing on all sides, gave a specimen of magnificently tall walking. He has never since wished to look a tornado in the face, and speaks of them with trembling respect. We like the balmy air, and the gentle breeze, and we respect the strong gale. But when the air gets its back up, and is in a whirlwind of passion, we forget poetic sentiment; at least that was the case with the writer.

The first organization of Byron is given in the history of Wyoming.

CASCADE.

Cascade was a part of Ada until 1848. The first town meeting was held at the house of Wm. S. Gunn, April 3d, 1848; Harry Clark, Moderator; J. R. Stewart, Clerk. The first officers were:

Peter Teeple, Supervisor; J. R. Stewart, Clerk; Asa Dennison, Treasurer; Leonard Stewart, Zerra Whitney, Justices.

Number of voters present, 50.

One hundred dollars voted for town expenses.

Cascade did not claim an independent existence at so early a stage as many other towns; content to be a part of a town until it was some evidence of respectability to be a town officer.

Its pioneer occupation dates from 1836—the year of the rush of land-seekers into the Valley. First came Lewis Cook, followed the same year by Peter and George Teeple, and Hiram Laraway.

In 1837, the only person who is known to have settled in the town is Edward Linen, the pioneer Irishman; soon followed by more of his countrymen, who have proved the advantages that result to the sons of overcrowded Ireland, when they leave their country for their own and their country's good; their *own*, for they can find a home, competence, wealth and respect; their country's, for each one leaving gives better chance and wages to those who remain.

It is hard for a man whose sole capital is a nervous body, to achieve property and position where labor *begs* employment. A British statesman once said in parliament, "It is no mystery to me how the man with a thousand pounds can increase it to a million; but it is a mystery how a man, commencing with nothing, can obtain a thousand pounds." The Irish peasant knows full well that in Ireland he cannot be respectable without property; and that *there* property is practically beyond his reach. He knows of a land across the sea, where he can be a man among men. Cascade shows some of the results.

Mr. Linen was not long the only Irishman in Cascade, for the next year several more took up land in the town: James May, David Petted, John Farrell, James Annis, Wm. Annis, Michael Matthews, Patrick, Christopher and Michael Eardley.

Of these, James May, Edward Linen and Michael Matthews are still resident; men of means and respectability.

David Petted died in 1870.

James Annis died in 1865.

William Annis was frozen to death in 1861; found, snowed under, a mile from his home.

Patrick Eardley died in 1855.

Christopher Eardley removed to LaPorte, Ind., and there died.

Michael Eardley was a good scholar, educated for a priest. He held town offices—was respected and looked up to. He died in 1870.

The same year (1838) brought Frederick A. Marsh, whose tragic death, in 1846, sent a thrill of horror through the town. Returning from Grand Rapids, he was thrown from his wagon, and killed.

Hiram Laraway also came to a premature and unnatural death. He perished by cold, between his home and Ada, in the winter of 1841–2. Of him we know little. His widow, "Aunt Mary Laraway," the sister of the Teeples, lived until 1869, a model of virtue and amiability—bravely enduring hardships—training her sons and daughters as only a good mother can. God bless such a woman! But there is no need of that prayer, for God always does that; and blesses those who have the happiness to call her "mother;" and St. Peter, who holds the keys, with his hat in his hand, makes to her his best bow, as she enters the gate. Blessed is the memory such a woman leaves behind—the choicest legacy to her children, in whose souls she is enshrined a saint. She was killed by falling from a cherry tree, in the summer of 1869.

The brothers Teeple are still honored residents of the town; they have been among the most prominent citizens; have been looked to as "all right;" and it is still customary to "swear by Teeple."

From 1838, the town filled up steadily and slowly. The date of the advent of each is a matter of little interest; settlers came dropping in, one by one; among whom we note: Zerra Whitney, with his four sons--Peter, Ezra, Oscar and Chester—who arrived in 1841, and originated Whitneyville, long a noted stopping place on the wilderness road between Battle Creek and Ada. Mr. Whitney, Sr., was elected the first Justice of the Peace, and everybody knew him. He died in Wayland, Allegan county, in 1873. These sons of Whitney came with families, and have all either died or deserted, leaving nothing but a name attached to a portion of a town. Well, a *name* and a *fame* are all we *can* leave. How few leave anything. Oscar died in 1848; the others moved to other parts.

1842 brought Edward D. Gove, from Massachusetts, and he stays in Cascade yet; also, Chauncey Sears, with his two sons, Horace and Austin. The venerable patriarch is still in town, and so is Austin. Horace is in Caledonia. About this time also came Eber Moffit (who died in '68), and the brothers, Michael and Joseph Cronninger, who now live in Caledonia,

The first postoffice was established in 1847, at Whitneyville; Wm. C. White, postmaster. The first quarter's postage amounted to $2.25. For several years the postoffice at Bowne took its mail from Whitneyville; it was carried in a little bag, suspended to a boy's neck. There was then dignity in the office of postmaster. The lofty individual who could put P. M. after his name, had to live upon the dignity, and not the emoluments of the office.

At this time there were but three occupied houses for six miles south. Eastward for ten miles there was but one settler.

The first school was near Cook's Corners, and was taught by Miss Matilda Hill, in 1840. She was the sister of Perry Hill, of Grand Rapids. The log house built for that school, was burned down in a few years.

Mr. Aickley, spoken of as a pioneer in other towns, was the first to hold meetings in the town.

What is said in connection with the town of Paris, about the cold winter, is equally applicable to Cascade. Three feet of snow falling in November, and the remembrance of that buried by succeeding falls, made an impression on the bones and sinews of the settlers at the time; and on their memories afterwards. But they lived through it, and saved most of their cattle.

A more than passing notice is due to the memory of Asa W. Dennison, who, with his brother Gideon W. (Uncle Gid.), came in the spring of 1845. Dennison was a man of sterling worth; a leading official man in the town; respected and looked up to. He was killed by a kick from a horse in 1857.

In 1849, the Rev. Eli Prince—a man whom ill-fortune had followed, opened a small store in Cascade village. He was a man of large stature, genial in his nature, public-spirited, true and honorable. He identified himself with every good work that was going on. He was unflinching in duty, yet was more led by generous instincts than by the sense of obligation. The children learned to court his smile and gentle word. The people made of him a factotum, for they had learned to look to his ever willing heart in seasons of rejoicing or of sorrow. His life illustrated the beauty of an unselfish soul, true to the pale star of principle. He died in 1862; aged, 65. As in life he sought not himself, so, when dead, he directed that no monument should mark his grave. He lies thus in a cemetery, which he gave to the town. But the people of Cascade will not forget where "Elder Prince" is buried.

Cascade village is a small hamlet, clustered around the mills. the central place of the business of the town. The Thornapple River here gives a good water-power, which may be made to do more service than at present it is compelled to do. Whitneyville, so called, is not a village, but simply a public house, where in days past it was *hoped* a village would be.

Cascade does not invest much in the externals of religion. The Catholics have a small church, built in 1856. The Methodists, United Brethren and Christians have a foothold, and keep up organizations.

Since the mineral spring fancy took hold of Michigan, Cascade has been one of the places, to which the sick have resorted to use the "healing waters." The springs have established a reputation for curing many diseases, and are resorted to by seekers of health. Fashion has not made it a resort, as they have not the facilities for making the place attractive. They have no buildings as yet but a simple bath-house.

One little story of olden times in Cascade is too good to be lost; illustrating the fact that "human natur" among the ancients was as vicious and as simple as among the moderns.

A Mr. S—., one of those honest, simple-hearted men, that sinners always delight to play practical jokes upon, had a horse, which he wished to exchange for a yoke of oxen. He heard that in another part of the town was a man, who wished to exchange a yoke of oxen for a horse. So he saddled his pony, rode over, and made the bargain. The question now was, how to get home the saddle. The man, who now had the horse, told him to put it on one of the oxen ; and to get on himself and ride ; that the ox was used to being ridden. S— saddled the ox and mounted to go home. The ox took to his heels; and there was no mane to cling to. The saddle slipped over behind the ox, dragging S— by the stirrups, to the imminent peril of his life. Seeing that death or release must come, by a desperate effort he got free, with a poor opinion of his ox as a saddle beast. He said that when he was dragging at the heels of the beast, he promised his Maker, if he ever got out of that scrape alive, he would never ride an ox again; a vow which he religiously kept.

CALEDONIA.

Caledonia was organized as a township, May 4th, 1840, at the house of Peter McNaughton. The town at its organization consisted of what is now Caledonia and Bowne. The first officers were:

John P. McNaughton, Supervisor; Justus C. Beach, Clerk; Norman Foster, Treasurer; J. C. Beach, Loren B. Tyler, Malcomb P. McNaughton, Asahel Kent, Justices.

One hundred and fifty dollars was raised for town expenses.

The following names of voters are found on the record; and, as a specimen, showing how easy it was "to get office" in early days, the number of offices, to which each was elected, is set against the name:

John P. McNaughton, 1; Roswell Tyler, 4; Justus C. Beach, 3; Malcomb P. McNaughton, 2; Loren B. Tyler, 1; John A. Campbell, 2; Asahel Kent, 2; Asahel Tyler, 1; Norman Foster, 3; Wm. B. Thompson, 1.

All went home with their official honors thick upon them. None of them could put on airs, or refuse to let their children play with those of their neighbors; for they too were officers' children.

The town was reorganized by act of Legislature in 1869.

In 1838, Mr. Asahel Kent conceived the idea of a public house in the wilderness, on the Battle Creek trail. He accordingly came to Caledonia, then merely T. 5 N., R. 6

W., and opened the "Kent House," which soon became famous. And why? There was the jolly landlord, and his smiling dame, ever ready to welcome the weary traveler to a good fire, a smoking dinner, and a home-like, social visit. What though the house was of logs, and the lodgings perhaps a shed,—the welcome was genial, the fare good, and "Kent's Tavern" became an institution where one was sure of good cheer; and where he "stopped again." The viands were not dealt out on the principle, so manifest at some of our restaurants, where each waiter seems to think he is a priest, administering the sacrament. The table was "heaped" with what was good, and the beaming landlord, having cut the meat into huge slices, would say, "Lay to, and help yourselves, gentlemen and ladies; no ceremony here." It seemed to be his delight to feed the hungry. The greater their appetites, and the faster his victuals disappeared, the more beaming was his look. He loved to see his guests enjoy themselves, and the long breath of perfect satisfaction and fullness, as they withdrew from the table, was music to his ear.

Kent, the bountiful, soon passed away, with many blessings on his head, and his widow (as widows often do) married again. But she didn't leave the house. No. She and her husband, Peter McNaughton, still kept up the establishment, which became as famous as "McNaughton's" as it had been as "Kent's."

This tavern is a thing of memory. The opening of other lines of travel caused the Battle Creek trail or road to be deserted, and the tavern died the death of the righteous.

After a while, one after another, dropped in the settlers who came to live from the soil. Kent had fed the hungry, and lodged the weary; his residence alone breaking the monotony of interminable woods. James Minsy came to raise something to feed himself and children, in 1839. Soon followed Orsemus Rathbun, Lyman Gerold, Hiram McNiel, Eber Moffit, Peter McNaughton, Levi Tobey, John Sinclair, Henry Jackson, and Warren S. Hale. The exact date of the advent of each is not known, neither is it important. Some of them were after 1840. The names already given are probably *all* who were in Caledonia and Bowne, at the time of its organization as a town. For a number of years but few came to stay, though many passed that road, for it was on the "Battle Creek Stage Route." Fancy not, gentle reader, that this "stage route" was a smooth McAdam road, with its toll-gate once in ten miles. It was merely a trail in the wilderness, with here and there an otherwise impassable place made passable. The stage was a heavy wagon, covered with painted cotton cloth. The road was dotted at long intervals by the settler's cabin. There were Gull Prairie, Slater's Indians and Yankee Springs, on the way; as for the rest, it was "timbered lands" and "openings." Yet this was the "thoroughfare" until the opening of the Kalamazoo Plank Road, in 1852. Then the genial landlord, Lewis, at Yankee Springs had to go to the Legislature, or be forgotten; for his famous log tavern was deserted, Then the McNaughton house ceased to pay. Campau, and the other drivers cracked their whips for the last time; and looked to some business other than driving and tipping over stages, for a living.

Many are the adventures on that route; our own among the number. Among others we note that of our fellow citizen, H. P. Yale. He went to sleep on the way, and in the midst of his pleasant dreams, the stage gave a lurch and landed him, heels up, head and shoulders in the mud. He gathered up the fragments of himself, rubbed the mud from his eyes, and *laughed*, of course. At another time the driver had the honor, in a dark night, of tipping into a mud-hole, John Ball, Mrs. T. B. Church and her baby *Fred*. Fred came near being drowned, or smothered in the mud; and then the country would have lost an embryo soldier, who was too proud to accept office, though commissions were thrust upon him; and *art* would have lost one, whose quaint conceits are a part of the spirit of Harper. Our own adventures on the route might be passed, as perhaps of every day occurrence—a simple break-down, where a jolly song by Capt. Parks was cut short at the second verse; and to this day remains unsung. The driver was the same Edward Campau, whose pleasant residence is now where he can overlook the scene of that catastrophe. There he, with his fair wife—Yankee Lewis' daughter—his cattle and his herds, is a well-to-do farmer; and is happy to welcome to his home those whom he tipped over on the Battle Creek road. Long life to you, Edward! And may your soul never be less open, or your home less blessed.

We must, at one fell swoop, come down to 1846, when a man arrived, who "meant business;" who, seeing the fine water-power afforded by the Thornapple river, determined to monopolize that power; and to a great extent he did. Where he saw power, he purchased the land. His name was William H. Brown. Among his doings was putting up the first saw-mill; and, in company with W. S. Hale, the first grist-mill; around which has sprung up the village of Alaska. Brown laid out the village in 1866.

This Mr. Brown had an adventure, which, at the time, he wished he was well out of. Returning in the winter from his possessions in Caledonia to his home in Middleville, in a night of darkness and storm, he got lost. In the snow he lost the trail; and had no way but to leave his pony to its instincts. But he soon found himself sinking into that sleep which is the precursor of death from cold. He dismounted, and walked backward and forward until morning, to keep himself alive. With the coming of light, he trusted to his horse; for he, himself, had no idea of direction. His horse took him to Green Lake. There he was tracked, and found by those who searched for him, expecting to find him dead. We are not told what vows of reform he made in this dismal journey, but it is presumed that they were many and sincere. Neither are we told that he had any evil ways to reform. But how natural it is in trouble to think over all our sins, promising reformation, if spared, with time effectually to repent. Who ever knew of a blaspheming reprobate, who did not pray and promise, when he saw death looking him right in the face? And who ever knew the halter to press the neck of one who had *not* reformed and become a a saint? What a good thing is danger to bring sinners to their knees! A pious negro woman had in vain tried to make her little woolly-headed sinner of a son say his prayers. But the reprobate would sing "Jim along Josy," instead of, with eyes closed and clasped hands, saying "Now I lay me down to sleep." She had exhorted him, whipped him, prayed at him, scolded him, and taught him to say his prayers; but he wouldn't pray, and she was forlorn. One day she heard him screaming, and running to the door, she saw the old cow had him between her horns, butting him against the fence, and he was screaming in his fright "O Lordy! O Lordy!" She clapped her hands with delight, and said "Bress de Lord! the old cow has brought him to his prayers," and left the cow to finish his conversion in her own way. History does not tell whether Johnny became a saint; but it is to be presumed he did; and that he was swung into heaven at the end of a rope.

The village of Alaska has been mentioned as an outgrowth from the enterprise of Mr. Brown. It is where it may be considerable of a place, and it has already made a fair beginning. The water-power is first-rate, and is capable of further development. The water can be used several times in a short distance. As years pass on, Michigan will turn her attention more to manufactures, and then the Thornapple will be dotted with Yankee notion factories; and Alaska do business in a thousand of the gimcracks that are the wealth of the land of wooden nutmegs and steady habits.

There is a Baptist church at Alaska, and a Methodist church in the central part of the town.

The G. R. Valley Railroad crosses the southwest corner of the town. A small village is there, which has made a beginning in the way of using the power at its disposal.

On the farm of Ed. Campau is a noted beaver-dam, which once made a pond of several acres. The dam is in two parts; one eighty and the other sixty yards in length. Its height was apparently three feet or more. By the rotting of the material, and the trampling of cattle, it is now a simple ridge of earth, a foot or more in height. It is built on a spring marsh. Near the middle of the dam is a kind of island of solid earth. Taking the height of the dam on that, and where at the ends it is on solid earth, the general height must have been about three feet. This great work of beavers is not near as long as the one in Tyrone, but it was a "big thing" for so small animals to build.

CANNON.

Until 1846 Cannon was identified with Plainfield, being in no haste to assume independent existence. Its population at that time was near 300. The village of Cannonsburg had been named before; and the town took its name from the founder of the village. The Legislature gave the name Churchtown, which the town never assumed, but organized under the self-assumed name of Cannon, the first Monday in April, 1846. The first meeting was at the house of Cornelius Slaght; 64 voters.

Supervisor, Andrew Watson; Clerk, Henry H. Worden; Treasurer, Louis D. Dean; Justices, Harlow T. Judson, John Bishop, Demas Hine, Jarred Spring.

Settlement commenced in the town in 1837. Andrew Watson and A. D. W. Stout were the first to locate. In 1838, Isaac Tomlinson put in his appearance; and in 1839, Wm. M. Miller. The real settlement of the town, however, dates from 1840. The few scouts, before mentioned, had opened the way, and this year settlers in numbers followed, among whom (if they were not the whole) were James Thomas, Ethiel Whitney, Zebulon Rood, Japhet Gilman. In 1841 were added, Henry M. Miller, Ebenezer Smith, Samuel Steele, Oliver Lovejoy, the Rev. Mr. Frieze.

In the few succeeding years we find, Ames Griswold, John Hartwell, James Dockery, Loyal Palmer, Martin Johnson, Cornelius Wample, Wm. C. Young, John C. Chapman, Robert Howard, Major Worden, Mindrus Whitney, Thomas B. Young, Sidney S. Haskins, H. E. McKee, John French, brothers Richard, Abram, William and Eli Lewis, Leonard S. Young, Jared Spring, Joseph Lameraux, John Rogers, Smith Bailey, Harrison Pitcher, Philip Thomas, Zeph Adams, Thomas Hall, Norman Aikley, Smith Bailey.

Of these, the monuments in the cemeteries say—Died:

William Lewis, 1853, aged 38 years.

Harlow T. Judson, 1865, aged 62 years.
Hugh E. McKee, 1855, aged 44 years.
Joseph Lameraux, 1858, aged 58 years.
Sidney S. Haskins, 1854, aged 47 years.
John Hartwell, 1872, aged 77 years.
Demas Hine, 1872, aged 66 years.

The village of Cannonsburg owes its first existence to E. B. Bostwick, who, as agent of LeGrand Cannon, an Eastern man who owned large tracts of land in the town, in 1843, made preparations for erecting a mill, platted a village, and put up a few log houses. This Bostwick has left his name in more than one place in Kent county, and to the credit of Cannon they have given it to one of their beautiful lakes. To manage the business, and build the mill, came Sidney Haskins; Harlow T. Judson as millwright, Samuel Jones as boss of the concern. and Cornelius Slaght. Haskins was the first one who cut down a tree at the place. A log house was built for him and his family. In the spring a small frame building was put up for a store and dwelling (now the back part of Ellis' store). Before that the log store had also been the residence of Slaght and Haskins, and their families, each having one room. Close quarters, but that was the best the place afforded, and it behooved them to be content.

As an inducement to settlers, lots were *given* to those who would improve them. The blacksmith put up his shop there; the shoemaker came; the carpenter built his house there; a doctor there displayed his sign. A school-house was located there. A lawyer came and looked—thought there were not people enough to make their quarrels profitable to him, and located at Grand Rapids. In fine, a little, snug village scattered itself on the hills around the mill and modest store. At present they are left out in the cold by the railroads, those all-controlling directors of the destinies of places. Yet they have *hopes* from a railroad that is in their mind's eye; and then—and then—they hope to put on airs! They have a fine, steady, but limited water-power, which is capable of being much further developed. They have a beautiful and varied site; fine, romantic surroundings; and they are not without hope. In the village are a good union school-house, a Methodist and a Congregational church.

The aforesaid LeGrand Cannon, after whom the town was named "Cannon," presented the town a cannon, as his thank-offering for the compliment paid him in naming the town "Cannon." And ever since, the inhabitants of Cannon, in all their jubilations, cause that cannon to wake the echoes of the town of Cannon.

"Nevertheless," (as H. W. Beecher said,) the greatest beauty of the town is in her unrivaled lakes. The two—Silver Lake and Bostwick Lake—for their crystal waters and beach-like shores, may challenge comparison with anything of the kind in the world. To see them is to admire. The shade of Bostwick cannot but be well pleased that this lake is his memento on earth; and my shade, when I shall have become a shade, would rejoice could the name of the other be called its name and memento. O ye Cannonburgers, cause that to be true, and I will give you a bigger puff than your cannon gives you on the 4th of July. Yes, indeed; I will soar into poetry.

Less beautiful lakes than these are Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, that so often have waked the poet's song; and a far less beautiful one near Grand Rapids is the pride of the place, a fashionable resort, and the center of their rural pleasures. *When that railroad comes along*, the lakes of Cannon will *not* be merely boundaries of farms, places to water horses and to catch fish.

CHURCHES IN CANNON

Congregational at Steele's Corners. Organized in 1847, by Rev. J. Ballard and Dea. Page. with ten members.

Smith Bailey and his wife, Eunice, Parmelia Pitcher, Chloe Scott, Samuel H. Steele and Mary, his wife, —— Stone and wife, John Campbell, Harlow T. Judson.

The preachers have been, Revs. Isaac Barker, two years; Geo. Overheiser, two years; Jehiel H. Hard, five years; Daniel Sessions, two years; James Ballard, five years; —— Evarts, two years; Danforth Eaton, four years. Present preacher, Wm. Irons, since 1872.

The church, 32 by 48, was built and dedicated in 1853.

Present membership, 51; just having dismissed 15 to form a new church at Cannonsburg.

The Methodist Church at Steele's Corners was first started as a class, in

1843, of four members: —— Johnson and wife, Ebenezer C. Smith and Sally M., his wife. The church, 30 by 40, was built and dedicated in 1853. Present membership, about 40.

INCIDENTS.

In 1842 or 1843, Mr. Seth Lockwood built a large barn in Courtland. To raise it, it was necessary to muster the whole force of three townships—Courtland, Plainfield and Cannon.

Mr. James Thomas built the first barn in Cannon. When the first bent was partly raised, it came to a dead stand. They could not raise it with the force they had, and they dared not let it down. They made out to prop it where it was. By chance two men came along, and with them as a reinforcement, they put it up.

A trip to Grand Rapids was a three days' affair.

In 1840, Mrs. Gilman was confined, Mr. Gilman rode two days to get a girl, in vain. Wherever he went all were sick with ague; general suffering—not well ones enough to take care of the sick. He, while seeking for help, often had to minister to the immediate wants of others—to give a cup of water, etc.

"On a circle of stones they placed the pot—
  A circle of stones but barely nine;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
  'Til the burnished brass did glimmer and shine.
They rolled him up in a sheet of lead—
  A sheet of lead for a funeral pall;
Then plunged him into the caldron red,
  And melted him—head and bones and all."

The practical application of the above sublime quotation is not patent to the general reader, but the shrewdly wise will see it.

COURTLAND.

The settlement of this town is peculiar. A colony of eleven well-educated men in 1838 selected this town as their place of residence. One of their number, Barton Johnson, came ahead as an explorer. The rest soon followed with their families. Their names were: Philo Bears, Barton Johnson, Benjamin Botsford, John Austin, Wm. R. Davis, John Barlow, Alexander Dean, Sabin Johnson, Thomas Addison, Anson Ensign and Iram Barney.

They located their lands contiguous to each other. They organized the town and resided several years alone—a happy, social and moral community. They had enough for fraternity, enough for society, and enough for a school. They were at home in each other's houses, and prided themselves in each other's good name and character. But the intruding stranger would come in, among whom we have gathered the following: Rice Austin, Loren Austin, Philo Austin, Nelson Miles, Chauncey Parker, Philip Becker, Henry Barlow, David Haynes, John Carlyle, Horace Colby, James Kingin, Jacob Snyder, Morgan Hunting, George Shank, Joseph Davis, Amasa Squiers, Wm. H. Myers, Alman Thompson, Horton Rounds, Nathan Rounds, William Rounds, Lenas B. White, Alfred Stilwell, Calvin Thompson.

Perhaps some others were of as early a date as some of these.

Of the original company:

Philo Bears, who organized the band in Washtenaw county, stayed about ten years, and went to Grand Traverse, where he died.

Alexander Dean was an enterprising farmer, and a good man. He died in 1871—aged 78 years.

Barton Johnson has been a leading official man, and still graces the town with his living presence.

Sabin Johnson, after living like a good citizen in Courtland until about 1860, moved to Rockford, where he died, three or four years after.

Sabin Johnson, Jr., followed in the footsteps of his worthy father, and died about '54. A good, upright man.

Thomas Addison, having lived the life of a good man, died in 1875, aged 67 years.

Benjamin Botsford became insane and died in the poor house.

Anson Ensign died in 1854, aged 49.

Iram Barnes lives in Nelson.

Wm. R. Davis lives just on the line in Oakfield. Those, who, in that region don't know him, don't know much.

John Barlow was accidentally shot at Plainfield.

Mrs. Barton Johnson was the first white woman in town.

It is a little doubtful who taught the first school. It is claimed for three--John Davis, John Austin and Emily Dean. Miss Dean kept a school for a time in a shanty. She was followed by Amanda Loomis and Harriet Patrick. Miss Dean is the wife of John Austin of Courtland. Miss Loomis is in San Francisco. Miss Patrick died about 1870.

The pioneer preacher was the otherwise mentioned James Ballard. About the same time the zealous young Methodist preacher, Frieze, came among the people and made this town a part of his mission.

In 1866, the town was the scene of a fiendish murder, which excited the community at the time. One Durfee, who had been living in Ohio, had a paramour, with whom he had lived some years. He came with her and her child to Grand Rapids, where he hired a livery team, and they went on a ride in the rural towns. Having come into a secluded place by the side of one of the lakes in Courtland, he strangled her with a rope, dragged her into the bushes, left the child near a house; returned the team, and disappeared. The child was found nearly famished; the murdered woman discovered; the case skillfully worked up; Durfee tracked out, arrested, tried, and sent to prison, where he is said to have died. Durfee was a fiend; and marked as such. The child is adopted into a worthy family in the town; and thinks himself their son. The name of his foster parents will not here be given, as we do not wish to dispel the illusion of the boy, whose good fortune it was that his mother was murdered.

The town was organized in 1839. Supervisor, Philo Bears; Clerk, Thomas Addison; Treasurer, David Haines; Justice, John Austin.

It was customary in the early settlement, at first to unite several townships and organize them as a town. One and another would soon be set off. Courtland was shorn of all its dependencies, and reduced to its present limits in 1846. In

1848, by a legislative blunder, it was reorganized with Oakfield, under the name of Wabesis. Its status was restored by the next Legislature.

From the cemetery and other sources we glean of those who have passed away:

Mary, wife of Joseph Haynes, died in 1857, aged 91.

Noel Stewart, died in 1847, aged 60.

Lucy, mother of Philo Bears, died in 1841.

Dr. Ezra Chaffee, died in 1853, aged 66.

Annanias Worden, died in 1861, aged 71—father of Commodore Worden, of Monitor fame. His venerable widow is in Grand Rapids.

Alexander Dean, died in 1871, aged 78.

Sabin Johnson, Jr., died in 1854.

John Carlyle, died 1874.

Wm. Carlyle, died in 1856, aged 51.

James Kingin, died in 1873, aged 69.

Morgan Hunting, died in 1868, aged 63.

Amasa Squires, died in 1860, aged 65.

First settled by a fraternal colony, Courtland has not lost the character they first gave her. With little for the historian to say, it is a good town; as respectable as though she had had twenty murders instead of one. Therefore don't think yourselves slighted because little is said.

GAINES.

Gaines did not take its plase as an independent town until 1848, having been until that date identified with Paris, after the organization of that town in 1839.

The settlement of the town was at first slow; the same reasons retarding its occupation that are given in connection with Byron—the heavy timber and the prospective hard work in fitting the land for cultivation. The growth of timber in Gaines was very heavy. Where such is the case, and no value is attached to it, it is repellant.

The old "Gull Road" ran through this township, and the earlier occupants located themselves near it. Yet, though the town was accessible—just on the limits of civilization—but few ventured in. The first is said to have been Alexander Clark, in the spring of 1837, who took up land at the part of the town since called Kelloggville. The next year added Alexander L. Bouck, and the Kelly brothers, Foster and Charles, Joseph Blain, Andrew Mesnard, Rensalear, his son, and Orson Cook. In 1839, Silas Burlington was added to the little number.

1840, added: R. R. Jones, Thomas Blain, and Wm. H. Budlong. With those three families the town was stationary for some years. Wm. Kelly came in the fall of '43.

We are able further to give as early settlers, without the exact date of entry: Bryan Greenman, Stephen A. Hammond, R. R. Sessions, Wm. Kelly, Daniel Woodward, John E. Woods, James M. Pelton, Peter VanLew, Peter, William and David Dias.

At the organization of the town in 1848, the vote was thirty-five. There were elected as the principal officers:

Peter Van Lew, Supervisor; James M. Pelton, Clerk; Charles Kelly, Treasurer; Joseph Blain, Josiah Drake, Robert Jones, Justices.

The pioneer school in the town was taught by Miss Mary Darling, in a little building near where stands the "Red School House." This was in 1842. She afterwards married a Methodist minister, by the name of Glass, and resides in Grand Rapids.

The United Brethern have a flourishing society, and a church in the south part of the town.

The society was organized by the Rev. S. C. Buck, in 1858. As the result of a protracted meeting, he gathered a band of about forty. They held their meetings in school-houses, until the erection of their church in 1867: this cost $2,700. The society have a parsonage and settled pastor—the Rev. Mr. Mower. Mr. Buck is still resident in the town. The church now numbers about seventy.

The history of the town has few salient points. When we look at its splendid farms, we can *see* its history—the changing of the forest—the haunt of bears, wolves, and wildcats—into the town as we see it.

Since 1870 the town has had railroad connection by the G. R. Valley Road. A station called "Hammonds" has given a chance for a business village and a market center. But the town may be set down as almost purely agricultural, and as a farming town it will not suffer by a comparison with any other.

For two things Gaines will ever be memorable: The one the motto borne on her banner at the time of the Buchanan Presidential campaign; and the other, the fact that she was the first town in the State to show that manhood was to be respected for its worth, and not its color. For this conquering of deep-rooted prejudice, all honor to Gaines. In 1873, Mr. Hardy, a colored man, was elected Supervisor. Is not Gaines the pioneer on this path of civilization?

We might tell "wolf and bear stories" *ad infinitum*, but who cares for these, unless the interesting fact of somebody's being killed by the "varmints," is connected with them. But Gaines has no such interesting episodes in her history; as it was in every case the beasts that got killed, and not the men. We might tell of Johnny Green catching a wolf-trap with his heel, but think we will not, as Johnny is now a portly Justice of the Peace, and might be offended should he read the story.

A reference to the census table, given in the general history, will show that Gaines, after 1850, was not slow in filling up. As it is a town that must necessarily be almost exclusively agricultural, it may now be considered fully populated, and that too, by people who know the value of the soil they occupy, and appreciate the town. In some parts there is still the new appearance; but the evidences of recent settlement are fast disappearing, and the evidences of thrift and increasing wealth meet the observer in every part.

GRATTAN.

Grattan was not one of the first settled townships. It had remained a part of Vergennes from its organization in 1838, until 1846, when it was organized as an independent town, with a name of its own, given as a compliment to its Irish settlers.

The first meeting was at the house of Converse Close; 23 voters were present. Elected: Milton C. Watkins, Supervisor; Volney W. Caukin, Clerk; Erastus W. Beasom, Treasurer; Samuel H. Steele, John P. Weeks, William Burne, Luther B. Cook, Justices.

It was not until 1843, ten years after civilization had been imported into the Grand River Valley, that any one located in Grattan. In 1843, a number of Irishmen having left Ireland because it was not a good place for a poor man, and having worked on the railroads until each had a swelling by his side, caused by a wallet with bills in it—a swelling which was the result of hard labor with the shovel; tired of being bossed around by overseers, and thinking that it would sound better to be "Mr.," with a farm, than "Pat," with a shovel, bought land and settled in the south part of Grattan and the north of Ada. That is just the way with the jolly sons of Erin. Born in a beautiful island across the sea, he early comes to the conclusion that that island is a good place for a man who is born without a silver spoon in his mouth, to emigrate from. He sees no way for a poor man to become a proprietor, and it is hard for poverty to maintain self-respect. They have heard of a land across the sea, where wages are high and land is plenty and cheap. In family council they determine to go to that land and be respectable. They hoard up their scanty earnings until they have secured enough to send *one* across the sea. With many a benediction, Dennis goes. Arrived with empty pockets, he takes the first work that offers, which is generally on the railroad. With a miser's grip he holds on upon his wages. He goes ragged, sleeps in a shanty; but he is working for love, and self is forgotten. Soon, counting over his little pile, he finds he has enough to bring over his brother; and instead of getting a new coat, he sends the money to Ireland, and soon has the happiness of welcoming Michael. Two of them are digging now; two are receiving pay, and two are working for the family. They soon have money enough to bring over the rest. Now they feel they can start in life. They dig away, they don't pay rent, nor wear fine clothes. They live in a shanty, and lay up their earnings until they can buy them farms. The writer of these memorials, years ago, when the D. and M. railroad was in embryo, used to pass the gangs of shovelers in Ada, and occasionally crack a joke with some of the Irish laborers; seldom without getting better than he sent. He did then rather pity the poor fellows, who were good for nothing but to dig and vote. But years have passed on; the writer's head is whiter, if not wiser. In his perambulations, he comes to good farms, painted houses, and the accompaniments of thrift and wealth. Going in, he is met at the door by Dennis or Pat, one of his old railroad acquaintances; ten or a dozen bright-eyed children of all ages are there; an organ is in the parlor, and pictures on the walls. That is Irish fashion. Look at Grattan, Ada, and Cascade, and see the end of the railroad diggers! Sirs, my hat is off—your most obedient. I honor the one who made himself.

It may seem that we are far from Grattan, but we are *right there.* The men who first located, as above mentioned, were Richard Giles, Dennis McCarthy, William McCarthy, John McCarthy, John Sullivan, Morris Scanlan, Michael Kennedy, John Delaney, John Brannigan, Frank Murphy, Michael Farrell, William Byrnes, Edward McCormick, Patrick Fingleton, Andrew McDonald, Michael Doyle. These came in 1843, or soon after.

In 1844–5, came Luther B. Cook, Wm. Smith, Converse Close, Jared Watkins, Henry Green, Anthony King, Volney V. Caukin, David Ford, Ira Ford, Alvah Andrews, Jedediah H. Wood, Solomon Tower, Joseph Tower, Sheldon Ashley, Milton Watkins, W. S. Fuller, Nehemiah Smith, Alanson King, Leonidas Scranton, John Rogers, Nelson Holmes, Edward Bellamy, Nathan Holmes, Barlow Bartow, Emmons Wood.

Marshall King has the credit of being the first-born of Grattan, dating from December, 1844.

Death first knocked at the door of Mr. Springer, and took away his five-year-old boy, in the fall of 1846. Four others of the family soon followed. Is there fate in it? If such things are "providences," verily the ways of providence are inscrutable. Soberer common sense says, the Divine Providence moves by a system of wisely harmonized law, under which we come into existence, live and die; that under this system all "partial evil is universal good." 'Tis for the good of the whole that we die. Death is neither a penalty, a chastisement, an admonition, nor a curse; why shroud it with superstitious fears, or make it the reason for blaspheming the bountiful Giver of Life?

In new countries, as in regions of higher civilization, the propensity to marry will show itself. Human nature exists in the woods a good deal more than it does in cities. In the woods, a man finds a wife a good help-mate; he cannot contrive how to get along without one. In the city, the man painfully thinks whether his finances will allow him to support one. Go past a log house in the woods: three or four two-legged boys are making a racket out of doors; two or three girls are in the house—one tending the baby, the others helping mother. She, good woman, is up to her elbows in the wash-tub; barefoot, and with her hair over her eyes. Turn up your nose, will you? That woman has more soul than three of your fashionable belles, who curse children as "incumbrances," and live for—not home—but self and "society." That woman will soon tread her parlor carpet; better dressed, but no more a lady than now. Those boys, too, in her old age—one of them a supervisor, another a justice of the peace, and another a congressman—will come home at Christmas, and reverently do honor to that very woman you sniff at. Shame on you! I should think you had always lived in a city!

We begun to talk about marrying. Well, Converse Close and a girl in Grattan talked about marrying; they talked on the subject several times, until they could not see each other without making it their theme, and would meet specially to talk about it. The upshot of the whole was, they concluded to get married. But there was a difficulty in the way—there was no one near to legalize the deed, and pride forbade them to go away to get married; or, modern fashion, get married and run.

The line of the county was half a mile distant; beyond that line, in Otisco, lived Esq. Cook; but out of Ionia county he could not go to marry any one. He met them at the line in the woods, and there—he standing in Ionia county, and they in Kent—he made one of the aforetime two—Converse Close and Mary Potter. Like sensible folks, they went to their own cabin. The next day, he was cutting down trees, and she was cooking his dinner, mending his pants, and feeding her pigs. They don't live in a log house now; and they have not got divorced.

The first school in town was in a private house, and kept by Miss Mary Watkins (daughter of Milton W.). The first school-house was built near the residence of C. Close, in 1847, and Converse Close was the first teacher.

The Union school-house was built in 1867, and cost $3,000. Asa Slayton was in it the first principal. Mr. Slayton has all his life been a teacher—a thorough teacher, a common sense teacher, and no humbug; "there is not a bit of nonsense about him." He won't, for popularity's sake, *cram* for examinations, and fool people into the belief that their thick-skulled progeny, under his inspiring tuition "on the new plan," have become marvels of scholars. No, that is not Asa Slayton, and *therefore*, he has not got rich by teaching.

The first school, in which Grattan had a chance, was in a district fractional with Oakfield, on the corner west of section 1. The house was in Oakfield, about where the church stands. Wm. Ashley was the first teacher—in 1846. Mr. Ashley is now a lawyer at Grand Rapids. The Miss Watkins, spoken of above as the one who first taught a school *in* Grattan, is now known as Mrs. John B. Colton, of Grand Rapids.

Grattan Center is a little village that has centered itself around the mills, built by Bellamy & Holmes, in 1850. It is not essentially different from the many country villages that start with a mill. It has become the place where the town business centers—a snug little place—the center of a beautiful, wealthy and flourishing town—a town beautifully diversified with hills and lakes, fine farms and tasteful dwellings.

Perhaps no township in all Michigan can boast more of those pretty inland lakes and ponds than Grattan, there being no less than twenty-four, varying from 30 to 300 acres in extent, besides ponds too numerous to mention. These give a charm to the scenery. To some of them they have given unpoetic names. They can never be famous in song, if condemned to be called "Crooked," "Muskrat," etc. No, they will be only *fish-ponds*. Milton Watkins, Converse Close, and John P. Weeks! I appoint you a committee to give poetical and musical names to these lakes, and then I, or some other great poet, will give them a place in immortal verse; and your town shall be like "Sweet Avon," a beautiful place, existing in the halo of a poetic idea. But I *won't* sing of "Muskrat Lake." The Muse don't stoop so low. Call it *Au ver'ne*, and even the fishes in it will be poetical; and the poet, his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, can then sing of its beauties, in deathless numbers. These lakes are not plebeian, and should not have plebeian names. They are a part of the poetry of landscapes—something to remind mankind that the idea of *beauty* is next to that of *utility* in the Eternal Mind. There is a good deal in a name. If I see a beautiful girl, I dislike to hear her called Peggy Ann.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH, ON THE LINE OF OAKFIELD AND GRATTAN.

This church was formed by Elder Starkweather, with nine members, set off from the church in Otisco. These were: Kinnicum Randall and wife, Deacon Morey and wife, Sheldon Ashley and wife, James Wiley and wife, and Mrs. Thomas Reed.

The church edifice was built in 1863.

Its preachers have been the Revs. Starkweather, Roscoe, Coe, Chase, Prescott, Miller, Monroe, and Buell.

Two churches have since been set off from this—the White Swan, in 1865, and the Grattan, in 1867.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Father Vizoski, in 1844, established the mission, and was the means of building the first chapel, the little building near the present church. It was a building about 18 by 24 feet. The families mentioned above as the Irish settlers in Grattan and Ada, were those whom Vizoski gathered as the nucleus of the church. Since the death of that sainted missionary, (I call him sainted though he has not been canonized), some fifteen different priests have been in charge. At present, the church is under the care of Father Bernard A. Quin, and is perhaps the largest Catholic church in the Valley out of the city ofGrand Rapids—embracing 145 families, residing in Ada, Grattan, Vergennes and Cannon.

They now worship in the third church edifice. The first was the small chapel above spoken of. The second was a fine wooden structure, built under the management of Father Rievers, at an expense of $8,000, and which was burned in 1869. Not discouraged, they built again, and dedicated, in 1871, the noble structure that now stands. Its cost was $12,000.

Since writing the above, that noble structure has been burned.

LOWELL.

The early history of Lowell is the history of Vergennes. The two townships were together organized as Vergennes, and continued in that relation until 1848.

The mouth of the Flat River was one of the points of earliest occupation; and was one of the centers from which settlement radiated. The several centers were Grand Haven, Grandville, Grand Rapids, Flat River, Ionia, Lyons and Portland. All of these points were occupied in 1836, or before.

In this article the *Flat River* settlement will be considered. In the ultimate arrangement, a part of it constituted the town and village of Lowell, and a part remained Vergennes.

The first white resident near the mouth of the Flat River, was Daniel Marsac, who came from Detroit for the purpose of trading among the Indians. He did not, until 1831, establish a regular trading station. Then he erected a log house on the left bank of the Grand River, opposite the mouth of Flat River. Marsac remained an Indian Trader, with no rights but Indian sufferance until the region was open to settlement. He then became a settler.

The real settlement at Flat River, dates from October 13th, 1836; when Lewis Robinson, Philander Tracy, Sylvester Hodges, Alva Jones, all from Scipio, New York; came up the river and located on the town line, two miles northwest of the mouth of the Flat River. There was at that time no one resident but Marsac. Tracy and Robinson had been there before, in July, and made their arrangement with the Indians; and Tracy stayed awhile to build a house, which he partly completed. When the rest came on they finished it. It was on the right bank of the Flat River, forty rods below where now is Hatch's grist-mill. This house was built partly for a store, to be used by Rix Robinson, in his trade with the Indians.

The understanding with the Indians was, that they were to let Robinson have their old field, if he would break up another piece for them; and twenty acres of openings were broken up for them.

Robinson and Tracy fenced in about eighty acres, including what of the village of Lowell lies on the right bank of Flat River. Hodges and Jones split the rails. There Hodges set the first apple trees; one of which is now (1875,) standing on what is owned by Mrs. Caroline Snell.

Luther Lincoln came the same fall, and located on the left bank of Flat River, where Lowell now is. This Lincoln is the same one, who was before a pioneer at Granville. The same fall came Ebenezer K. Bickford, who started a house, but did not bring on his family until the next spring. Mr. Bickford stayed but a few years. These are believed to have been all who came in 1836. Mr. Hodges alone remains where he first located himself; the others having either died or moved away.

In their immediate vicinity, and in intimate relations with them were three or four hundred Indians, under an aged chief, whose name is variously given as Wobwindego (white giant) and Wobskindip. He died that winter, and was succeeded by his son Shogwogeno, a young man. Kobmoosa (the walker,) who had for wives three sisters of the young chief, was sub-chief. The chief had three brothers; men of fine presence and character—Ashkilbegosh, Acango and Wabesis.

Quite an influx of settlers signalized the year 1837, many of whom were transient. With regard to some there is doubt as to the date of their advent; the memory of the old settlers not altogether agreeing. We can without much hesitation place in this year: John Thompson, James Thompson, Cyrus Bennett, George Bisbee, John Fox, Phillip W. Fox, James Fox, Dr. Silas Fallass, John W. Fallass, Caleb Page, Thompson I. Daniels, George Brown, Rodney Robinson, Lucas Robinson, Lewis Robinson.

These took up land before it was surveyed. The three Robinsons were brothers of Rix Robinson, and were part of the ship load of Robinsons that entered the Grand River in 1835.

1838 shows quite an addition to the settlement—as far as we can gather: Charles Newton, Eliab Walker, Christopher Misner, Solomon Lee, Anthony Zerkes, Elder Wooster, Sherman Wooster, Morgan Lyon, William Robinson, Adam Van Deusen, Alfred Van Deusen, Jesse Van Deusen, Walter Van Deusen (blind), Walter Hyler, Jacob Francisco, Wm. B. Lyon, Ransom Rolf, Matthew Patrick, Samuel Rolf, Ira A. Danes, Albert Smith, Ebenezer Smith, C. A. Lathrop, Samuel Moye, Joseph Dieffendorf, Daniel Dieffendorf, David Dieffendorf.

There will be no attempt further to trace the progress of settlement. The town was organized as Vergennes, in 1838. For ten years the two townships were together. When Lowell was organized, the settlement did not cease to be a community, though belonging to two towns.

The first school in the Flat River settlement, or Vergennes, was taught in 1839, by Miss Caroline Baird, in a log house, built by the Robinsons. She closed her labors in the school by being married in the school house to Mr. Caleb Page. It was made a day of general jubilee. They both now sleep with the dead.

The next school was taught by Miss Maria Winslow, of Grand Rapids. She was the daughter of Dr. Winslow—the pioneer physician of the Valley; and for more than twenty years was known as a highly educated and efficient school teacher in Grand Rapids, and the towns around; and many are those who will remember her with veneration. She is now the wife of Heman Leonard, Esq., of Grand Rapids.

The first preacher in the settlement was Elder Mitchell, a Methodist missionary from the Ohio Conference. He soon found himself incompetent to endure the hardships incident to his pioneer circuit, and withdrew, to be succeeded by one who could endure them—the Rev. Mr. Frieze. Frieze was made of the right material for a missionary in the back-woods; with a physical constitution that defied labor to fatigue, and a soul singly devoted to his work. He had a circuit from Grandville to Cook's Corners, in Otisco. On this circuit he was obliged to go on foot, generally guided only by Indian trails; often obliged to camp in the woods at night, when going from station to station, engaged in his labor of love. Buoyed by the desire to win souls, he was ready to endure all hardships, and to endure all privations. At one time, coming to Flat River, he got lost in the night, and floundering in the swamps, and wandering in the woods, his clothes were torn in tatters. Emerging at length, hungry and faint, he was ready to preach; but he was not in decent trim to appear before his back-woods' audience. He was supplied with clothing, and filled his appointment.

Frieze made his home for a time in Cannon, and is numbered there as one of the first settlers. He is now supposed to be in Ohio. Should he come in to the Grand River Valley, many an old pioneer would greet him with a double welcome, and a "God bless you, Frieze." It takes faith and godliness to preach on a circuit of forty miles, go on foot, and get no pay for it; but not much of either to preach for $5,000 a year, in a fashionable church, with the admiring eyes of a thousand to keep one in countenance. The poor heretical writer thinks he could preach under such circumstances; but such labors as those of Frieze, he is afraid he should leave to such as Frieze.

Lowell was set off from Vergennes, and organized as a town, April, 1848. The first election was held at the house of D. A. Marvin. The first officers were:

Cyprian S. Hooker, Supervisor; Timothy White, Clerk; C. S. Hooker, Daniel McEwan, Samuel P. Rolf, Ira A. Danes, Justices.

In 1849, by the Legislature, a bridge was authorized at Lowell.

In 1857, 500 acres of land were appreprieted for improving Flat River.

In 1857 the name of the village was changed from Danville to Lowell.

In 1859 an act legalizing the incorporation of Lowell was passed. (It had before been incorporated by the supervisors.)

The village never organized under this act of incorporation.

In 1861 Lowell village incorporated by the Legislature.

In 1869 Lowell was authorized to re-survey.

Such in brief is the legislative history of Lowell. To give it, we have anticipated the history. Returning to the early times: A tract of land on the east side of the Flat River had been set apart as University lands; and had been pre-empted by Luther Lincoln, who built a log house there, which was used by Dan. A. Marvin as a tavern. Lincoln sold out his claim to Daniel Marsac, who, in 1847, platted it; and, liking his own name, called it Dansville. In 1850, Abel Avery, of Ionia, bought out Marsac. As yet Dansville was only a paper village. In 1846 Cyprian S. Hooker came from Boston; put up the first frame house; and moved his family into it two weeks from the time he commenced. In 1847 he erected a grist-mill, bringing the water in a race. In 1849 he built a dam across Flat River. He showed the Yankee disposition to do something. From his enterprise the village took its start. Soon a respectable public house was built by Mr. Avery; and by degrees the place developed, until it has become one of the smartest villages that are dotting the West; the Flat River is used to nearly or quite its full capacity for driving mills and machinery. It is a market town for the region north and south; doing perhaps as much business as any village of its size in the State.

As a village it sprung into existence. It was only a hamlet, with its mill, its tavern, its stores, etc., on a small scale until the D. & M. Railroad was constructed. Then, what had been a vision of fancy in the mind of Marsac, Avery, and a few others, became a fixed reality—Lowell *must* be a market town. Capital was attracted there, and men of enterprise selected it as their place to achieve fortunes. It did not grow up, as grow the villages that surrouned a mill, but sprung at once into a form that was based on solid substance. The style of building indicates independence, and little of the make-shift of many new places. Its blocks of stores would do credit to a larger place. Its streets, filled with teams, show trade. Its mills and manufacturing concerns give evidence of business life. The churches show that religion has a hold there, and the well-sustained Union School is evidence that intellect and culture are not ignored; and the cosy houses bespeak a refined and independent people.

HUSTED'S NURSERIES.

Husted's Nurseries, the largest in Michigan, were begun in 1862, on one-half an acre of land. In 1863, three acres were added. In 1864 Husted purchased eighty acres, and set out 40,000 apple trees, and a small assortment of other fruits. From that time he enlarged rapidly, going into a general nursery business, until, in 1872, the nurseries covered 200 acres of ground, and the sales were $50,000 a year. But it is sad to say that when blown up to this size, it "busted," and promises not to be so big a thing hereafter. In 1874, the property passed from Mr. Husted, into the hands of assignees, and Mr. Husted was left to ruminate on the impropriety of doing too big a business. He talks just as the boy does, whose father is putting him through a course of sprouts: "I never will do so again." There is such a thing as doing too big a business. Many a man has to go under because his debts are half as much as the amount owed to him. The balance sheet shows rich, but stern fact says, all is not well, that looks well on paper.

Hatch & Craw's flouring-mill is a thriving concern, and the men who own it mean business.

And we would specially notice the enterprise of the Blodgett Brothers, who run a snug woolen factory. The making of cloth has in general been left to the States further east. We send our wool there, and then buy it back in the shape of cloth. It is hazardous, away from the manufacturing centers, to invest capital in cotton or woolen factories, for the reason that it is about impossible to get the skilled labor necessary to carry on the business. Men are unwilling to put themselves under the power of one company, so that, if discharged, they must go without employment, or go five hundred miles to seek it. For that reason, the manufacture of cotton has not come to us at all, and only a small number of woolen factories are in Michigan—those generally doing a small business. Knowing that these disadvantages attend the woolen manufacturer in Michigan, we look on the man or company that starts a pioneer factory with special favor; and hail their enterprise as we do that of the hardy woodsman, who opens the way with his ax. To invest $1,000,000 in a woolen or cotton factory at the East is only a business enterprise—an investment of capital. The man or company, that does it, is on a par with those who put up immense saw-mills in the pine regions of Michigan. The old Indian Mill at Grand Rapids, which would, with its clumsy sash, cut 1,000 feet of boards in a day, was a thing for history to commemorate; the bigger concerns that followed, are looked on only as things of business. The day will come when the Grand River region will be dotted with cotton and woolen manufactories; when the Grand, the Flat, the Rogue and the Thornapple rivers will be utilized; and the whirr of the spindle and the clack of the loom will enliven the cities and villages on their banks. God speed you, Blodgett, in your attempt to prove that Michigan may manufacture, as well as raise, its wool.

It is true that all good things do not come at once. The saw-mill is the pioneer. Immediately follows the indispensable grist-mill. Then come manufactures in wood; and, as the evidence that a higher plane is reached, of the textile fabrics, and articles of luxury and taste. Michigan is still a young State, and has not reached her highest development; but, like John Brown's soul, she is "marching on."

The grave historian may stoop from his dignity, and speak of trifles light as air, for the amusement of the gay. But no apology is made for this little story of Rodney Robinson of early times:

In 1837, Robinson went to Kalamazoo for bread stuff. He stayed over night at Yankee Springs. Many other teamsters were there, and also a minister. Yankee Lewis had a large fire-place, and the wood had burned down, leaving a great bed of coals. Before going to bed they had prayers, and as they were getting ready to retire, a big bully, by the name of Scott, seized Rodney's dog and threw him upon the coals, evidently to pick a quarrel. Rodney seized Scott, and Scott followed dog. The company cheered, and the minister said, "Amen; God bless you!" Scott was badly burned, but seeing the eye of Rodney, was not at all disposed to try his revenge. He said—"Guy Rivers! I did not suppose there was a man here who could do that." Robinson said—"I did.' Scott felt fight, but concluded to let out the job. We hope the lesson was remembered by the bully, and that a wholesome fear afterwards would arise in his mine, lest the dog he would injure, should prove to be "a spaniel."

Young as Lowell is, it has had its centenarian, in the person of Mrs. Lucky, mother of Mrs. Patrick. She died, aged 103. Her portrait was taken when she was 100.

In contemplating these rare specimens of humanity, who outlive their generation and themselves, we can see the full beauty of the language of a Shenandoah chief, who said: "I am an aged hemlock. The winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches; I am dead at the top. Why I alone of all my kindred remain, the Great Spirit only knows." But,—

Life's long waking ended,
She sweetly sleeps at last.

NELSON.

Nelson was one of the last towns organized in Kent county, being content to remain a *part* of a double town, until she had men enough to fill the town offices, without giving each man an office, and the best man two or three. Instead of claiming to be of age when a dozen voters could be mustered, she waited until she had fifty-four. The town was set off, and named by the Board of Supervisors, Oct. 13th, 1854. It was organized at the house of Charles H. Leake, April 2d, 1855, with the following officers;

Supervisors, Geo. Hoyle; Clerk, Geo. N. Stoddard; Treasurer, Charles H. Leake; Justices, Simpson Anderson, Samuel Punches, Harlow H. Stanton.

It matters little who were the pioneers of Nelson. The first use of the town was to rob it of its pine, of which it had an abundance. Stripped of that, it was not inviting. Its settlement and its enterprise have been governed by pine. That is disappearing, and the second class of enterprise is developing itself—that of making homes and farms on the stripped pine lands. It is a laborious business; but it is to be observed that where soil is, man will cultivate it. Where there is a chance, a man will live. The pioneer picks out the best land, if he has brains and judgment; he holds on upon it, clears it up, and gets rich, of course. What is left is taken afterwards by those, who do not choose to lead a hermit life in the backwoods, until their children have grown up as wild as the beasts in the woods around them. There is the school-house, where his children can be taught; the church, where he and his can worship; society, that he can enjoy; and a piece of—not the best, but still fair—land, where he can make him a farm. He does not look for future wealth, but for a respectable home, and he achieves his wish. The writer, in search of knowledge, found himself in Nelson. Being somewhat weary with his ramblings, he stopped by the road-side to chat with a man past middle age, who, with his son, was clearing up a piece of stripped pine land. He pitied the old gentleman, as he looked at the frightful array of stumps, that must be eradicated, before his land could have a decent appearance. He sat down on a log, lit his pipe, and having cast a sympathizing glance at the man and his son, began to condole with them. But he soon found that he had better spend his sympathy on those, who, like himself, feel they are wise on subjects they have never investigated—a great class, who are hard to argue with. It is generally found to be true, that people who have an opinion on a subject they know nothing of, are satisfied with very feeble arguments to support it. The present philosopher found the man was glad to have secured for himself and family the ownership of that land, and gave the reasons, above shown, for securing it. "He could get a living on it, and they were among folks." The result was that the traveler, as he rose from the log, rested from his fatigue, was prepared to proceed on his way, a wiser man. Hence the profound philosophical reflections above. He determines that henceforth he will not pity those who do not feel their grief.

It is now believed that Wm. H. Bailey, who came in July, '51, was the first settler in the town. He was soon followed by John S. Jones and some fifty others. Had they come in when civilized man was far away, we would have handed down a dozen of the first, as venerated pioneers. But as it is, a citizen of Nelson must have done something besides "locate" to be deemed worthy of historical mention; he must commit some startling crime; have done some noble deed, or "Here lies Mr. Blank" on a gravestone, will in coming years be all the proof that he ever lived. Then rouse ye, you people of Nelson, or you will be food for oblivion. Do things worth remembering, and the future historian will render you immortal.

The village of Cedar Springs is partly in Nelson, and its history is the leading part of the history of the town; that will occupy a separate article.

CEDAR SPRINGS.

Cedar Springs, so named from the fine springs, bordered by a cedar grove, owes its existence as a village to no Providential distinction, but to the will of two men, who said: "Here shall be a village; here shall be a county seat, and a business center." One of these men is the same N. R. Hill who now dispenses justice in the village he has founded, and who smilingly walks the streets, as though he knew he was appreciated —a man, whom sinners fear, and whom saints respect. As he is still in his prime, we will not write his eulogy. But the day may come, when, as in venerable age he takes the air, the Cedar Springers will doff their beavers as he passes along, recognizing the sagacity that pointed to the location, the wisdom that fostered the rising place, and the modesty, that did not name it Hillopolis.

The other father of Cedar Springs is Benjamin Fairchild, who platted the part of the village that lies in the township of Solon. He was very influential in getting settlers, and in securing the railroad. We are sorry to record the fact, that in those operations, instead, as he should, of making a fortune, he lost one. But as long as Cedar Springs has an existence, Fairchild will not be forgotten.

These two men, having determined that a place should arise on their land, platted their swamp, and invited occupation by giving alternate lots to those who would build. The few wise ones who looked on, put their thumbs on their noses, and winked with the left eye. But they knew, as the railroad was coming north, a place must be built up somewhere about there: it might as well be in their swamp as anywhere. By giving lots or selling for a song, and giving credit for that, they accomplished their end. Cedar Springs *is* a place, but those who founded it, have to work for a living.

But few people located at Cedar Springs until the railroad was completed to that place. For a time it was the terminus; and it sprung immediately into importance. Mills, for the making of lumber, sprung up as if by magic in the region around; and the lumber interest, centering there, became immense. It is now a lumbering town, there being forty-five saw-mills within five miles of the village. This lumber finds its exit by the railroad, and is tributary to the business of Cedar Springs.

Resting, as it does, on lumber, the place will continue to prosper as long as the lumber lasts. It will by that time be, like Ionia, the central place of a region; the market-town; and as they confidently expect, the county seat of a new county, whose center is about there. They have failed thus far to secure the new county, but probably will in time succeed.

Considering the short existence of Cedar Springs as a place of *any* importance, we cannot but commend the public spirit that has established her excellent graded school, and erected her noble school-house—perhaps the best in the county out of Grand Rapids; that has built her two churches—the Baptist and the Methodist; and that is so persistently pushing the project of a new county.

Cedar Springs was incorporated in 1871. The first election under the charter was held at the house of B. Fairchild; adjourned to the office of John Thetge, April 2d; when and where the following were elected its officers:

Benjamin Fairchild, President; Joseph H. Maze, Recorder; E. P. Hayes, Treasurer; Edward C. Wamsley, Jacob Bickart, Geo. W. Hogle, —— Johnson, R. Kromer, M. Slosson, Trustees.

The village is built of wood, and invites the fire-fiend. Let them take warning from Muskegon.

The "Wolverine Clipper" has been rendered conspicuous by the indestructible Maze.

A Masonic lodge is there, wise in the lore of Solomon and Hiram Abiff. And above all, at Cedar Springs the people have faith in themselves. When making our formal bow to them, we shall wish them God-speed.

Miss Clarinda Stillwell is accredited as being the first teacher—summer of '57. She is now Mrs. Leathers, and resides in Illinois.

She was followed by Prof. Bicknell and wife. Bicknell was afterwards County Superintendent of Schools; now resides, as a farmer, near Cedar Springs.

The next was Anna Lot. She was the first in the county to get a State certificate. She now flourishes in Alpine, as Mrs. Chauncey Field.

Then followed Jenny Lane, a teacher of rare excellence, winning hearts, and controlling by genuine respect. She has passed from earth.

Professor Charles Borst had charge of the school one year, assisted by his wife, Miss Maud Lane, and others.

The first school-house was a shanty; the second a good frame building for sixty scholars; the third, which was opened Jan. 1st, 1873, is a noble structure, worth $20,000.

Cedar Springs believes in education.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Organized Feb. 12th, 1859, with 29 members. Had no settled pastor until Nov., 1863, when the Rev. A. Wellman became pastor. He stayed but a short time. In April, 1854, Rev. N. Stillwell took charge, and remained until Oct., 1867; during which time the church increased to 84. Rev. Charles Oldfield took charge Oct. 31st, 1867, and remained until June, 1870; during which time a house of worship was erected, costing about $4,000, and the membership became 105. He was followed, for ten months, by Rev. J. G. Spooner; who was succeeded by the Rev. J. Payne (before and since of the order of United Brethren). In October, 1872, the Rev. Mr. Oldfield again took charge, and remains. Membership, 144.

OAKFIELD.

Oakfield commenced its political existence as a town in 1849.

It had before been a part of Courtland. The first town meeting was held at the school-house, known as the "White Swan" school-house. The first town officers were:

Thomas Spencer, Supervisor; Harry McArthur, Clerk; Harry Osgood, Treasurer; Harvey D. Pond, David J. Gilbert, Wm. M. Gould, Thomas Spencer, Justices.

In the first organization of towns, the township, where there is a settlement, was constituted a town, with several sparsely settled or vacant townships attached, so that they in their infancy might not be entirely out of the world and in the cold. Oakfield had been in this relation to Courtland. It claimed to be of age in 1847, and petitioned to be set off and authorized to do business for itself. But, by a legislative blunder, Courtland and Oakfield were reorganized under the name of Wabesis; and as Wabesis they existed together two years. Pity one of them had not retained the well chosen name. In 1849 the error was rectified, and T. 9 N., R. 9. W., started her independent existence, under the not bad name of "Oakfield." It was not, however, exactly independent existence, for T. 10 N. was still considered juvenile, and left temporarily under the maternal guardianship of Oakfield.

The first white man who made the place glad with his smile, or caused it to groan under the strokes of his ax, was our jolly, whole-hearted, genial friend (they all call him friend), Wm. R. Davis. He is there yet—a little older—but just as much of a boy as ever; cannot speak without raising a laugh; is everybody's uncle; and, (may he live forever,) everybody's friend. God bless your genial old soul, Davis, and be hanged to you! if you are not a regular old game-cock! May your family never run out, (there is a little prospect of it,) and your name always be— *Wm. R. Davis!*

Davis came from Madison Co., N. Y., having temporarily resided at Sharon, Washtenaw Co. His advent in Oakfield was June 5th, 1838. He had with him his wife and child, and enough of the world's goods to supply until crops could be raised. He "pegged away" in the wilderness alone with his wife and baby for a year; whistling for company, when alone he swung his ax, or hunted the grizzly—no, brown-nosed bear; when, lo and behold, some neighbors came—Isaac Tower, Wm. Thornton, and Stephen Tower. These four, with their families, were the sole residents in the town until 1842, when Thomas Crinnion (a son of Erin) and the Rev. David I. Gilbert put in their appearance. Stationary again for two years, when Sheldon Ashley was added to the little community. Mr. Ashley deserves more than a passing notice. Having some means, he had soul enough to know that the world was not for him alone. Soon settlers came in greater numbers: many having no property, and suffering hardship. Mr. Ashley was their friend in need, helping them along, sympathizing with them; trusting them until they could help themselves. Mr. A. is still an honored resident, and will not thank the historian for blazoning his deeds. But if he is vexed, it cannot be helped. History deals in deeds and not in feelings. When a light is kindled it is not proper to cover it with a half bushel. His neighbors tell stories about him, and he does not try to live down their reports.

Ashley's brother Abner came with him. He now lives in Greenville.

Several families came in 1845, as far as we can gather. Benjamin Potter, who is still resident. He can beat the best man in telling a story. If not happy himself, he has enlivened many an hour for others. *Benedicite!*

Gabriel Stevens; still lives in his old place; not very old; minds his own business; and of course prospers. May it be long before the angel, whose name he bears, shall call him.

Eli White, the good old man died in 1863, aged sixty-five. He was a public man; often held town offices; was candid, honest and honorable.

Wm. Gould died about 1865, leaving a large family and a good name.

Thomas Crinnion, now lives in Courtland.

David J. Gilbert moved in with his family in 1842. He was a local preacher; quite an influential citizen; a man who set a good example. He died in 1873, aged about 65.

William Thornton; went to Rockford; was elected sheriff of the county. Now resides in Grand Rapids.

McArthurs. The three brothers—Giles, Harry and Eric. (We begin to believe in the traditionary "Three brothers who came over.") The McArthurs came from Ohio in 1845. Of these, Eric died in 1875. The others are still among the substantial men of Oakfield.

Morris Hart, a genial, social character, a respectable farmer, died about 1868.

John Davis came from Madison county, N. Y., July, 1850, a blacksmith by trade. For many years he was a successful business man, public-spirited and generous. The people delighted to put him in office; they were as confident as the old Scotchman, who, when his dominie asked him why he was always attentive when a stranger was in the pulpit, but quietly slept when he preached, replied: "When you preaches, I know it is all right, but I cannot trust a stranger." The people *knew* it was all right if Davis had the managing. A series of misfortunes "broke him up," and reduced him to the forge again. There, bidding defiance to fortune, he works for a living in Grand Rapids. Our most reverent obeisance to honest "Old Ragged."

James Elsley, was respected as a good man when in a condition to be responsible. He was considered a monomaniac; was feeble and sickly. He died in 1872, aged 76.

William Peterson, still alive, a jovial old soul who will enjoy life as long as he lives, and will die with a joke. Everybody likes "Uncle Billy," because everybody finds something to laugh at when he is around. Long life to Uncle Bill.

Isaac Tower, who, with commendable public spirit, had raised a large family of six sons and four daughters, came to Oakfield in 1839, to provide a new home for himself and them. He lived but a few years, dying in 1848, his wife in 1850. His sons, Job and Lewis, are in California; Samuel removed South; David lives in Greenville; Winslow died in 1854, while Stephen, a by no means insignificant man, alone remains in Oakfield, on the old farm. Hannah married Zenas G. Winsor, Esq., of Grand Rapids. Their nuptials, the first in the town, were solemnized by the Rev. James Ballard, May 2d, 1840. Mrs. Winsor died in 1869.

The first school in Oakfield was kept by Miss Sarah Davis (now Mrs. Almond Thompson, of Courtland), in the summer of 1845, in a private house. She had six pupils. The first school-house was built soon after; and Harry McArthur was was the first teacher in it. McArthur is a man who, as an educator, has left his mark on this and other towns. The mark made by a good teacher is an unerasable one, and McArthur's mark is of that character. He died in 1877, leaving a blank in Oakfield.

The Rev. Mr. Aickly, otherwise mentioned as a pioneer, was the first preacher in Oakfield.

The first birth among the settlers was that of William Henry Harrison Davis, son of Wm. R. Davis, April 24th, 1840. He was a paragon of a baby; so his mother said; and mothers ought to know.

The first time death put in his unwelcome appearance, was an event of more than ordinary interest. Orren Gilbert, a brother of the Rev. D. Gilbert, coming from another town, was frozen to death on Long Lake, in March, 1833. He was discovered by an Indian; the Indian went around him without going near, ascertained that he was dead, went to the whites and led them to the spot, and was very particular to show that his tracks were *around* and not *up to* the dead man; that he might be above suspicion.

The next funeral was of an old lady—Mrs. Stewart—in 1848.

An interesting item of Indian history has its center in this town, and has given name tothe largest lake. The Indian chief, Wabesis (White Swan), a talented half-breed, was one interested in making the treaty by which the Indians ceded the land to the government. The Indians were enraged at those who consummated the act. Wabesis was also accused by them of keeping the money paid for the purchase. Instead of killing him, as they intended, in hopes of compelling him to disgorge his ill-gotten gains, they sentenced him to remain "on the limits" by the side of this lake. A certain space was allowed him, to go beyond which was death. There he lived a number of years with his family Finally, another chief, Neoggamah, craftily enticed him beyond his bounds, induced him to go to the "green corn feast" at Plainfield; there got him drunk, and killed him with a fire-brand. They buried him Indian fashion, in the rising bank, his head above ground; a crib built around to defend his grave. In that crib they daily placed food, tobacco, etc., for the nourishing and comfort of the dead, but now lamented, Wabesis. His skull, broken by the brand, now adorns a New England museum.

The story of Wabesis is told in by no means mediocre verse by the talented Mrs. Kutts, of Oakfield. From it, we extract the following lines on the burial of Wabesis:

"O, pitiless the hand to slay
Where vengeance lured its baffled prey,
While Wabasis defenseless stood,
And dared the throng, athirst for blood.
But, when his voice in death was still,
Memories thronged, the heart to thrill;
And many feet, with silent tread,
Moved slow, in honor of the dead.
In regal state the chief was laid,
With death-dance to appease his shade.
But not forgot--for white man's gold,
Their pleasant hunting grounds were sold;
And when the dark night-shadows came,
With many a torch-light's glaring flame,
They bore the big chief to his rest
Upon the highland's lifted crest.
They placed him sitting on the hill,
That he might see the white man till
The broad plains, where his fathers sleep,
When gone were all his people's feet.
They placed him sitting in his grave,
Where he could see the gleaming wave;
And watch the white man's big canoe,
When faded were the forms he knew.
They placed him by the white man's trail,
That he might see the stranger pale;
And where his passing feet should be
A long rebuke to treachery.
They roofed him o'er with little trees;
And bade him wait, and watch through these.
But wofully the red man rued
The day their hands in blood were brued—
For, ever at the feast of corn
Was heard his voice in taunting scorn;

And here and there his vengeful soul
Led on the hunt for hidden gold;
Then in some lone and tangled fell,
Would ring his wild, unearthly yell.
Each new moon on his grave they laid
Tobacco, to appease his shade.
But still the chief, who laid him low,
Grew nerveless as an unstrung bow;
And when the White Swan's drooping head
Told Indian that his soul had fled,
He went not on the death-trail, lone—
The red chief, too, had with him gone."

Were we good at telling "bear stories," we might give some from Oakfield. Bear stories are good things to scare naughty boys with, especially that one where a bear incontinently chewed up forty-three saucy boys who insulted the good minister. But *men* learn to be but little afraid of the varmints, and rather like to have them about. The reason is, the bear is a thick-skulled brute, who never can be taught common sense; don't understand traps; is good game, and in a contest with man is almost sure to come out second-best. When encountered by men or dogs, instead of "pitching in" like a common sense hero, or manfully "retreating," he will either raise himself on his haunches, double his fists, and say—"come on"—like a boxer, hitting right and left at the dogs, while the man has a glorious chance at him with his gun; or, like a fool, as he is, he will take to a tree; never being able to get it through his scalp that a tree is the last place for a hunted bear. Our advice to all bears is "charge or retreat." But they will never heed it; and because of their bearishness, they, of all wild beasts, are the first exterminated.

The first bear-adventure was that of William R. and John Davis, who encountered one of the biggest, as they were coming from their work some miles from home. They were returning with the trophies of the day—four raccoons—on the back of their horse, when they encountered Mr. Bruin. He, like a fool, took to a tree, and the woodman drew up the death-dealing rifle; when behold! the cap was gone, and they had not another. William cut a good switch, mounted Dutch, and thrashing him into a run, disappeared; arrived, breathless, at

Mr Crinnion's cabin, and panting, could only exclaim, "caps! Have you any caps?" Mrs. Crinnion, good soul, thinking he was crazy, showed him the caps she had prepared for her expected baby; but he frantically thrust them aside, saying something that sounded like "darned fool;" seized a brand from the fire, mounted and "vamosed." Quick as frightened Dutch could run, he was by his brother and the bear. John took a death aim at bruin, and, when ready, gave the word to William, who held a coal.

The gun went off, and bruin fell;
Four hundred weight of bear,
All in a limp and bleeding mass,
Gasping and dying there."

But now came the tug of war. When bruin had yielded his spirit in a long-drawn sigh, the question arose how to get him home. Whoever has attempted to handle a dead bear, will appreciate the difficulty. He is about the limpest thing in all creation. If you lift him by the ends the middle lies on the ground. If you lift him by the middle the ends are not raised. They tried to put him on the back of the old horse, but he had got his Dutch up, and though the most stolid beast that ever wagged a bob-tail, was thoroughly aroused to the indignity of carrying a bear. He cavorted and snorted, and said in the plainest horse-language: "I'll see your old bear in—the woods, first." But John, too, had got his spirit up, and he argued the case with the old horse by first blinding him with his pocket handkerchief. The horse became meek and penitent, and the bear, after infinite labor, was loaded upon him. They wended their way home; skinned and dressed their game, said their prayers, and slept the sleep of the righteous.

CHURCHES.

The First Baptist Church was built in 1863, at a cost of $2,200. Mr. Sheldon Ashley has the credit of being very efficient in securing its erection.

The Second Baptist Church had its origin in a revival in 1865, under the ministration of the Rev. C. C. Miller. A church of forty-two members was organized in 1866, and in 1867 they built their house. Miller continued as pastor of the church until 1871. He was followed by the Rev. R. Monroe, who stayed two years, since which time they have had no stated pastor.

This Rev. C. C. Miller is a man of his own sort, a man of decided talent—zealous in religion and politics, between which he regularly alternates. If there is a revival to be got up, he is there. When the presidential election comes around, Miller is there, also,—a leader and a power. In the county he has been a Warwick, disposing of offices and officers at his will, yet never seeking office himself. The campaign ended, he is the parson again—takes kindly to the hymn-book and pastoral cares. Beware how you tread on his toes. He is a fighting parson, means to be right, but whether right or wrong, he will "go ahead" in what he believes is right. Go it, Miller! Religiously and politically, many call you blessed. May your shadow be like that of the Sequoia and your voice that of a son of Boanerges. Be thou still, where thou art, a terror to evil-doers, and a beacon ahead to guide the saints!

PARIS.

Paris is an outgrowth from the center at Grand Rapids. Pioneers had found the way to the Grand River and had carried, or sent, to other places a favorable report; and soon there was an influx of settlers and speculators, who took up all desirable lands within easy reach of the central places. The region was scarcely open to settlement or purchase, before there was a swarm of those, who were looking for land. About, or quite, the most desirable land around the settlement at Grand Rapids was in the township of Paris. It invited occupation; and was very soon mostly under claim.

As far as now known, the first settlers were Joel, Edward, and Daniel Guild, Barney Burton and James Vanderpool. Burton is believed to have been the first. He pitched his camp a half mile south of the Fair Grounds; securing 240 acres. He put up the first house and the first barn. The raising of that barn was an *event*. Men sufficient could not be collected; and it was got up in three days by using ingenuity.

The above mentioned persons settled in the township in 1833-4—near the northern line.

In 1834, five men—Abraham Laraway, Alexander Bouk, James Clark, Jacob Friant and Orleans Spaulding, started together from the east part of the State; came on foot a part of the way, and the rest in an Indian canoe. They did not take up land until 1836; then they located themselves in the east part of the town; and cut out a road to Grand Rapids

Alexander Clark came in 1834, and his brother Benjamin soon after.

In the few succeeding years we note: Nicolas Carlton, Hiram H. Allen, Alva and Jared Wansey, the three brothers Shoemaker (DeWitt, Clinton and Robert,) Stephen Hinsdill, James Ballard, Robert Barr, Thomas Davis, Ezekiel Davis, Arnott Davis, Luther Davis, Thomas Davis, Jr., and Mrs. Pattison with her three grown sons—Jacob, Minor and James.

Many of the first settlers of Paris were poor. James Pattison says he had $7, a cow, a hog, a dog, and a wife. Minor Pattison had $2, an ax and gun. They had three months provisions. They chopped five acres the first winter. They did not consider their case a hard one. The Pattison family, their good mother at the head, had found them a home; and they worked to develop it. They did not sell out, but have ever resided where first they made their humble beginning. That part of the town is known by their name. The good old lady Pattison, having kept herself the head of the family until the last, in a venerated old age, died in 1866. She was one of *the* women. With energy enough to reasonably supply half a dozen, she went to work; the first two years on wages, then, as the owner of forty acres, which under her wise and energetic management grew to be 350. She came into the Valley with her five boys, two of them youngsters. She set the boys the example, and they all stuck by Mother, all swear by Mother, and all pitched their homes near Mother, in Paris or Cascade. If all mothers were like her, we should not have so many lazy, shiftless men.

Poor Benjamin Laraway soon became blind. Notwithstanding, with the aid of his extra wife, he managed to get along pretty well. He died in 1870, having been blind thirty years.

Benjamin Clark is still on his first place. He does not swing his ax now, but smokes his pipe, reads the papers, and enjoys what he worked for.

The case of Orleans Spaulding is nor without its special interest. He came with but little means, and went to work, clearing his lands. In the meantime his wife died, and he was grievously afflicted with ophthalmia, so that for years he was blind. In this state he chopped and cleared two acres of land, planted corn, and struggled for a living. During the time that he was blind, he one time went to the Rapids to see if in any way he could make a raise of something to eat. In some place of business George Evans encountered him; and, in his direct way, said to him: "Spaulding, what are you here for?" Spaulding told him his situation, and what he wanted. "Here," said Evans, "take this, and go to ——'s grocery, and get what you want;" at the same time handing him an order on that grocery in Evans' favor. Spaulding took the paper, went and got three or four dollars' worth of provisions, and had them indorsed. Very thankful, he returned the order to Evans, who, looking at it and seeing the small amount indorsed, said, "Go back again, and get what you need. What you have got won't last a week. Take up the whole order." This was but the beginning. With no immediate prospect of pay, and a fair chance of losing all, he continued to force upon Spaulding his accommodations until they amounted to several hundred dollars; never hinting at payment; generously waiting until better times enabled him to cancel the *legal* indebtedness; and then *taking*, not asking, his pay. The debt of gratitude can never be canceled; and the memory of Evans, who died under a cloud, will ever be dear to Spaulding. It may here be added, parenthetically, that this conduct of Evans toward Spaulding was no exceptional instance; for, be his faults what they may, no more generous-hearted man ever lived in the Grand River Valley than George C. Evans. And probably the history of the State cannot furnish another instance where the show of justice was so shamelessly outraged as when he, for an act which showed no moral turpitude, was sent to the State Prison, there to die.

The town of Paris was organized in 1839; then including Gaines. The first meeting was at the house of Hiram Allen.

Supervisor, Joel Guild; Clerk, Hiram H. Allen; Treasurer, Robert Barr; Justices, H. H. Allen, H. B. Smith, Barney Burton, Alexander Clark.

On the records, as elected to other offices are, Stephen Hinsdill, Foster Kelly, Joseph H. Blain, Jacob Pattison, John

Kirkland, James Ballard, Ranslaer Mesnard, Joseph K. Palmer, Andrew Mesnard, Daniel Guild, Joseph J. Baxter, and Walter Palmer.

An incident connected with the writer's first year in Grand Rapids, points to the trait in the character of Robert Barr, which probably caused the Parisians to make him treasurer. The writer saw Mr. Barr in town with a load of wood, which he bought. Mr. Barr said there was *half a cord* in the load. *There was more than half a cord.* Match that, and you will indicate the man whose honesty and honor need no further proof. The load of wood is the countryman's barometer of character. We see a wood-rack wedged in at the bottom, the the stakes drawn together at the top, and we know that the man who has the load to sell is dead to honor and to shame. for he is blazoning the fact that he will cheat the first simple-minded person that he can. That man cannot be trusted on any occasion; we would not believe his plea of "Not guilty," when charged with robbing a hen-roost; and we should hesitate to believe his confession of "Guilty," unless the guilt was confirmed by better testimony. There is another who fills a close wagon-body with poor wood, and covers it with some that is "A, No. 1." *He* wishes to be considered a man; but he will bear watching. Take the eggs out out of your hens' nests at night, if you have that man for a neighbor. We once bought such a load of a Paris man. Discovering his scoundrelism, we marked him. The mean pup afterwards bragged of it.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us."

If the gods should vouchsafe to deal with such men, they would not call on the mountains to fall on them, but would be looking out for some woodchuck's hole, in which to hide themselves.

Again, you see the man with his load of wood, good or poor, manifestly showing what it is, ask him the quantity, and you find abundant measure there; seek no further evidence of character; elect him treasurer; go his bail; you are safe.

Paris has been the theatre of some incidents of thrilling interest, among which we will note the shooting of a man in mistake for a deer. A Mr. Sizer was thus shot by an Indian, in 1836, near Plaster Creek. The Indian rule is, "a life for a life," and this one, thinking his life was forfeited, went to Mr. Slater at the Mission and gave himself up. To his surprise he was assured that he would not be punished.

A stranger, by the name of Moore, got lost in the woods of Paris, and perished. He was found in a decomposed state, months afterward. With him were found some money, his watch and his name. His residence was never learned. But people recollected a man's cries in the woods, and the appearance at the settlement of a horse with a saddle on. They had answered the cries by blowing horns, and by searching with lanterns. Finding no one, they had let the matter pass.

To be lost is one of the common incidents of the settler's life. Do you know what it is to be lost? It is to cease to have the idea of direction—there is no north, south, east or west. Happy for the person lost if he does not in his bewilderment of direction, lose also his common instincts, and his common judgment. He looks around him in a maze, and starts off in some direction; goes on; stops; looks around, and goes on again. He shouts, and hears in return only the echoes of his own voice. Desperate, he pushes on again. His senses begin to reel, but he pushes on, going round and round until overcome with fatigue, he sits down by a tree, and waits for morning. In the morning he starts on again. Hunger begins to gnaw him, but he pushes on, and comes to the tree where he passed the night. With the horrible feeling of "lost," he starts again. A gleam of reason flashes over his mind: "I will find a brook, and that will lead me somewhere. Anything but this everlasting going round." To keep himself in the line he will take sights on the trees, until he finds a brook. He follows that, and it leads him, as he expected—*somewhere.* If he knows the nature of the streams, acting in his reason, he can by the waters be led out to the settlements. But the more common way is to wander as if bereft of all reason, sink down and die near the place of starting.

During the first years of his residence in Paris, Mr. Burton had an experience of this kind. On his way from Gull Prairie to Grand Rapids, he, with several others, camped for the night in the wilds, spancelled their horses, and turned them out to feed. In the morning some of the horses could not be found, and Mr. Burton set out to look for them—*and got lost.* After wandering long, his common sense came to him, and he looked for a brook, found one, and guided by that came out at Ada, on the third day. He knew a stream would finally bring him to the Grand River, as it did.

Some reminiscences of early times have been kindly furnished by H. H. Allen, Esq., an early settler, and long an honored citizen. From them, we extract in substance, what follows.

Mr. Allen came to Michigan in 1830, and having explored for awhile, concluded to settle at Tecumseh. In his explorations, he slept at many places where they had no floors in their houses, and no furniture but their boxes. In 1837, he decided on leaving Tecumseh, and pushed alone to the Grand River, to explore for himself; pitched upon a location, and went back for his family, his cattle, and his goods. He had rented a log house for temporary occupation. When coming in with a load, and driving some cattle and hogs, his load was mired, and the most of two days were spent in getting it out. His hogs got away, and went back to Yankee Springs.

In the cold winter of 1842–3, everybody began to wonder how they should get their cattle through. Mr. A. had sixteen, and a horse or two, and it was the winter's work to save their lives. He had some feed, but it was manifest that his cattle must browse or starve, and he told them so.

He went to chopping down the oak trees and invited them to help themselves. At first they demurred; but the great persuader, hunger, brought them to terms. He chopped to save his stock; and they browsed to save their lives; and the consequence was, they all came through well, and he had fourteen acres cut down, which he otherwise would not have had. That winter is painfully recollected by all. The snow was very deep; the cold severe; and the winter long, continuing far into April. It is easy in a civilized land, with the appliances of civilization, to contemplate a hard, long winter. The farmer can put on his muffler and mittens, go to his barn, and fodder his cattle; then come to the house, smoke his pipe, and read the papers. But it is not so with the settler in the savage wilds. He has not his barn; and only a small stack of marsh hay; and has expected that, in the main, his cattle would pick their living in the woods. The snow comes on deep and the cattle cannot get around. His scanty stacks are becoming beautifully less every day. He must go to felling trees in the blinding storm; and must break paths to them for his beasts. There is to him no coming in when it snows; for the fiercer the storm, the more imperative is his labor. How welcome to him is the departure of snow, and the sprouting of the leeks. The winter before mentioned was terrible to the settlers. The hogs in general died; and cattle perished, or were preserved by desperate labor. But spring came at last.

There are some animals, as well as men, that do not wish to die; and of such were the hogs of J. A. Allyn, of Paris, in that dreadful winter. In the middle of February they were found in a stack of marsh hay in the meadow. They had spoiled the stack, but were alive, and the most unhogish set of hogs that ever dishonored Michigan. They had lost all self-respect; and oh, how they did smell! The attar of roses was a perfume in comparison with them. Their presence was as disgusting as that of a dandy perfumed with musk, or of the more respectable "Mephitis Americanus," the French "L'enfant de diable," or the "mountain sable,"—*vulgo vocato*, "skunk."

The early history of Paris is so closely interwoven with that of the Grand Rapids settlement, that really they are one. Grand Rapids spread out and covered the towns of Walker and Paris. Time brought about division, and established independent towns. Yet the filial relation is still kept up—there is no real independence.

PLAINFIELD.

Plainfield was one of the towns that were early organized;

at first with the territory of two townships. The settlers at that time were "squatters," mostly near where is the old village of Plainfield. The organization was at a log hut, used as a school-nouse, the first Monday in April, 1838, when were elected:

Zenas G. Winsor, Supervisor; Ethiel Whitney, Clerk; Daniel North, Samuel Baker, Z. G. Winsor, Geo. Miller, Justices.

On the records of that date appear the names of the following, in addition:

Andrew Watson, A. D. W. Stout, Warner Dexter, Cornelius Friant, Damas Francisco, Henry Godwin, Jacob Francisco, Jacob Friant, James Francisco, and Ezra Whitney, who were honored by being elected to office. Some of these were not residents of what is now Plainfield.

The one to whom the credit is given of being *the pioneer*, is our now venerable friend, George Miller, Esq., whom all have had self-respect enough to honor, and whose presence still dignifies his early home. He, with his family, pushed out from Grand Rapids to Plainfield, in 1837. The same year, James Clark, Thomas Friant and Warner Dexter became his neighbors. They had Indians for neighbors, and soon found Indian friends. By the work of their hands, by the aid of Indians, and by what they could canoe up the river, they weathered the first season; when a few others were added to their number—Cornelius Friant, Zerra Whitney and Daniel North. They were obliged to live nearly Indian fashion; pound their grain, or grind it in a coffee mill; hunt for their meat, or pay a price beyond their slender finances. After all, there is a good deal in thinking. A good, pious widow, who could be thankful for little, had nurtured her little boy in the same spirit. Having an insufficiency of bed-clothes, she had arranged the bed of her son so as to cover it with an old door. One night, as she was about leaving him to his rest, and had carefully placed the door over him, he said to her: "How do those *poor people* get along who have not got any door to cover them these cold nights?" He was *warm*, and could be happy. So, give a family a log cabin, a big roaring fire, a haunch of venison and a kettle of hulled corn; and give them loving hearts and the spirit of thankfulness, they are not to be pitied. Some one has said, "man lives not by bread alone." It is no shame to begin small; if it were, we should all be obliged to hide our heads in shame; for we all began *very small.* But who wishes to be a baby forever? The baby is only the beginning of a man. We don't pity the baby at all. No, bless its little heart, we love it. But let us call on him ten years later, and see him not developed, we turn in disgust from *the fool.* Just so we look on the squatter in the woods. There is beauty in their primitive simplicity of life, and their smiling, cheerful content. Let us pass their abode twenty years afterwards; find there the same primitive, undeveloped house and lands; the same content with little or nothing; and we say, "shiftless!" and turn away in disgust. One may wisely be contented with little at present; but he is one of Nature's abortions if he does not strive for more.

Soon a cluster of houses was at Plainfield, which assumed the dignity of a village, noted on the Grand River for its shingle trade. For a time it had rather a hard name. Some bad characters centered there, which made it more of a merit to be respectable. The village is where it cannot thrive. When it was the *last* village at the North, it was a smart little place. Its death blow was given it when the railroad passed it by, giving all its business to Rockford. It seemed natural that a village should grow up at the mouth of the Rogue River. But that river at present furnishes but little business, and what little it does furnish is growing beautifully less. Buy out that old saw-mill; put up a manufactory there; or, "*Fuit Ilium*," will be written where the village of Plainfield now is. "*Fuit Ilium*" is said to be Latin for "gone up."

The history of Plainfield is mostly of its lumber operations; its saw-mills and lumber trade. But that business has long since culminated; the pine of the town has been cut off, mills have gone down, or keep up existence by doing business on a smaller scale, and the town is thrown upon her agricultural resources. Some of the *best* land in the Valley is here; and the town has many good farms.

The town has not distinguished itself in the way of churches. It has but one, and that "don't go."

In Indian times, Plainfield was an Indian place. Several of the most noted Indians had their residence there: Long Nose, whose tragic death is elsewhere spoken of; Wabesis, another victim of Indian hate, and Canote, the "beautiful," were among them. Their burial mounds are on the plain, but otherwise the Indians are a memory. The people, in speaking of Canote generally say he was the most graceful man they ever saw—a perfect Apollo, besides being very much of a gentleman; who at the table of the white man, could charm the whole by his superior grace.

The first birth and death in the town of Plainfield were in the family of George Miller—twin children—born but to die, in 1838.

Settlers could not secure their claims until the great land sale in 1839. They had before "squatted" pre-empted, and organized a town. Indians and white men were living together; each amicably acknowledging the other's rights. After the sale, the Indians disappeared. Their burial mounds are the memento left behind. But these are not respected. The plow goes over them, and they are desecrated by the shovel of the curious.

Is it sad, or is it not, that the red man is disappearing? It is a law of Nature, and therefore a law of God, that the weaker must give way to the stronger; that the savage *must* give up the earth to civilized man. The Indian in America must adopt the habits of civilization, or perish. There is no use in our being sentimental about it—*they* know their destiny and *we* know it. We never shall admit the claim of the hunter to keep out the ax and the plow. The Indians' rights are respected by the Government. We pay them for their hunter's claim, and give them the chances of citizens. If they will not then become citizens, let them submit to their destiny—*perish*. When a section of land can support an hundred civilized people, we shall not leave, from motives of delicacy, that section for the miserable sustenance of one savage.

The land is the world's. A man may gain an occupancy, but the ultimate title is in the State. The State gives no man a right to say the land is his own. A man passes away, but the land is eternal—a perpetual chance for men to live. 'Tis wrong in principle to allow a man, or any set of men, to keep the soil from culture; the power of water from being used, or the mines from being developed. To a limited degree our laws give that power. When we realize that no "universal good" can be accomplished without "partial evil," there is no propriety in being restrained by that partial evil. The Indian has the same chance as the rest of us; that is, in the classical language of Horace Greeley, "Root hog, or die." Mankind, *as a whole*, are a great institution; but an individual, whether white, red or black, is a small concern. The world lived without you or me, and can and will do it again. But it cannot live without the land. Think of that, when you say the Indians once *owned* this State. They never owned it: neither do *you* or *I own* the land we occupy. We only own certain rights to it, the State, representing mankind, present and future, having the paramount right.

We welcome the Indians to the ranks of civilization. Let them come forward and be men; or America will soon leave no place for them; and it is right. There are a good many hard things for individuals to bear in this "mundane, terrestial earth;" but after all, you had better believe that the All-seeing Eye sees nothing but harmony, and that eternal purposes are the best judgment of Infinite Wisdom. Many think they see clearly how things ought to have been, and tell God so in their prayers. The writer must confess that he *has* had this conceit of his own wisdom; but he is now very well satisfied that he could not manage the world *much* better than God does.

Organized 1838, the townships 8 north, ranges 10 and 11 west, except what lies south of the Grand River.

1846, township 9 north, range 11 west, detached from Courtland and added to Plainfield; also, 1847, what of township 8 north, lies south of Grand River.

1848, free bridge built partly by the State.

The first settlers were Thomas Friant, who came in November, 1836, who was in the employ of James Clark. His employment was to take care of Clark's cattle. He and his family spent the winter with no white neighbors. To get across the river they took their wagon apart and carried it, piecemeal, in a canoe. In the spring some others came and squatted on lands: James Clark, Andrew Watson and George Miller were in before June, '37. Many persons pre-empted lands this year, who stayed on them a little while, sold out and went off. They merit no special mention. Of those who this year came on to *stay*, we are able to mention, Gideon H. Gordon, who built the first saw-mill on Rogue River, one-half mile from its mouth; Jonathan and Abner Misner, Cornelius Friant, Ethan Whitney, Daniel North, John Page, Aaron Eager, Z. G. Winsor, — Baker (7 feet high). These all lived within a mile or so of the river.

Of these pioneers, at the present writing (1875), Geo. Miller and Cornelius Friant are still living in Plainfield. Jonathan Misner at Grand Rapids; Ethan Whitney, in Solon; Z. G. Winsor at Grand Haven; Abner Misner killed himself about '68; Gideon Gordon died early—'41; James Clark, died; Andrew Watson, '68; Geo. Gordon died about '55; Daniel North about '66; Mr. Page left many years ago, and went to Missouri.

Thomas Cranson was among the comers of 1838. He came in May from Tompkins Co., N. Y. His recollection is that *he* found here when he came, the persons whose names are above given. At that time Wm. Withey was building a mill on Mill Creek, one mile from the mouth.

About twenty-five families of Indians were resident; their chief Neog'gemaw. Their former chief, Kenoti'mischeo. Kenoti is described as a very beautiful man. In fact his *name* was given him as indicative of his personal beauty.

In the scraps of Indian history, the tragical end of Long Nose is given. The Indian who killed him was tried by the clan, and afterwards lived a kind of outcast.

The Indians were disposed to be very kind and to keep quiet, but they would have awful drunken frolics.

The first school was in the winter of 1837–8, in a log school house near Friant's. It was taught by Jonathan Whitney. The next summer the school was kept by Miss Mary Francisco. The school-house was this year burned and rebuilt.

The first marriage was that of Wm. Livingston and a daughter of Esq. Miller, in 1838. This Livingston put up the first frame barn the same year.

SOLON.

Solon, formerly North Algoma, was organized as a town in 1857. The first town meeting at the house of Walter Rowe.

Edward Jewell, Supervisor; John E. Roys, Clerk; John D. Watkins, Treasurer; Andrew Fluent, Munson Robinson, Obadiah Smith, Justices.

Gladly would we give Solon a history, but she scarcely can be said to have one to write. Little can be said of the town without repeating the remarks on the other towns in the northern tier.

Perhaps the most picturesque town in the Valley, with places of surpassing loveliness, its history is of lumber camps, saw-mills, and blackberry excursions. It is slowly filling up, and *will* be a beautiful town; its lake scenery is unsurpassed; its land as good as any pine town; and its vicinity to railroads is such that its inhabitants are in free communication with the outer world. So far, it has only made openings, and begun improvements. Its reality is in the future. The beauty of its scenery will attract people of taste; and it will not long be a place for blackberry parties to range, but will assume the position of a place to go to for pleasure, and to enjoy beautiful scenery. We mean, when we get rich, to locate our "chateau" between the "Sand Lakes;" for, to our eyes, a lovelier spot does not exist in Michigan. If some other person gets the start of us, and secures that location, we will be content to build our country-seat on the shore of Long Lake. We have already picked blackberries there, and have, in fancy's dreams, seen our house, park and pleasure-grounds along that shore—our boat on its waters, and our fields and vineyards by its side. What has been our dream of fancy, some other sinner, who has a soul for beauty, will realize.

To *make* a show of history for Solon, we might go on and tell that certain persons were the first settlers. But what of that? They were all too late to make it a merit, or a distinction. A person must have settled in Kent county long before 1850, to be entitled to mention as a "settler." A man must have some *other* merit to entitle him to historical notice. The town was reached, not by adventurous men, who left all behind and pushed far into the wilds, but by the progress of settlement—going just beyond the others. We have been strongly tempted to manufacture a "bear story," or to locate a gang of "bogus makers" there. But from the last, we were deterred by the fact that we did not wish that the history of the town where our "chateau" is yet to rise, should present a blotted page. We then sought for a "horrid murder," but they have not had the enterprise to furnish us one. Well. what could we do? We could only look at the town and admire, leaving its "history" to a future writer.

Solon may claim a part of Cedar Springs which has a brief history. She may divide that with Nelson.

But now, you slighted denizens of Solon, though you have done nothing for the historian's pen to relate, mark well his prediction (he has, in another place, given the reason why he may claim to be prophetic): A steamboat will, ere twenty years have sped, be plying on Long Lake. The shores of that and the Sand Lakes will be the resort of pleasure parties. Your town will be the popular resort for picnics and excursions. Fine houses will go up in your romantic spots; and you will put on airs. Make a good road from Cedar Springs to the "Lake Region," and you will then see the dawn of that day. From that day it will be a safe investment to put up a hotel there. Call me "romancer" if you please; but there's a big city not far from you, and a city must have its pleasure grounds. If this does not come to pass as predicted, as you pass the grave of the visionary writer, call him "fool."

SPARTA.

Sparta was not settled until civilization had taken deep root in the Grand River Valley, and had no instance of startling pioneer adventure, or of special pioneer hardship. The fact is, there were in the Valley more than 10,000 civilized white people before one of them, pushing into the next township, located himself in Sparta. So we shall not give any great credit to the one who cut down the first tree, or put up the first shanty, but shall lump together those who first came, and commence with the organization of the town.

It had been an appended territory to Walker until 1846, when at a meeting, held at the house of Clark Brown, it was organized as a town by itself, April 6th. At this meeting 23 persons were present and voted; and the following persons bore off the town honors:

Lewis W. Purdy, Supervisor; John M. Balcom, Clerk; Myron H. Balcom, Treasurer; Wm. Rodgers, Charles B. Hatch, Edward H. Wylie, Elihu Rice, Justices.

The following is a list of voters then in the town (which included Tyrone), with some who are known to have come in the next year:

Caleb Amadan, Benj. Blackall, Clark Brown, John M. Balcom, Wm. Blackall, Myron H. Balcom, Wyman M. Bartlett, Newel Barker, Myron H. Bird, Jacob A. Bradford, Anthony Chapman, Joel French, James Huff, Charles B. Hatch, Jacob Hiles, Minor Letts, David B. Martindale, Benj. Myers, Jno. E. Nash, Parsly Otis, Berry D. Pearl, Lewis W. Purdy, Elihu Rice, Wm. Rodgers, John A. Simmons, Jacob Spangenburg, James V. Simmons, Geo. Spangenburg, Philip Slaght, Lyman Smith, Luther Van Horn, Harvey Van Horn, Edward H. Wylie.

In 1848, 39 voters were present and voted.

In 1849, the poll list was 100, indicating a rapid settlement.

The historical gleanings are: In 1844, Lyman Smith (now of Grand Traverse), settled on section 25. The same year Norman and Edwin Cummings put up shanties on Sec. 34, where Norman now lives. Soon came Lewis Purdy, who, more aristocratic, put up a log house—the first in the town. His wife was the first white woman in the town. The same year, in the fall, Hiram H. Myers located east of Rogue River, and in the winter was followed by his father and his family. They took up a good deal of land, and were extensively engaged in building.

In January, 1845, the town received quite an acquisition, in the person of Joseph English, who came direct from England. Mr. English is a character, and the historic pen may well pause and give the romantic story of his life. He is now, in a green old age, enjoying his wealth and dignity in an unpretentious home, with his good old lady, of whom he is very proud, by his side; his family all settled around him, with nothing to do but take care of his hens and cabbages. Get the right side of him, and he will tell you the most romantic story of how he "wooed and won his bride"—the ancient lady who smilingly looks on, while the beaming eyes of the old lover fairly glisten with triumph. It is in substance this:

Twenty-one years found him in England, an illiterate, graceless youth, unable to read or write, and with only a poor, English mechanic's prospects in life. One day, passing a house, a vision of angelic loveliness presented itself before him. It was no other than of a lass of sweet sixteen, feeding the chickens. With eyes and mouth open, he gazed at her for a moment, mustered his courage, approached the fence and said: "I am going to have you for my wife." "Get along with you, you vagabond!" was her answer. Nothing daunted, he said to her, "You may say as much as you please, but I'll have you." "If you don't clear out," said she, "I'll set the dog on you, you miserable, putty-faced ragamuffin!" "Good-bye, Miss; but I'll see you again soon, and I'm going to have you for my wife." "Out with you!" said she, hurling a slop-bucket at his head, which he dodged, winking with his left eye, and saying, "I'll call again and see you to-morrow, and you'll be my wife, sartin." True to his word, he called at the house the next day, and inquired for that girl that was going to be his wife. Mamma, aunt and girl, all pitched at him, drove him out of doors, and, with a commingled chorus of screaming voices, bade him make himself scarce. Cocking his head on one side, when out of the reach of their missiles, he said: "Say what you've a mind to, I'll have her." Next day—the next—the next, and the next, he presented himself at the door, to be greeted with slop pails emptied on his head, and with the shrieking, "Get out, you vagabond!" Here the old gentleman stops the narration; but with a triumphant snapping of his eyes, he says, "I *got her!*" The *modus operandi* he does not tell. But be it what it may, it illustrates the doctrine of "perseverance." "He that perseveres until the end," etc., etc.

"Fortune favors the brave;" or as was written for us as a copy by a schoolmaster who had read the "*Liber Primus*" in Latin, and wished to display his learning, "*Fortis fortuna juvat.*" We always remembered that, and made use of it in turn when we kept a school. English illustrates that. By perseverance and braving dish cloths, slop pails and maledictions, he won his bride. By perseverance and bravery he rose to be a master mechanic, and to be the honest possessor of $15,000. With this, in 1843, he came to America, and went to speculating at Grand Rapids and thereabouts. The result illustrates another principle embodied in the old proverb: "Let the cobbler stick to his last." Mr. E. ought to have known that it was hazardous for an English master builder to turn his property into cash, put himself in competition with Michigan cussedness, and go to speculating in lumber. But so he did; and in two and a half years found his pretty little pile of dollars in other people's pockets; while his own pocket was like a cuckoo's nest in March. Did English commit suicide? Did he go boo-hooing like a whipped urchin? Or did he sit down on a stump, and write a poem on the uncertainty of earthly hopes? Not he. Having speculated out of fortune, he determined to speculate in. He bought land on credit. He made shingles, which he sold for $1 per thousand; working from four in the morning until nine at night, and shaving five thousand per day. Working and speculating, 1855 found him able to build a steam mill in Alpine. The next year this was burned. Again his capital was his brains and his pluck. With these he went to lumbering on Rogue River; did well; built mills; bought land; got rich; divided his property among his children; with a cheerful heart resigned business, and, with the wife of his youth, is happily biding his time. Born in 1803, he still works; not from necessity, but because if he did not he could not live. He has his four sons settled around him. He always was a happy dog, that never would howl, though his bark was sharp, and expressive of grit. Long life to you, "Uncle Jo."

In the spring of 1845, Cummings—the father of the good-looking and well-known Norman, Edwin and Nelson—came on where his boys had begun. In June of the same year, Elihu Rice, John Symes and Anthony Chapman came on together. They had to cut their road; and with one hundred feet of boards, which they brought along, made a shelter. The writer was lately in the beautiful cottage of Symes, and was looking at a photograph of the house which hung in the parlor. The old lady said: "You should see by the side of this the first house we lived in here—one hundred feet of boards resting on two poles; brush piled at the sides to break the wind; a log heap in front to cook by; only one chair, and other things in proportion." We asked her if they were not as happy in that as in this. "Yes," said she, "a great deal more so.' We reflected on human nature, and for once mentally extemporized poetry:

Contented with little, why grasping for more.

We believe that is original, if not with us, it was with somebody else more than 100 years ago.

David B. Martindale was an 1845-man. He spent his days in the town, dying in 1872. Also the same year came Myron and John Balcom. Myron removed to Missouri; John has always stayed, and the genial countenance of the deacon welcomes the traveler to the hotel at Nashville.

Clark Brown, at whose house the town was organized, and who then with dignity presided over the assembled multitude, is still where he erected his humble shed in 1845. Now he looks up in the world. A roomy mansion is the home of his well-fed and well-rounded person. He looks the dignified alderman, and he enjoys his beautiful home, unruffled by anything but the villainous cloth-peddler. At the sight of one of them his bosom swells with ire. A good-looking patriarch, we hope his shadow will long be seen in the streets of Sparta.

In 1846, from Greenfield, Massachusetts, came Jonathan E.

Nash, the son of Elihu, who was the son of Theophilus, who was the son of Jehoniah, who was the son of Epaphroditus, who was the son of Zoroaster, who was the son of the original Eliakim Nash. (See the "Nash Genealogy.") From the aforesaid "Genealogy," we learn that the name was originally written "Gnash." But why, is not mentioned. Some dim allusions to "gnashing of teeth," are connected with the family traditions. Beyond this Eliakim Nash, no record or tradition is preserved, and he is looked to as the source of the race and name. But for our purpose it matters little. Jonathan E. is a present reality. Eliakim is now but a name, perhaps a myth. This Jonathan E. has always been a mighty hunter; the terror of bees and deer; a provident and thoughtful hunter, who always before starting for the forest with dog and gun, kills a sheep, to be sure his family may have meat on his return. He sometimes brings home a deer, but whether he brings meat or no, he always brings a genial countenance, and greets the one who would joke at his expense, with a laugh that is contagious. He has also been death on all candidates for office, who were nominated in opposition to him. So much is this the case, that now when Jonathan is nominated, the opposing candidate, of his own accord, "comes down and gives up his fur." Jonathan has laid out a village which bears his name, and there he lives,—not "Esq. Nash," nor "Mr. Nash," but "Jonathan"—about as happy a specimen of humanity as ever bade defiance to the blues, or lived to diffuse happiness.

Sparta has two villages—Nashville and Lisbon.

Nashville is a pleasant country center, and is growing. It has two churches—Baptist and Methodist, each of which have good houses of worship, both built in '66. It has a Lodge of Good Templars, whose influence for good has been felt and acknowledged. Quite an impulse has been given to the growth of the village by the Newaygo Railroad. The village has no charter.

Lisbon, lying partly in Sparta and partly in Chester, Ottawa county, was chartered in 1869. Its first settler and first post-master was John Pintler, who located there in '46.

The place was called "Pintler's Corners." In 1859, the post-office was named Lisbon, and the name was afterwards adopted by the village. The village is pleasantly situated on elevated ground, but not where it has the prospect of growing, the presumption being that a contemplated railroad will leave them in the distance. The inhabitants justly pride themselves on the good order and general intelligence of the people; on their graded school, and home-like associations. The Good Templars have for many years kept up an effective working lodge, which is educating the young people into sound principles and the social virtues. This village is the "Sweet Auburn" of the region.

As a town, Sparta has always ranked high for the character and intelligence of the people. Among the young there is the desire to be, and not to seem. Temperance has a strong hold on them, and there is mental culture. When temperance organizations gave up existence in every other town in the county, Sparta maintained her two lodges of Good Templars. Their influence has told for good. Would we could say *all* the young people were members of the order. But the sad fact *must* be told—there are in the town three *young men* who are not ashamed to go into a saloon! Though the door is the open gate of perdition, Sparta has *three young men* who can step within. Good-bye, young men! You left your hopes, your characters and your good name outside. Lost! lost! lost! Farewell!

There—one of those young men is coming out of that saloon. See him! And then take a look at that young Good Templar that he is meeting. God pity the one! The other needs not our prayers. Grasping his moral principles with hands of iron—with his eye on the Eternal—we are willing to risk him. God speed you, Good Templars! Our hat rises to the young person who honors himself. It is a habit that a good many hats besides ours have got into.

SPENCER.

Spencer is one of the towns that were reached by settlement in its natural progress, when people just go into the woods beyond their neighbors. The Grand River Valley began to be settled in 1833, but the first occupant of land in Spencer did not locate himself until 1846—thirteen years after. When it is considered that he was only some sixteen miles from the village of Plainfield, and that the intervening space was occupied, that roads were open, mills and markets within easy reach, that it was only to yoke up Bright and Brindle, and in one hour be in the midst of a civilized people, we will hardly call him a daring pioneer. As Spencer was reached in progress, we will say little of its settlement.

Yet, unimportant as is the fact, and recent as is the date, who was the first to occupy is a matter of dispute. It is claimed that an old trapper by the name of Lincoln, was the first. But this Lincoln's first location was in Montcalm county, and he moved his chebang into Nelson after others had come in. Beyond this, it is conceded that Cyrus B. Thomas, who came from Washtenaw county in 1845, was the first that located over the line. He came with his two boys—William and Levi—and settled by the south line of the town, where still the family occupy. Here Mr. Thomas lived three years; not "monarch of all he surveyed," but sole resident in the township. It was not until 1853 that others moved into the town. Then came Abner Haskins and his two sons, Joseph and Alexander, Henry Stoltz, James Tuck, Samuel McClelland, Elias Markley, Jesse Haskins, and possibly some others.

But it matters little who were the earliest settlers; they had nothing to encounter, but the work to clear up their lands; they were simply borderers, not adventurers.

The town assumed political individuality under the name of "Celsus," in 1861; the first meeting being at the house of Thomas Spencer, on the first Monday in April.

Those who have the honor of being the first town officers were:

Freeman Van Wickle, Supervisor; Henry A. Freeman, Clerk; Wm. W. Hewitt, Ed. D. Clark, Justices.

The settlement of Spencer was rather slow, owing to the fact that it was a region that invited the lumberman, rather than the farmer. Until recently, it was supposed that a piece of pine land after the pine was off was nearly worthless; the consequence was that pine lands were not considered settlers' lands. Where the timber is pine, the first operation is to cut that off. Lumber camps are located, and the pine disappears. Then the land will be taken by those who are too old to push into the wilderness; or who are unwilling to go beyond the skirts of civilization; or by those whose capital will not allow them to buy cultivated farms. The "stump machine" becomes the principal agricultural implement; and in the wake of that, the plow and reaper will follow. There is little of the pine region which cannot be turned to good account by those who would live from the soil. The famous "fruit belt" near the shore of Lake Michigan, is no more nor less than one of the least inviting "pine barrens." A year or two ago, passing through that region, the writer observed a man fencing a piece of land. He stopped, and expressed his admiration of the benevolence of the man, who was putting up a fence to keep the poor cattle out of a place where they must starve; he further asked the man if he owned those premises; and being assured that he did, he, with a Yankee curiosity, inquired what the former owner gave him to take it off his hands. Didn't his eyes open a little when the man informed him that he gave $50 an acre for this land, which would apparently starve a grasshopper, if sole occupant of a ten acre lot. It was "fruit land," and the owner, far from asking pity, was reveling in visions of peaches, raspberries and cash. Spencer does not ask our sympathy. She has still her virgin pine, which is itself a mine of wealth; and then, she can make farms where the pine has been taken off; that she is doing. Her history is of the future.

The old trapper looked upon the region as a place for raising muskrats. Then followed the lumberman, who saw nothing but pine. What cared he for Lincoln and his "rats." *He* saw beauty in a saw-log. "*Hic jacet*" will soon mark the grave of the lumberman, and the *land* will be what is looked to. First, the animals, then the trees, and last, the *soil;* each step marking a grade of civilization. To show the progress of civilization in Spencer—Lincoln caught muskrats; Thomas

Spencer put up the first saw-mill in 1863; Cyrus Thomas located the first farm. Muskrats and timber are things of brief time, but the *land* is eternal.

The first teacher in the town was Miss Harriet White.

Thomas died in 1852, and rests in Oakfield Cemetery. Miss White is also there.

The town was first named "Celsus," but afterwards the name was changed to Spencer, in compliment to her prominent citizen Thomas Spencer; thus sacrificing poetry to merited compliment. How anxious we are to perpetuate a name! When *we* are forgotten, it is cheering to think our name will not be lost. And how the dying eyes will glisten as the death-damps are on the brow, if we are told our *name* will still survive; not as ours, but as the name of a town! *We* will give a new set of books to the town that will so compliment us; will orate for them *gratis* on the Fourth of July, and then will sweetly dream of our *name's* immortality!

TYRONE.

Tyrone was a part of Sparta until 1855, when, by the Supervisors, it was set off and became a town by itself. Its organization was effected at the school-house near the south-west corner of the town, April 2d. There were elected:

Uriah Chubb, Supervisor; Albert Clute, Clerk; Harlow Jackson, Treasurer; Patrick Thompson, Albert Clute, Uriah Chubb, Justices.

On the record appear the additional names of John W. Thompson, Theodore P. Scott, Lot Folkerson, Darwin B. Clute, Wm. Daggett, Leander Smith, Peleg Brownell, Jonathan P. Niles, Reuben Barr, Bela Chase, James Blackall.

Of these, Patrick Thompson, Peleg Brownell, J. P. Niles and R. Barr were but transient residents. Bela Chase died in 1868; Albert Clute died from disease contracted in the army; James Blackall was killed in the war. The remainder of the list are still resident in the town. That grim messenger of fate, Death, has been quite indulgent to Tyrone; giving the first settlers time for repentance. of which, it is to be hoped, they have made good use. But let them not trust too far.

White hairs are an admonition that the unwelcome reprobate is coming along.

A tax of $50 was voted for town purposes, and $10 for a burying ground. It would seem that in those good old times there was but little to tempt a town treasurer to go into *irregular financiering.*

In 1856, the number of votes for Representative was twenty-three—for Littlejohn fifteen; for Waldbridge, eight—proving that the town was Democratic.

The remark applied to the other towns of the northern tier in Kent county, applies to this town: Its pioneer history has little of interest, settled, as it was, so long after the Grand River Valley was a civilized region.

The first who sought a home in the town, was Mrs. Louisa Scott, a woman of great energy of character; who, finding herself with a crazy husband, and a lot of long-legged boys, took the helm into her own hands; and, struggling against accumulated adversity, maintained for herself and family an honorable position. Her sons have all died but one, and he is a cripple. Her husband is a happy lunatic at the poorhouse; considers himself the owner of the establishment, and is known there as "Gen. Scott." A woman *can* do something besides spend man's earnings; Mrs. Scott has demonstrated that. Mr. Scott died in 1877.

Mrs. Scott came in 1850; Lot Folkerson came the next year. Just over the line, in Casenovia, was Mr. Waterman, a mighty hunter, at sight of whom a bear would give up his fur; not voluntarily, it is true, but Waterman had a power of persuasion that no bear could resist. Twenty-three of their shaggy hides were his trophies one fall. The bears knew Waterman; warned each other to give him a wide berth. But his eye was to them the eye of a basilisk—to fix it on them was death. He was to them what whisky is to the youth—a thing to be kept out of sight of. As certain as a bear, prompted by curiosity to *see* the enemy, or tempted by the grunting of innocent pigs, came snooting around, one crack of Waterman's rifle sent him, a shrieking ghost, to the "hunting grounds across the river." And just so, my young sinner, it will be with you, if you go peering round those places, whose sign is the *death's head and cross-bones*—or, in written language, the word "Saloon."

The third settler was Harlow Jackson, whose entrance dates February, '52. Jacob Smith followed him the next November.

The first school was taught by Miss Susan Field, now Mrs. Myron Buck, at Cedar Springs. The next winter the school was kept by Miss Nettie Wetmore, of Grand Rapids; now Mrs. Rood.

The first sermon preached in the town, was by the Rev. Francis Prescott; it was in the school-house, in 1854. After that a missionary preacher, a Methodist, held meetings there once in two weeks. During the first years, Elders Bennett, Congdon and Smith, held meetings. A Sabbath school was started at an early day, of which Wm. N. Wylie was Superintendent. There are as yet no houses of worship in the town. Three religious societies are in existence—Free Will Baptist, United Brethren, and Methodist. The Methodist society was the first organized; the Free Will, second.

There is a very noticeable curiosity on the farm of H. C. Wylie, on section thirty-three. It is a very extensive beaver-dam. The plow has done damage to it, but still a part of it is in the woods untouched. The whole length of the dam is some sixty rods. At first sight, it seems to have been built on no correct engineering principles. But a little observation will show the principles that guided the chief engineer, "Castor Fiber." The construction is not of so remote a period that the name of the engineer has been lost. He had no theodolite or level, and his skill was the result of his native genius. As Newton deduced the law of gravitation from the fall of an apple, so Castor Fiber based his whole system upon the equilibrium of water, and established the grand principle—that *water will run over in the lowest place*. With this one guiding thought in his head, he commenced the dam before us. He said within himself: "If we would create a reservoir of water, we must stop the flow *where it runs over*. So he commenced by obstructing the stream. This done, he watched the rising of the water and where he saw it running over he stopped it; and so continued until the requisite height, and capacity of reservoir were obtained. As a consequence, the dam is as irregular as the ground. There are no lines or angles; but all conforms the one principle—"stop the water where it runs over."

The average height of this dam may be two feet; at the outlet of the stream, perhaps five feet. The flow of the pond was about twelve acres. It is built entirely of earth. Probably across the stream there was something else, but that part has disappeared.

We are not to pre-suppose reason as guiding animals in their constructions. A scientific man of Grand Rapids, ranging the northern wilds of Michigan, discovered a large beaver-dam of recent construction, and then occupied. Where the stream had run over and formed little rills below, the young beavers had built little dams. It seems to be as much an *impulse* in the beaver to obstruct water, as it is for the woodchuck to dig a hole. We call this impulse, "instinct"—that is, a disposition to do what they have never been taught. A study of the dam in Tyrone will show that the sole principle of its construction is given above, and is found in the instinct of the animal to obstruct running water.

It may be here observed, that we can scarce find a brook without its beaver dams. These are a shapeless ridge of earth, running either way from the brook to the bank; generally but a rod or two in length. The dam in Tyrone is one of the big ones; but probably, in tracing any brook, as many dams may be found as miles. They are not conspicuous; but when once attention has been directed to them, one will be surprised at the frequency of their occurrence.

The beaver is noble game. A poor man may walk the streets or traverse the forest, without fear of robbers; but the rich are in constant danger. The poor woodchuck may live and multiply almost undisturbed by man. But the beaver, with equal fecundity, is exterminated because of his rich garment of fur. We don't *hunt* the woodchuck; we merely kill him, when we happen to have a chance. But the beaver is hunted until he disappears. There is not now a beaver in a settled county in the State. Man immediately exterminates them; not from dislike, but for immediate gain. Blessed be poverty! It is well for the woodchucks that they adopted a simple style of dress long years ago; and that, Quaker-like, they still adhere to the costume worn by their ancestors. Extravagance in dress is the beaver's ruin. Some of the human race may well heed the lesson which their fate teaches.

VERGENNES.

Vergennes was one of the towns earliest organized. By act of Legislature in 1838, four townships—5, 6, 7, 8, N., R. 9 W.—Bowne, Lowell, Vergennes and Grattan, were set off from Kent, and made a town. The first settlement was in what is now Lowell, and the south part of the present town of Vergennes. Its early history is mainly that of Lowell. In 1840, Caledonia was organized; and T. 5 N., R. 9 W. (Bowne) was detached from Vergennes, and temporarily united with Caledonia. In 1846, Grattan, T. 8 N., 9 W. was made a town and detached from Vergennes; and in 1848, Lowell (T. 6 N., R. 9. W.) was organized; leaving Vergennes (T. 7 N., R. 9 W.) with the modest limits of a single township.

In speaking of Vergennes, in early times, it must be borne in mind that its center was Lowell; that its settlers were mainly there, or in that part of Vergennes which is contiguous. A few pushed up Flat River. The two towns, Vergennes and Lowell, lived lovingly together as one for ten years, not following the example of many sister towns, of setting up independent, as soon as they had a dozen voters. There was good reason why the two townships should keep together.

They were, in substance, one settlement, which the township line about equally divided. This settlement, near the mouth of the Flat River, was *the* place; the scattered settlers around seemed to be its dependencies. They had lived together as a community; they did not choose to divide; and they did not until both towns were well supplied with inhabitants.

Who gave the town the name the writer does not know. It was probably so called from some dear personal association, or more likely, from the poetic interest that attaches to the word. Though an imitation, it is a good one; one of those that can be tolerated.

The town was organized in 1838 (but it must be borne in mind that it was Lowell as much as Vergennes), the 2nd day of April, at Lewis Robinson's house. The number of voters is not known. The memory of the old residents gives the number of families in town as about twenty.

The first town officers were: Supervisor, Rodney Robinson; Clerk, M. Patrick; Justices, Rodney Robinson, Charles A. Lathrop; George Brown; Lucas Robinson.

The others, who are named as holding the other town offices are: Thompson I. Daniels, John M. Fox, Porter Rolph, Everett Wilson, Charles Newton, Henry Danes, P. W. Fox, A. D. Smith, O. H. Jones, and James S. Fox.

In 1846, after Grattan was set off, Vergennes (the two towns, Vergennes and Lowell) mustered at the town meeting 133 voters. The meeting was held at the house of John M. Waters.

In 1848, after the organization of Lowell, the meeting was at the house of Eliab Walker; and again the number of voters was 133. This indicates a rapid filling up during the last of those years.

The occupation of Vergennes dates from 1836. It is not known who was first on the ground; but following the memory of one of the settlers of that year, we have the names of Ira Van Deusen, Jesse Van Deusen, Alfred Van Deusen, Chauncey Van Deusen, Everett Wilson, Hamilton Andrews, Rodney Robinson, Thompson I. Daniels, John Thompson, Charles Francisco, Sylvester Hodges, Amos Hodges, Matthew Patrick, Ebenezer Smith, Ira Danes, Charles Newton, Lucas Robinson, James Thompson.

It is not absolutely certain that all of these settled that year.

In the north part of the town the first to occupy were four brothers by the name of Ford—Barnard, David, Ira and Abel. They took up land on the line between Vergennes and Grattan—David and Ira in Grattan. They were Canadians; had little but their teams; took up small pieces of land;

forty or eighty acres. Elder Godfroy, with a grown up family, came the same year (1838); also Franklin Kenney, Smith Godfroy, Micah Mudge, Eliab Walker. To the same year, or the year before, we are able to set the names of Benjamin Fairchild, James Montagne, Benjamin Toles, Jared Nagles, Abel French and Noah Peck, as settlers in the north part of the town.

To these, we may add, in other parts, Silas S. Fallass, 1838; P. Wesley Fallass, 1837; Wm. P. Perrin, 1837; Alexander Rogers, 1837; Alanson K. Shaw, 1839; Emery Foster, 1837; Christopher Misner, 1838; Morgan Lyon, 1838; John Brannagan, 1837.

Of these Barnabus Ford died in 1843, aged forty-seven; Alvah H. Andrews in 1872, aged sixty-three; Charles Francisco in 1874, aged sixty-seven; Elder Newcomb Godfroy in 1859, aged seventy-five; Rodney Robinson in 1875; Franklin Kenney, 1873; Benjamin Toles was killed by a tree in 1847.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

The first class was formed by Elder George in 1841. Its members were: Charles Collar and wife, Anthony Zerkes and wife, Smith Bailey and wife, Burtis Hoag and wife, Howland Soules.

The church was dedicated March, 1866. Present membership about thirty.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

First banded in 1843, by Elder Godfroy; had then about fifteen or twenty members. They have a good house of worship, which cost about $2,000, and was finished in 1868. Messrs. Godfroy and Moshier have been the pastors. Present number about forty.

WYOMING.

When Kent county was a town of Kalamazoo county, settlements were made at Grand Rapids, Wyoming, Ionia, and Lyons. Campau had his trading station at Grand Rapids, and Rix Robinson at Ada and other places, and the few persons in the Valley were dependent on them. Living, as they did, dependent on the Indians, with no rights, further than a license to trade, and such as the Indians would give them, they are not to be considered as at that time occupants and settlers.

A few, dependent on Campau and Robinson, were at Grand Rapids, but in point of fact, the first settlement was in Wyoming; and the earliest history of the Valley is the history of this town. The first locations were made here. The farms were begun here; and here the plow first broke the soil: and here the first crops were raised. The advent of the first white man into Ionia county was in the spring of 1833. But Wyoming dates from 1832, when her soil was taken possession of by Robert Howlett, Luther Lincoln, Amos Gordon and Stephen Tucker. They are, therefore, the *Grand River Pioneers.* They came in the fall of 1832, and raised crops of their own planting in 1833. Lincoln took up what was the paper city, but now the thriving village of Grandville: and there, in the spring of 1833, was the first in the Grand River Valley to turn the soil with the plow, and he raised the first crop of corn where the village of Grandville now stands. This pioneer Lincoln was an erratic genius; we wish we could give a better history of him. He did not stay where he was the pioneer.

Still, 1833, the same year that settled the first colonists at Ionia, is looked upon as the year when the Valley was taken possession of by civilized men. This year brought Jno. F. Chubb, Stephen Tucker, Gideon H. Gordon, James Gordon, Wm. R. Godwin, Joseph B. Copeland, Myron Roys, Henry West, and George Thompson, to Wyoming.

The first house of any description, built by the whites, was a log shanty for Lincoln, in the fall of 1832. The first house fit for a family to live in, was the log house of Stephen Tucker, built mostly by the Indians in March 1833. Lincoln had brought on with him five yoke of oxen, and he stayed over winter in his humble cabin, to take care of them. Tucker built his house to live in with his family.

Mr. Tucker was the first mail-carrier, going once a week to Gull Prairie; Slater, the missionary, the postmaster. Tucker commenced carrying the mail and doing errands for pay, January, 1833.

As in the rest of the Grand River Valley, 1834 brought accessions to the settlement: Roswell Britton, Nathaniel

Brown, Eli and Erastus Yeomans; Ransom Sawyer, Richard Moore, Justus C. Rogers, E. T. Walker, Josiah McArthy, Geo. Thompson, Julius C. Abel, Hiram and Luman Jennison; Alvah Wansey.

Let us stop here, and briefly follow these pioneers.

Lincoln soon left, and appears again as a pioneer in the northeast part of the county, where he lived as an eccentric man, and died.

Mr. Howlett is one of the solid men of Grand Haven; looks as though the world had used him well; as though he was at peace with his stomach; and we are in hopes it will be long before "*hic jacet*" shall be on the marble over him.

Stephen Tucker soon left.

Gideon H. Gordon was but a transient resident.

Joseph B. Copeland is still a resident of Grandville; and there long may he flourish.

The Jennisons are still resident, not exactly in Wyoming, but over the line where they are the life and soul of a smart little village, that bears their name.

Wm. R. Godwin was long a leading resident of Wyoming, and after it was set off, *the* leading man of Byron until his death.

Jonathan F. Chubb, after having developed one of the best farms in the region, sold out and removed to Grand Rapids, where he was an efficient business man, and one of the city fathers. He is dead.

Myron Roys, who came on a single man, and long lived an old bachelor, is such no longer, as his grand-children testify; is, in a green old age, still resident in Wyoming; and loves to tell his grand-children of his bach. experience in making biscuits with sweet-milk and saleratus.

Eli and Erastus Yeomans are still resident in the town.

Nathaniel Brown was an active business man; but stayed only a few years.

Geo. Thompson, brother-in-law of Howlett, lived and died a single man at Grand Haven.

Roswell Britton was a man of superior merit; represented Ottawa county in the first State Legislature, 1837. He died June, 1850, aged 63.

Ransom Sawyer, a good citizen, died about 1865.

Richard Moore, a wealthy man, died about 1870.

I. C. Rogers is still resident.

In 1835, were added, Charles H. Oaks, Thomas H. Buxton, Joseph A. Brooks, Manly Patchin, Dwight Rankin, Abraham Bryant.

Charles H. Oakes was a man who figured a good deal. He was an Indian Trader; the first merchant at Grandville, where he built the second house—the one in which Mr. Moody now resides. He was one of the Grandville Company, who projected and platted the city. After a time he left; and has since flourished at St. Paul.

In 1836, Hiram Osgood, Orrey Hill, Charles Wheeler, James Lockwood, Jacob and Charles J. Rogers, Leonard Stoneburner, and —— Fetterman, located in the township.

In 1837–8, came Col. Hathaway, Lewis Moody, Chase Edgerly, James P. Scott, Savoy R. Beals, James McCray, Cyrus Jones, Cyrus Marsh, Horace Wilder, George Ketchum.

McCray first located at Grandville, where, in company with Ketchum, he started the first foundry. It was begun in 1838; but owing to sickness, did not go into operation until 1839. Mr. Wilder was foreman in the furnace, and melted the first iron in the Valley. The furnace was soon removed to Grand Rapids, where McCray was the managing head until his death. Developed, what was the small establishment of Ball and McCray is the large concern of Butterworth and Lowe.

James P. Scott was by nature a man of versatile talent; by culture a scholar of varied attainments, yet lacking the talent of a solid business man, and conscious of that lack, he generally was in other people's employ. In his younger days, he was in the service of the American Fur Company, operating between Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay. He was at one time elected County Clerk and Register of deeds in Ottawa county, which offices he satisfactorily filled. During the war he went with one of the regiments as Quartermaster. While acting in that capacity he shot himself, but whether by design or accident, is not known. James P. Scott was widely known, and was often looked to in an emergency He was sagacious and trusty, and his opinion was valued. Many a worse man has been canonized; many a weaker one more successful, and many a better one less missed, when gone.

As an instance, showing his natural resources: While in the employ of the Fur Company, in the depth of winter, it became manifest that one of the men must have his leg cut off, or he would die. Entirely beyond the reach of surgical aid, the question was—"What is to be done?" It was decided that they must perform the necessary operation, and try, at least, to save the man's life. They pitched upon young Scott, relying on his sagacity more than on that of any other. It was a new thought to him; he had heard of amputations, but of the *modus operandi* he had never had any information. He took a day to reflect on how it should be done, and the result was, an operation skillfully and scientifically done, and a life saved. The only knowledge he had to guide him was, he knew the distinction between veins and arteries. This led him to the tourniquet; the hook for seizing the retracted arteries, and the means of discovering them. With a butcher-knife, a handsaw and a bent needle, he did his work.

Hiram Osgood was a lawyer. Finding little call for law, he kept a tavern—the first in Grandville. He was prosecuting attorney.

Osgood died in 1841, and his family are all dead.

Mr. Ballard was the first preacher, conducting service in the dining-room of the tavern in the fall of 1837. In the summer of 1838, he organized the Congregational church—*the pioneer church* of the denomination in the Valley.

Let us go back a little, until the time when Britton and Brown came in—September, 1834.

There was no house at Grandville but Indian huts; the one log house that had been built, had been burned. Some eight or ten families of Indians centered there, and had a large field of corn. These Indians were under a venerable old chief—As-to-quet—a first-rate, honest Indian. He died of small-pox in the spring of 1840.

A journey from Ann Arbor took ten days. The musketoes were numerous and blood-thirsty; and the ague—the pioneer's curse—was a terror. There was a saw-mill, but no grist-mill. Gideon H. Gordon was building a mill above where the plaster mill now is.

The first grist mill—a run of small stones—was put in Ketchum's saw-mill, in the fall of 1836, and Eli Cossit was the miller. Ketchum put up a flouring mill in 1840. His operations belong rather to Georgetown than to Wyoming.

In 1837, July 4th, the Gov. Mason made its first trip, stopping at Grandville. It was a great day for the people—the 4th of July, and a steamboat! They celebrated the day and the event. For a cannon, they had an old steam-pipe, and they "busted it gloriously." An oration was given by Dr. Scranton, from the wheel-house of the boat. Just as the Doctor had got the "American Eagle" fairly grappled with the British Lion, the captain gave the signal, and the boat started down the river. But must the oration be thus cut short in the midst of its loftiest periods? Tradition is silent. However badly the Doctor might feel, when obliged to close, or spend his eloquence on empty air, the people were jubilant. When all was ended, such as could walk, full of patriotism, went shouting home. The few who could not, sought repose under umbrageous trees.

The winter of 1836–7 was hard on the people here, as well as in the rest of the Valley. They had little to eat, and all had to be packed in from the southern part of the State. Flour was sold for 10 cents a pound, pork for 18¾, and beans were $6 a bushel.

Mr. Wilder asserts that in the spring of '37 he saw a chipmuck gnawing a gravel stone (Mr. W., was it not an acorn?), with a lugubrious countenance, and with tears in its eyes. He killed the forlorn chipmuck, and had him for his supper. He (Wilder) also asserts that he, McCray and his two boys worked a whole day to unearth a woodchuck. They got him, and bore him home in triumph.

The people ate flour that had been sunk in the river—glad to get that. They lived mostly on sturgeon. How they hailed a supply of flour that came down the river on a flat-boat. Still, they complain of no *suffering*, and were happy, which shows how little happiness depends on fortune.

The first wedding in Wyoming, and probably in the Grand River Valley, was that of Sylvester Hills and Harriet Burton, in the winter of 1835–6.

Mr. Wilder says that soon after he came he attended a wedding at Esq. Abel's, where he sold his coat to the groom, and borrowed one for himself to wear as groomsman.

A *pole* boat—the "Cinderella"—was launched at Grandville, in June, 1837. It was a time of jubilee. All were invited, and they went on board—old men and maidens, matrons and boys; had feasting and dancing, and abundant mirth. What would we think now of "launching a pole-boat?" Then such an event was a foretokening of brighter days, when they would live like other people.

The town was organized as Byron, May 2d, 1836. The meeting was at the house of Charles H. Oakes.

First officers: Gideon H. Gordon, Supervisor; Isaac A. Allen, Clerk; G. H. Gordon, Robert Howlett, E. P. Walker, Justices.

It was organized as "Wyoming" (Byron set-off) in 1848, at the house of Dwight Rankin.

Wm. H. Godwin, Supervisor; Joseph Blake, Clerk; Chase Edgerly, Treasurer; E. Yeomans, Roswell Britton, Justices.

The "city" of Grandville was laid out by the Grandville Company, mostly composed of Eastern men, in 1835. The original plat was eighty acres. The East and West Additions were platted in 1836. Lots, to builders, were sold for $25; to others for $100. But few were sold. It soon became manifest that Grandville was not the place for the city; and "lots" became a nuisance—sold for six cent taxes; and there was general languishment. It settled itself down to be a quiet country village, without expectations. The village has lately received quite an impulse. Extensive plaster works have been set in operation, and some manufacturing, for which its facilities are good. These have given a new impulse; and the place is rapidly improving. They know what is the basis on which they must rest—gypsum and manufactures. As these interests are developed, the place will grow; and it already shows the beginning of its future.

Grandville, and the rural district around it, organized themselves into a school district, and erected a building for a Union School in 1867. This school-house has been much admired for its beautiful architectural proportions, and as doing honor to the public spirit of the people. At the time it was built, it was the finest school-house in the county. This school is the crowning honor of the place, and the house is the most conspicuous object there. The school has been well sustained, notwithstanding a protracted law-suit that grew out of its organization. That, happily, is ended, and the people are happy in having first-rate facilities for the education of the young.

Grandville has two churches—the Congregational and the Methodist.

The Congregational, as before intimated, is the pioneer church in the Grand River region. It was organized by Mr. Ballard, in 1838. In 1855, they erected for themselves a snug place of worship, and the church is in a prosperous condition.

The Methodists have maintained an organization for many years, generally holding their meetings in the school-house. In 1873, they completed their church, which had been begun some years before.

The town of Wyoming has long been noted for its immense beds of gypsum, and the business in that line, which has been carried on there. That interest will be more fully noticed in an article by itself.

We will take our leave of Wyoming by telling a "little story" of Jemmy O'Neil, the mail-carrier. With the mail on his back, or in his hat, he was cheerily trudging through the woods, whistling as he went, when an owl before him sung out: "Whoo-o-o, Who-o-o." Jemmy answered: "I am Jemmy O'Neil, and I carry the mail."

KENT COUNTY HISTORY.

The legislative abstract that accompanies will give, in substance, the history of the county. The records of the county were destroyed by a fire, in 1860, which renders it next to impossible to give a full county history. By that fire, the books of the County Clerk and those belonging to the office of Register of Deeds were mostly destroyed. The building, which at the time of the fire was occupied by the county offices, was at the junction of Lyon and Canal streets, on the south side.

The Register of Deeds, Mr. Scranton, had for his own convenience made an abstract of all the titles in the county. That book was saved, and a few volumes of titles.

The act of 1861 was to give people, whose records were burned and who had not their original deeds, a chance to establish their ownership. A special court for that purpose was created. Little was done under that act. There was a general re-recording of titles. The county afterwards purchased those abstracts of Mr. Scranton, and the Act of '65 was passed, making them *prima facie* evidence—equivalent to recorded deeds. It is not known that the title of any one was vitiated by the burning of the records.

It will be perceived that, in 1837, the county was authorized to borrow money to build a court-house. The county, under the authorization, built a court-house, on what is known as the "Park," or "Court-House Square." It was of wood, and was considered a beautiful building. It stood but a few years, and was burned. A plain building for temporary purposes was erected afterwards, which was used as a court-house and high school. In 1848, this was abandoned, moved off, and used as a blacksmith shop; and the county has ever since hired rooms in private buildings for the use of the court. Soon after the fire, or in 1861, the fire-proof building was erected for the county offices. An addition was built to it in 1874.

The jail was a temporary affair until 1870, when the present building—the "Sinners' Palace"—was erected on what *was* the "Island." Before that, prisoners were not treated with the respect due to crime and misdemeanor. At first, a cellar on Canal street was their ignoble abode. Afterwards, a wooden building on the West side, without even the pretense of architectural display, was all the county afforded for the accommodation and entertainment of those who, perforce, were its guests.

Finally, that class has been fairly, yes, chivalrously dealt with; and one can go to jail and feel his dignity as a gentleman not imposed upon. He is assigned his room in a palace, and can enjoy his "*otium cum dignitate*," living like a nabob at the county's expense.

The business in Kent county, and all east, was necessarily done on the Grand River, above Grand Rapids, by pole boats, and below by steamers. For several years a small class of steamboats plied on the river, from the head of the rapids to Lyons. But all freight must necessarily be carted at the rapids about two miles. Although the people at the Rapids were willing that everything should pay tribute there, those living above did not fancy the idea. The project was conceived of a canal and locks around the rapids. The State met the petition with favor, and made a liberal appropriation. The contract to make the necessary dam, dig the canal, and build the locks, was taken by an energetic and honorable man —James Davis. He was allowed at first to select his lands, which he did, where he knew the Hollanders would purchase. He went on with the work, built the dam, and dug the canal to the point where the locks were to be; in the main, borrowing the means to do the work.

Here comes in a transaction, or series of them, which probably adds nothing to the fair fame of the State of Michigan. After Mr. Davis had selected his lands, and had gone to work, an act was passed, or decision made, that Mr. D. could not himself sell those lands, but that they must be sold as State lands, and the *proceeds* paid to him. They *were* sold to the Hollanders and paid for in gold. When the time came for Mr. D. to receive pay for what he had done, he went for his gold, which he knew had been paid into the treasury, and they would not give him anything but State land warrants, on which he could locate new lands. Mr. Davis was financially ruined, and the work was stopped. The whole had resulted in a great improvement of the water-power at Grand Rapids, at Mr. Davis' and the State's expense.

The prospect of a railroad, which would supersede the up-river navigation, and the ultimate making of the road, caused the project of locking past the rapids to be given up, and the remainder of the appropriation was applied to improving the river in the interest of the lumbermen, which was the object of the act of 1855. It will be observed when the water is low that there is over the rapids a channel deeper than the rest. That was made in the rock by W. D. Foster and others, and paid for by the State appropriation.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Sheriff—Solomon Withey, 1836, Eaton; Leonard Snyder, Norton; D. S. Weller; Sluman S. Bailey, 1860; William Thornton, 1864; Sluman S. Bailey, 1866; Jesse Wykoff, 1868; Isaac Haynes, 1872.

Judge of Probate—Jefferson Morrison, 1836; Arnett Davis, 1845; S. L. Withey; Robert Sinclair, 1856; William A. Robinson, 1860; Benjamin A. Harlan, 1864; Cyrus Perkins, 1876.

County Clerk—Peter R. L. Pierce; Daniel McNaughton, 1868; Hobart H. Chipman, 1872.

Register of Deeds—Luther Beebe, John M. Fox, John R. Stewart, William G. Beckwith, 1866; Simeon Hunt, 1872.

Treasurer—Hiram Hinsdill, 1836; Aaron Dikeman, Solomon Kingsbury, Nelson Robinson, Thompson I. Daniels; George Young, 1866; Henry Bremer, 1872.

Prosecuting Attorney—Thomas B. Church; Thaddeus Foote; E. G. D. Holden, 1862; Byron D. Ball, 1866; Andrew Rieves, 1868; Edwin A. Burlingham, 1872.

Circuit Court Commissioners—Eben Smith, 1860 and '62; Henry Thompson, 1864; John D. Edmonds, 1864; John D. Edmonds, 1864; Eben Smith, 1866–68; George N. White, 1866; O. H. Simonds, 1868 and '70; James B. Wilson, 1870 and '72 and '74; Laurens W. Wolcott, 1872.

Surveyor—John F. Tinkham, 1860; Ed. L. Briggs, 1862; Riley Smith, 1866; Robert S. Jackson, 1870; Door Skeels, 1874.

County Judge—Dewitt C. Lawrence, —— Martin, Leonard Bement.

Representatives—James W. Ransom, Samuel W. Garfield, Ed. L. Briggs, E. C. Watkins, 1874.

School Superintendents—Chester C. Bricknell, 1867; Henry B. Fallass, 1862; Geo. A. Ranney, 1873. Held until the abolition of the office in 1874–5.

Represented in Congress by—Francis W. Kellog, 1860; Thomas W. Ferry, 1864; Wilder D. Foster, 1871; William B. Williams, 1873.

Ferry was promoted to the Senate, and Foster was elected to serve his unexpired term.

Foster was re-elected, but died, and Williams was elected in his place.

Drain Commissioners—John F. Tinkham, 1869; Robert S. Jackson, 1871.

Constitutional Convention—Thomas B. Church, Thomas W. Ferry. Representing Kent and Ottawa—Jacob Ferris, S. L. Withey, Lyman Murray, Milton C. Watkins, 1867.

THE INDIAN.

INDIAN CHARACTER.

It is customary to think of the Indians as a race naturally inferior, and to suppose that in character they assimilate to the wild beast. Those who have been in intimate association with the Indians of Michigan, almost uniformly speak of them with respect, as intellectual, honorable, kind and manly. They have not been improved, but degraded, by their intercourse with the whites.

By nature and habit the proudest people on earth, they have been humiliated. When you have humbled a people, or a person, you are not to look for manliness. Humility is a good element in a slave, but not in a man.

The Indians have *felt* the superiority of the arts and civilization of the whites, and thus have learned to look on themselves as inferior. We have showed them by our bearing that we looked on them as Indians, and not as men, and have thus aided to humble them. Humbled, they have not emulated the dignity and culture of the civilized; but have fallen in with the lowest habits of the whites. Those who really wished to do them good have helped to lower their pride, and have involuntarily contributed to their degradation. The missionaries, who, with devoted zeal, labored among them, learned them to despise themselves—*as Indians;* and their well-intended efforts resulted in lowering Indian character. The Indian is *educated,* and thoroughly, too, for life in the wilds. It is useless to attempt to show them that all this education is not manly; to seek to have them abandon that as their dependence. The tilling of the earth, the arts and civilized culture should be superadded, not made to supersede the arts and wisdom of the Indian. Hunting is the Indian's trade. Some of the missionaries have discouraged that, and they became idle and loaferish. It takes the Indian a long time to acquire the habit of *constant* labor that civilization requires. You may make him work a day, or a week, but he has no relish for steady work. It is best to encourage him to hunt. It is easy to convert the Indian to nominal Christianity; they have no strongly rooted religion to break up, and readily give in their acquiescence to the religion taught them. The missionaries have been flattered with their success, when they have adopted their faith and worship, seemingly thinking that was all that was desirable. Generally, the result was not good. The Catholics have been more successful in missionary efforts than the Protestants. They have allowed their converts to be Indians: and have, without breaking up Indian habits, engrafted *on* the habits of the white man. By so doing, they have improved the people of their missions. Protestants have too much spent their strength in making converts, and have failed to improve.

It is well known that the French are the only people who had the Indian confidence. The reason of it is very simple: the French recognized their manhood; assimilated themselves to Indian habits; took wives from among them; and entered into their feelings and sympathies. The Indians have ever had confidence in the French and have been jealous of others. Why? We Yankees have let them know that we felt above them; despised their habits and arts. The consequence has been natural. They have done just as you or I would have done—refused to be instructed by those who have no sympathy. The Indian, when you come to his cabin and turn up your nose at what you see, feels much as I do when some purse-proud fool scans my humble dwelling. The Catholic missionaries have given the Indians their sympathy; not their *pity* and *contempt;* and through this have been influential; and through Christianity, they have made civilizing influences efficient. They relied on *conversion* as a means and not an end. At the Catholic missions, the Indians hunt in the hunting season; and they also cultivate the earth, and work at mechanic trades. They are Indians with civilized habits as an addition, not a substitute. Their children may fully take their place beside the white man.

Indian character and habits have been much misunderstood and misrepresented. 'Tis true they are vindictive, and will have their revenge. So are we; and we just as perseveringly seek our revenge. We seek it in the law, by bringing down the vengeance of the State upon the one who has injured us: they are a law to themselves, and seek their own redress. As enemies, they are fiends. When they have dug up the hatchet, it is an act of religion to carry terror in any shape to their foe. But as friends they are true and honorable. You enter a strange Indian's cabin and lie down to rest; you are safe; and your property is safe if you trust it to his hand. Never doubt him, and he will not fail you. Pilfering was not of their vices. The early traders testify that goods left exposed were safe; that the Indian was honorable in paying his debts; that there was no skulking or chicanery among them.

The way of collecting debts of them was a little peculiar, and we should not like it. The creditor, if he saw any furs or peltry, took them, and gave credit for their value. He did not say "By your leave, sir," but attached and carried off. By Indian custom it was all right.

The Indians were industrious in their way. The men and women divided the labor among them, and each knew their own work and did it. The division line was not exactly where we place it, but the principle was the same. There was men's work and women's work. Hunting, fishing and raising corn, were their means of living. The Indians did not hunt as sportsmen, or fish with the spirit of Walton. When the game was brought home, it was the squaws' business to dress and cook it. They also did the drudgery about the camp; and despised the man who would help about such work. They also raised the corn. The man was the *hunter* and the *warrior;* and his standing among them depended on his character as such. The chase was his labor; and success in it was his pride. That the squaw was the slave, is just as true as that the white woman is the slave of her husband. True, she had her hard work, and so had he. She acknowledged her husband as her head; and was proud of her devotion to him, just as some white women do and feel. And it may be further said, they were loyal to their husbands.

The Indian is as much a domestic man as any in the world; and he as fondly cherishes his wife and children. Indian stoicism and Indian pride have caused their family relations to be misunderstood. The truth is, their customs rigidly divides the duties of the sexes; and either party resents an interference. On their journeys, the squaws are seen carrying loads; the men not. Should a man take the load, all the squaws would hoot and despise him. It might also have been observed that if they had but one pony, the squaw rode, and the man went on foot; which certainly looks as though there was some gallantry.

The character of the Indian has not been improved by his intercourse with the whites. Whisky seems to be perfectly natural to him, and the trouble is, he never knows when he has got enough. To get it, he will sacrifice anything, go to any distance, or submit to any humiliation. As a consequence of this succumbing to the vices of the whites, they have in a great degree lost the manly simplicity of their character, and are dying off. The wiser ones among them are reading their doom—they must adopt the higher civilization or die. Some are doing that, while too many are sinking into that nothingness which is the prelude to extinction.

The Indian, as such, cannot much longer exist, He must be civilized or die. The earth was made to *cultivate*, and not for a hunting range. The Indians must cultivate the earth, or cease to exist. It is indeed hard, but moralize upon it as we may, the world will never acknowledge those who rove over a country as its owners, nor will it allow weak nomads to occupy lands capable of sustaining a dense population.

While we assume possession of the lands the Indian called his own, and doom him to live within narrow bounds or die, let us do justice to the Indian of the past, and give a chance to the Indian of the future. Our State kindly deals with them, and opens to them every avenue to wealth or honor. But it is not to him as a savage, but as a civilized man. The savages are disappearing; have disappeared. What is left of the once proud tribes is dividing itself between civilization and death. We fear that death will get more than its share. But we cannot allow 5,000 acres to a man. The world must be held by those who will use it.

INDIANS OF SOUTHERN MICHIGAN.

The information in the following article was obtained mostly from a gentleman who spent his early years among the Indians—was educated with them in the mission school, and who afterwards was a trader among them. He chooses that his name shall not be given.

The southern part of this State, and the northern part of Indiana and Illinois were occupied by the Pottawatomies, a more warlike tribe than the Ottawas and Chippewas, who lived north of them. They roamed over that part of the State south of the Central Railroad. Though there was no definite line between them and the Ottawas, yet by general consent each observed a line, beyond which the claim of the other was acknowledged. Near the mouth of the St. Joseph River was a band of four or five hundred, whose chief was Opekagun—a smart intelligent man—tall, straight and good looking, as indeed an Indian chief is likely to be; physical manliness being what leads to that position. There was another band of about 100, six miles below Niles, whose chief, Cogga-moccasin (Porcupine Shoe), was in the battle of Tippecanoe with Tecumseh, where he was wounded and left for dead. He lay for three days after the battle in a marsh. The old fellow lived, however, and afterwards, when drunk, would show his scars, and tell of the battle, but would say nothing of them when sober. The head chief of the whole was Chebas, whose residence was at the head-waters of the Wabash. A chief of high standing, called Wizzoo, lived at Niles. Their other chiefs were Logaman and Pogagun.

Indian character is nearly the same at all places, where not spoiled by the white man. The Pottawatomies at the time (1825), were in full possession; and the few whites who resided amongst them, were entirely subordinate, and found it expedient to let the Indians have their own way. If an Indian wanted anything, he would take it openly, and pay for it afterwards, if he could; if not, you had only to send in your bill at the payment, and it would be duly honored by the chiefs. They were in turn hospitable and accommodating. If you wanted anything of theirs, it was yours. They would do anything to help a white family in need—hunt for them, and bring them game, when they had nothing at home. Goods might be left by the traders on the bank of the river for a month, or exposed in an open field, with perfect safety. They never thought of stealing from one another, and no care was taken to protect their property. They lived without law or lawyers. Murder was avenged by the relatives of the slain, or settled with the murderer. When the relatives were satisfied, the clan would not interfere. An instance of this kind occurred under the cognizance of our informant, about four miles from Niles. Old Black Wolf was killed there by an Indian; his squaw came up to the murderer, saying: "See here, my brother, you don't want to kill *me*, do you?" He answered, "No, I don't hurt a woman." She then invited him to go to a trader, at some distance, and get whisky, and they would settle the affair; he consented. Before starting, she told him it would look as though he wanted to hurt her, if he carried his club, and enticed him to let her carry it. They proceeded amicably, chatting as they went, she leading the way. At length, having thrown him entirely off his guard, she suddenly turned upon him, and killed him with his own club. That ended the matter; all were satisfied.

The Sacs and Foxes were a terror to them. Those Indians received a tribute from Great Britain, and went to Canada for it; they went four hundred miles to get about $4 apiece. They were very vexatious to the Pottawatomies when passing through the country. Our government finally prohibited their going for this tribute:

By treaty stipulations the Pottawatomies were forced to go west of the Mississippi. They were sent off, but would come back. Gen. Scott was baffled by them. The treaty and laws were hard on the Indians. They could not stay and be citizens. Some had farms with improvements, but they *must go.* They would not go, however; catch them and they would escape. Gen. Scott, baffled in his endeavors, got an Indian trader by the name of Coquilard to induce them to remain where sent. He succeeded, in the main, and made a fortune by the operation. Some did not go; but lived about in scattered bands, scarce coalescing with the other Indians, and with no bond of union among themselves.

A large Mission School was established at Niles, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. McCoy. The Mission took and supported all that offered; and at one time had 300 scholars. The writer has availed himself of every possible source of information, to ascertain the effect of these Missions; and all testimony is to this point—that their result was evil, and nothing else. There was no place in the world for the *educated* Indian. Civilization offered them no place; and, unskilled in Indian arts, they were despised by the Indians; and without the means of living, they became outcasts. They were not received as associates by the whites; Indian habits were broken up, and the simplicity of Indian character. They were themselves too proud to return to Indian life; and company and fellow of neither white man or Indian, what could they do? What they *did* do was to sink into vice and degradation. Lazy and dishonest, no confidence could be placed in them. It is impossible for one to be a *man* unless sustained; and what was there to sustain the educated Indian? Too proud to be an Indian, and despised by them in turn, and uncountenanced by the whites, what could they do? *Now* the Indian has a chance to be a man among men; *then* he had not. The school at Niles was admirably conducted, and the teachers were zealous; but missionary and teacher were ashamed of their pupils, soon after they left the school. There was scarce an exception to the general rule—*no good came of it.* They tried to make civilized men and women of those who could have no place among the civilized, and none among the savage. There is such a thing as beginning a good work at the wrong end. Agriculture and the arts should precede literature and science; and those should precede or accompany theology. Missionary zeal generally begins with theology,and wofully fails; not from lack of good intentions, but from lack of wisdom.

INDIANS, AS FOUND BY THE EARLY TRADERS.

From the earliest times there has been a class of men who have made a business of trading with the Indians for furs and peltries. They were generally locomotive, but would temporarily occupy *stations* or *trading posts.* Very early in the history of America, Michigan was penetrated by the Canadian French; and the two posts, Detroit and Mackinaw, were their centers of operations. Of those who, in pursuit of fur, penetrated to the Grand River Valley, we know nothing; and there is no reason why we should care to know. They left behind no monumental traces of their history. They got what they wanted, and departed with their gains.

The business of trading with the Indians was not open, and could only be carried on under a license from the United States.

The position of the trader was a peculiar one; and he must necessarily be the friend and benefactor of the Indians. The Indians were the lords of the territory, and would allow no white man to remain among them, unless he had their confidence. The United States also exercised a supervision over intercourse with them; and would permit no one to do business with them as a trader, without giving bonds to follow the rules laid down by the Government, and taking an oath to abide by those rules. The trader was also to have a license from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs. This license was liable to be revoked on complaint of the Indians, or of anybody else. The Government would protect no unlicensed trader, either in his person or his property, and would protect no licensed trader unless he complied with the rules laid down for his guidance. Here is a copy of the "Instructions" received:

Instructions to Louis Campau, this day licensed to trade with the Indian nation at ———

1. Your trade will be confined to the place to which you are licensed.
2. Your transactions with the Indians will be confined to fair and friendly trade.
3. You will attend no Councils held by the Indians, nor send them any talk or speech, accompanied by wampum.
4. You are forbidden to take any spirituous liquors of any kind into the Indian country; or to give, sell or dispose of any to the Indians.

5. Should any person attempt to trade in the Indian country without a license; or should any licensed traders carry any spirituous liquors into the Indian country; or give, sell or dispose of any to the Indians, the Indians are authorized to seize and take to their own use the goods of such traders; and the owner shall have no claim on the Indians or the United States for the same.

6. Should you learn that there is any person in the Indian country, trading without a license, you will immediately report the name of such person, and the place where he is trading, to some Indian agent.

7. The substance of the 5th regulation you will communicate to the Indians.

8. You will take all proper occasions to inculcate upon the Indians the necessity of peace; and to state to them that it is the wish of their Great Father, the President, to live in harmony with them; and that they must shut their ears to any wild stories there may be in circulation.

Given under my hand, at the city of Detroit, this, 15th day of November, 1822.

William Woodbridge, Secretary,

and at present vested with the powers of Superintendent of Indian Affairs therein.

With his license and his goods the trader repaired to the place where he was authorized to do business. By the way, his license was not general, but confined him to a specific location. Every subdivision of his business, and every subtrader must have a license.

On his arrival, a council of Indians would decide whether he might remain and be their trader. If displeased with him, they drove him away. If they chose to have him remain, they gave him substantial tokens of their good will; and would stand by him; at the same time they expected that he will stand by them.

Many of the traders, to increase the confidence of the Indians, would take an Indian wife, and thus seal the proof of their kindly sympathy. Indeed the Indians *demanded* this proof. The alliances thus formed were generallly for one hundred moons, when, according to the Indian usage, the wife might be let go.

As a general thing mutual confidence and respect existed between the traders and the Indians.

The 4th of the above instructions was never strictly observed. By the connivance of the authorities, three times in the year, on occasion of the Indian festivals, liquor was furnished them for a general carouse. These bacchanalian events were under the care of the traders themselves. At those times the Indians would have the liquor, and would go for it hundreds of miles, rather than not have it. It was judged expedient to permit the traders to furnish it for them. The trader provided them a house for their revel, and guarded them by his employes; and every care was taken that they should not hurt one another, or be injured when too drunk to take care of themselves. The jollification over, the gate was shut down.

They had a way of avoiding the license at the trading stations, by supplying a trusty Indian or squaw with goods to be sold to their band. This was financially safe. Goods to the amount of $1,000, were often thus entrusted to an Indian. The goods were mostly sold on credit, to be paid for when they returned from their hunting expedition. These private credits were often $100 or more. It would not do not to trust them; there *must* be confidence.

All accounts concur in stating that Indian honor is not now what it once was. They have been cheated, and have learned to be as big rascals as any of their white neighbors; and they are charily trusted.

There is a strong bond of sympathy between the old Indian Traders; and they are very jealous of the honor of their profession. The wild, half-civilized life they led, away from all sympathy, excepting that of the savages and each other, rendered them a fraternity, strongly bound together. The nature of their intercourse with the Indians was such as would show them the best side of Indian character, and strongly attach them to the race. The French traders, as a general thing are warmly attached to the Indians; and have little of the American prejudice. They wounded not the Indian's pride; but met him as a fellow-man. It was woe to the Indian when the American met him in indiscriminate trade.

In 1825, Rix Robinson, and in 1827, Louis Campau located themselves as Indian Traders. Robinson's principal station was at Ada. Campau brought on about $5,000 worth of goods; and commenced business on the west side of the river at the Mission Station, where Mr. Slater was endeavoring to Christianize and educate the sons of the forest. This Mission had its history.

There were, on the west side some 500 Indians, under the chiefs Nonoquahezich (Noon Day), and his son-in-law Mixicinny (called "Young Chief"). Four miles south, on what is known as the "Bemis Farm," Makcottiooski (Black Skin) had a village, numbering some 300. There was another village at Battle Point, whose chief was Onamontapay (Old Rock). The other villages of the Valley were the clan of Mocottiquahquosh (Old Hog), at German Flats, on the Maple River, numbering 800; the second chief was Moccattiocquit (Black Cloud) and the clan of Kewicoosheum (Long Nose), at the mouth of Flat River, where Cobmoosa was second chief.

The chiefs of these clans controlled all the Indians in the Valley. In the war of 1812, they were all engaged on the side of Great Britain. It was the boast of Black Skin that he was the first to apply the torch to the village of Buffalo. He died in 1868, in extreme old age. Noon Day moved off with the "Slater Indians," to the vicinity of Gull Prairie, where he died about 1840, supposed to be 100 years old. He was a man very much esteemed by the whites; was generous and noble.

The Indians of that time were a proud, high-spirited race; rich, and made great display of their wealth. Their chiefs, almost without exception, were high-souled men.

These bands have mostly removed to the reservations in Oceana county. The aforementioned chiefs are probably all dead; most of them dying before going to the reservations. In 1846, old Moccottiocquit made his last visit to Grand Rapids. He was brought there at the time of the Indian payment, in the last stages of marasmus—a poor, pitiable object, without the least gleaming of intellect, and was carried back to die. He was then a noble wreck, with majesty in the skeleton look of his magnificent frame. By the people along Maple River he is remembered with much honor, as one of God's noblemen.

FLAT RIVER INDIANS.

About 300 or 400 Indians centered at the mouth of the Flat River. Their last chief there was Shogwogeno, a young man. Cobmoosa was a sub-chief, as was also Wobwindego, the father of the chief. Cobmoosa was an old man of most majestic appearance. His manner of walking gave him his name—"The Grand Walk." He had a Mormon supply of wives—no less than six, three of whom were Wobwindego's daughters. Wobwindego was the chief until he gave place to his son Shogwogeno. He had three other sons—Aishkibegosh, Acongo and Wabesis. The last was a son by adoption. His history and fate are elsewhere given.

When the Indians moved to their reservation at Penwater, Cobmoosa at first stayed behind. He could not leave the graves of his forefathers, and the scenes of his early days. To the last he remained an Indian, living in a wigwam, though rich; and dressing and living in Indian style. Though most of the others in some degree adopted the dress and style of the whites, he presisted in his old habits. He said to Mr. Campau: "I am an Indian; and can be nothing else. I wish my people and my children to be civilized. I know your ways are superior to ours, and that my people must adopt them or die. But I cannot change. The young can adopt new ways; the old cannot. I shall soon pass away, living and dying an Indian. You can bend the young tree, but not the old oak." But, bent and broken by age, he did at last go with his people, and died very old at Pentwater, in 1872.

Cobmoosa was a man of mark. He was not so amiable or respected as some of the other chiefs; he owed his position among them mostly to his majestic mien and his eloquence. His personal bearing was majestic, and before age had bowed him down he walked the earth as a king. The writer first saw him at the Indian payment, at Grand Rapids in the fall of 1846. He was then tastefully dressed in Indian style, and seemed proud that he was an Indian. But each passing year took away from his kingly bearing, and soon Cobmoosâ was but a bowed and shuffling old man, who, when last seen, had so far humbled his Indian pride as to wear a white man's coat, and he walked the streets of Grand Rapids as an old white man does, whom death has neglected.

The lingering behind of old Cobmoosa gave rise to the following, which was published in one of the Grand Rapids papers:

COBMOOSA'S LAMENT.

My step is the tread of a warrior no more;
The days of my pride and my glory are o'er;
No more shall I follow the foeman's track;
No more shall the war-chief welcome me back;
My bow, my nerves, and my heart are unstrung;
My death-song alone remains to be sung.
The braves of my clan have sunk to their rest;
Their children are gone to the north and the west;
The forests have fallen, the land is sold;
Our birthright is gone for the Christian's gold,
And manhood has passed from the Indian's brow,
Since he gave the soil to the white man's plow.
The lord of the forest is lord no more;
The pride of his manly soul is o'er.
The fields, where he won his youthful fame,
On the track of the foe, or in quest of game,
Are his no more.

Unmanned he goes
To brood over the Indian's doom and woes;
His doom he sees in the towering halls,
His doom he reads, as the forest falls,
His doom he hears in the Sabbath chime,
His doom he reads in the march of time;
Will it shame thy heart, proud white man, say,
To shed a tear as we pass away?

As for me, I go not where my kindred have gone;
By the grave of my father I'll linger alone.
The oak may be rent by the lightning of heaven;
The storm-wind may bow it, its stem may be riven;
But with trunk sere and blasted, and shorn of its bays,
Still grasping the earth, it proudly decays.
As a son of the forest I lived in my pride;
As sons of the forest my forefathers died.
'Till I go to the land where the bright waters shine,
I'll live by their graves, and their grave shall be mine;
I linger not long, my nerves are unstrung,
My death song is ready, it soon will be sung.

HOLLAND BAND.

Near Holland was a band of about 300, under Wakazoo, who was recognized as chief by the Indians and by the U. S. government. These Indians made some advances in civilization; used oxen, carts, plows, etc.; learned to use the ax; had a church, made of lumber picked up on the lake shore. To some extent they adopted the dress and customs of the whites; raised corn, potatoes and squashes. A few learned to read. They had some log houses, which they used mostly for storage, generally living in the common Indian wigwams. Isaac Fairbanks, who now is a justice of peace in Holland, was the government farmer among them.

Mr. F. represents the Indians as peaceable, friendly and honest; to the last degree hospitable and courteous to strangers; not only willing to share with others, but to give up all in their generous hospitality. He represents the chief, Wakazoo, as a native nobleman; talented, sagacious and manly. He was morally a good man; generally temperate, but, towards the last, a drinker. Drinking caused his death. He was of medium size, with strongly marked Indian features; of commanding presence; a fine orator, and noble fellow. He was very old.

Maxsauba was also a leader; claimed to be a chief; was talented, but not so amiable.

The Indian farms were about three miles southeast from Holland.

In 1848, the Mission was moved to Grand Traverse. A few remained behind. The missionary teacher was Geo. N. Smith, now of Northport, Grand Traverse.

CHIPPEWA MYTHOLOGY.

The following is extracted from the writings of Thomas L. McKinney, who, as United States Commissioner, was sent, in conjunction with Gen. Cass, to negotiate a treaty with the Chippawas of Michigan, August, 1826.

It is proper to premise, that the Mrs. Johnson referred to as narrating the legend, was the wife of Mr. Johnson, an Irishman, who, traveling by Lake Superior, became enamored with the daughter of the famous chief, "Wabajick;" afterwards married her, and spent his life educating his family—a family spoken of in the highest terms by all who knew them. Of this Mrs. Johnson, Mr. McKinney speaks in the following terms of high appreciation:

Mrs. Johnson is a genuine Chippewa, without the smallest admixture of white blood. She is tall and large, but uncommonly active and cheerful. She dresses nearly in the custom of her nation. Her hair is black; her eyes are black and expressive, and pretty well marked, according to phrenologists, with the development of language. Her face, taken altogether, denotes a vigorous intellect and great firmness of character; and needs only to be seen, to satisfy a tyro in physiognomy, that she required only the advantages of education and society, to have placed her on the level with the most distinguished of her sex. As it is, she is a prodigy. As a wife, she is devoted to her husband; as a mother, tender and affectionate; as a friend, faithful. She manages her domestic concerns in a way that might afford lessons to the better instructed. They are rarely exceeded anywhere; whilst she vies with her generous husband in his hospitality to strangers. She understands, but will not speak English. As to influence, there is no chief in the Chippewa nation, who exercises it, when it is necessary for her so to do, with equal success. Gen. Cass acknowledges his deep obligation to her in 1820, for, at a critical time in the negotiation, when the prospect was that all would fail, interposing her influence, and by her pursuasive reasonings with the Indians, saving the treaty. She has never been known, in a single instance, to council her people but in accordance with her convictions of what was best for them, and never in opposition to the government. Her Indian name is "Oshan-guscoday-way-gua."

She was the mother of Mrs. Schoolcraft, and Mrs. Oaks. Her picture, attested by Mrs. T. D. Gilbert, who knew her well, as being life-like and true to the original, is now before the writer. It evidences mental and moral dignity and greatness. But to our Indian story.

She was asked by McKinney to give him some of the traditions of her people, and she, in Chippewa, with great spirit, gave him the following, which was translated by her husband and daughter:

"A man from the North, gray-headed, and leaning on his staff, went roving over all countries and climes. Looking round him one day, after having traveled, without intermission, for four moons, he sought a spot on which to recline and rest himself. He had not been long seated before he saw before him a young man, very beautiful in exterior, with rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and his head crowned with flowers, and from between his lips he blew a breath as sweet as the wild mountain rose. Said the old man to him as he leaned upon his staff, his beard reaching low down upon his breast, 'Let us repose here awhile, and converse a little. But first we will build a fire, and and we will bring together much wood, for it will be needed to keep us warm.' The fire was made, and each took his seat by it, and began to converse—each telling the other where he came from, and what had befallen him on the way, Presently the young man felt cold. He looked round him to see what had produced the change, and pressed his hands against his cheeks to keep them warm. At this moment the old man spoke, and said: 'When I wish to cross a river, I blow upon it and make it hard and walk over on its surface. I have only to speak and bid the waters be still, and touch them with my finger, and they become hard as stone. The tread of my foot makes soft things hard, and my power is boundless.'

"The young man, feeling still colder, and growing tired of the old man's boasting, and morning being nigh, as seen by the rosy tints in the east, said: 'Now, my friend, I wish to speak.' 'Speak,' said the old man, 'My ear, though it be old, is open, it can hear.' 'I go,' said the young man, 'over all the earth, too. I have seen it covered with snow, and the waters I have seen hard; but I have only passed over them and the snow has melted, the mountain rivulets have begun to run, and rivers to move, and the ice to melt. The earth has become green under my tread; the flowers blossomed, the birds were joyful, and all that you have referred to as produced by your power, has vanished.'

"The old man fetched a deep sigh; and, shaking his head, said: 'I know thee—thou art Spring.' 'True,' said the young man, 'and here behold my head; see it crowned with flowers; and my cheeks, how they bloom. Come, near, and touch me. Thou,' exclaimed the young man, 'art Winter. I know thy power is great, but thou darest not come to my country. Thy beard would fall off, all thy strength would fail, and thou wouldst die.' The old man felt the truth of the remark, and before the morning was fully come he was seen vanishing away! But each, before they parted, expressed the wish that they might meet again."

"My wife," said Johnson, having told you a Chippewa allegory, I will tell you first a tale of generous heroism, and then one of superstition." So he began:

"The following story I got from Gitche-gansine. Gitche-gansine was a distinguished warrior. After a great battle with the Sioux, a few skulkers took off the bodies of some of the slain, and made soup of them. Gitche-gansine, passing by at the time, they said unto him, "Are you brave enough to partake of our mess, and assist us in eating the bodies of the slain?" 'No,' said he, I *killed* them, but only men base *like you*, can eat them.'

"Some years afterward, Gitche-gansine fell sick, and, all supposed, died. His wife, contrary to Indian custom, instead of burying him the same day, kept his corpse four days, insisting that he was not dead; but nevertheless, tied the bag to his back, which it is usual to bury with the dead, and in which supplies are put. On the fourth day, she put her hand to his breast and felt it rise; and soon after discovered that he was not dead. Shortly after, Gitche-gansine opened his eyes and spoke, saying, O, but I have slept long! I have had a strange dream! It immediately occurred to his wife that she had not, as is the custom of this people, put by his side his kettle and the various other things that are usually put by the side of the deceased, to assist him in getting a support in the land of souls. The thought had but just passed when he continued and said:—"Why did you not place my kettle and my bows and arrows beside me? Now I know the reason why I have come back. I have said I have had a strange dream. I was going along the paths the spirits tread, and it was smooth. I saw many people traveling along this path, and of various descriptions, and all carrying burdens of various kinds. I saw many lodges, and in them the drums were beating; and there was dancing in them all; but nobody invited me to join the dance. Every person who spoke to me, asked, 'Where are you going?' 'Why do you return?' I also saw much game; many deer and elk, etc., and feeling for my arrows, and finding I had none, I determined on returning. I saw a woman; 'You need not return' said she; 'here is a kettle; and here,' said another, 'is a gun.' I took them, but still determined to return, because those were not my own. As I arrived near my own lodge, I found myself on the borders of a fiery plain. I examined it. It was a circle of fire and my own lodge was in the middle of the circle. I asked myself how am I to cross this fire? I resolved to try; when, making a strong exertion, I leaped through the flames and found it was a dream."

FROM MCKINNEY'S LETTERS.

The introductory paragraph is to show the Indian idea of malicious *spells*. It is to be premised that McKinney had become much interested in an Indian girl, who was blind and paralytic.

"At this moment her mother spoke and said, it was an Indian who had done that. 'How?' I asked. 'He put a spell upon her,' she answered. 'For what?' She said she did not know. I had the same question put to her father, who had that moment come in. He answered by saying that the Indian wished to marry her, and she did not favor his application; and he supposed it was for that he put the spell upon her. I asked the father, through the interpreter, who made the world? and got for answer the following story:

"It was made by Nanibojou. Nanibojou and two wolves went out hunting. After the first day's hunt, one of the wolves parted from them, and went to the left, and the other continued with Nanibojou, and Nanibojou adopted him for his son. Nanibijou, knowing that there were devils living in the lake, he and his son went to war with them, and destroyed all the devils that lived in one lake; then pursued their way hunting; but every deer and wolf they started and gave chase to, would run into another of the lakes. One day the wolf chased a deer. It ran upon the ice in the lake. The wolf pursued it; the ice broke at the moment the wolf had caught the deer, and both fell in. The devils caught both the wolf and the deer, and devoured them. Then Nanibojou went up and down the lake shore, crying; when a loon in the lake heard Nanibojou crying, and called to him to know what he was crying about. Nanibojou answered that he had lost his son in the lake; and the loon replied that the devils had eaten him; and if he wanted to see the devils, he might, by going to a certain place, as the devils would come out there to sun themselves. Nanibojou went according, and saw the devils in the forms of snakes, bears and other things. And when the two head devils got out on the bank, they saw something of uncommon appearance, which they had not seen before, and halting, they sent a very large devil, in the form of a snake, to see what this strange sight was. Nanibojou, seeing the devil coming, assumed the appearance of a stump. The devil, coming up, wrapped himself round it, and drew upon it with all his strength, and squeezed so hard that Nanibojou was on the point of crying out, when the devil uncoiled himself a little, and then wound round him again, and drew, if possible, harder than he did before. So severe did Nanibojou feel the pressure to be, that he was just about crying out, when the devil relaxed his hold, and returned to his companions, and told them it was nothing but a stump.

But the devils were not satisfied; so they sent another, in the shape of a bear to try what he could make of it. The bear came up to Nanibojou and hugged him, and bit him, and clawed him; and so severe was the bear on him, that he was as before on the point of crying out, when the bear relaxed his hold and forbore to bite and scratch. He however repeated his attacks, and it was with the greatest difficulty Nanibojou could forbear to cry out. The bear returned and told the devils it was nothing but a stump. Whereupon, the devils all went to sleep in the sun, as the snakes do, when Nanibojou, being convinced that they were all asleep, shot with arrows the two great devils. When the rest of the devils awoke, and found their principal devils had been killed, they pursued Nanibojou with a great flood of water. Nanibojou, hearing it coming, fled before it, and ran from hill to hill, until he had got to the top of the highest mountain, and there climbed the highest pine tree that he could see. But the waters followed him to the top of this tree, when he prayed that the tree might grow. It did grow, but the waters rose still higher. He prayed again, being about covered with water—it being now up to his chin. He prayed a third time, but the tree grew only a little. Then, looking around him upon the waters, he saw a number of animals swimming in various directions, and amongst them a bear, an otter, and a muskrat. He called them brothers, and said, 'Come to me.' We must have some earth or we shall all die. They came, and the bear went first after some earth, by diving into the waters, but drowned before he reached the bottom. Next the otter went down. He got within sight of land, but lost his senses before he got a bite of it. Then the muskrat went down and reached the bottom. and just as he got a bite of it he lost his senses and floated up to the top of the water. Nanibojou had them all brought to him; when he examined all their claws, beginning with the bear, but found no earth in any of them, except a little in those of the muskrat. He took it in his hand, and rubbed it and held it up to the sun until it dried. Then he blew it all round him over the water, and dry land appeared. I asked him who made the earth the muskrat found. He answered, he did not know. He knew nothing beyond the time when Nanoibjou made the earth. I asked him where Nanibojou was now. He answered, 'somewhere towards the rising sun.' 'What is he like; is he a man in his appearance, or what does he resemble?' He answered: 'He is like a man.' 'Was he ever married?' 'Yes; but he has had no wife of late.' I then asked him who made Nanibojou? He said he was a twin, and was born of a woman, who had never had a husband, and who, on giving Nanibojou and his brother life, had vanished, and had never been seen since, nor had Nanibojou's brother. Some may fancy that here they see an analogy between this and the Noahic flood, and the mystery of the incarnation. If one is determined to find coincidences, they can hardly be avoided.

WABAJICK'S WAR SONG.

Wabajick was the great war chief of LaPoint, Lake Superior,—the father of Mrs. Johnson, and grandfather of Mrs. Oaks. The version here given is by Mr. Johnson. It is a translation of the song used by the chief and his warriors.

"On that day, when our heroes lay low—lay low—
On that day when our heroes lay low,
I fought by their side, and thought ere I died,
Just vengeance to take on the foe—the foe—
Just vengeance to take on the foe.

On that day, when our chieftain lay dead—lay dead,
On that day when our chieftain lay dead,
I fought hand-to-hand at the head of my band;
And here on my breast have I bled—have I bled,
And here on my breast have I bled.

Our chiefs shall return no more—no more,
Our chiefs shall return no more,
Nor their brothers in war, who can't show scar for scar,
Like women, their fates shall deplore—deplore,
Like women, their fates shall deplore.

Five winters in hunting we'll spend—we'll spend,
Five winters in hunting we'll spend;
Then our youth, grown to men, to the war lead again,
And our days, like our fathers', we'll end—we'll end,
And our days, like our fathers, we'll end.

INDIAN SONG.

As a literary curiosity, we here give a song in the Chippewa language, composed by a daughter of Wabijick, with a literal translation in English by her sister, Mrs. Schoolcraft.

THE OJIBWAY MAID.

Ann dush ween do win ane,
Gitchy Mocomaun ainee;
Caw auzhaw wot da mode
We yea, haw ha! etc.

Wah yaw burn maud e,
Ojibway quaine un e,
We maw jaw need e,
We yea, etc.

Omowe maun e
We nemoshain yun;
We maw jaw need e,
We yea, etc.

Caw ween gush sha ween,
Kin waingh e we yea,
O guh maw e maw seen,
We yea, etc.

Me gush sha ween e yea,
Ke bish quaw bum maud e,
Tehe won ain e maud e,
We yea, etc.

"Why! what is the matter with the young American? He crosses the river, with tears in his eyes. He sees the young Ojibway girl, preparing to leave the place. He sobs for his sweetheart, for she is going away! But he will not sigh long for her, for as soon as he is out of her sight, he will forget her."

AN INDIAN SUPERSTITION.

The Indians never go around, but make a portage over Kewana Point. Besides the distance, they have another reason. They have a tradition of long standing, perhaps of a hundred years, that some of their people, in going round this point, attempted to make a visit to Beaver Island. They approached it, when the form of a woman appeared; and as they continued to approach, she continued to grow, until her size became so overpowering and fearful, that to get rid of her awful aspect, they fled. They interpreted this appearance into an interdiction of their right to approach it in future; and believing that this woman held dominion over all the beavers on Kewana Point, they never dared to disturb these animals there. The consequence was that when an old gentleman, now a resident at the South, first traversed this region, some forty years ago, the beavers in the little lakes and rivers of this Point were countless. They had been undisturbed for half a century or more. This tradition is believed, and acted upon by the Chippewas until this day. It was doubtless a mirage that spread out in that form.

INDIAN GRAVES.

The Indians' graves are first covered over with bark. Over the grave a shelter like an Indian lodge is built, poles stuck in the ground, bent over and fastened at the top, and covered with bark. An opening is left like that of a lodge. Before this door a post is planted, and if the dead was a warrior, painted red. Near this post a pole is planted about ten feet long. From the top of this pole is suspended the ornaments of the deceased, or the scalps he has taken.

The author thinks this will, in part, account for the small mounds, that are quite common where the Indians had their villages. These mounds are generally about eight or ten feet in diameter, and about two feet high. In them will be found a set of human bones, and coals. Did not the Indians place the dead in a hut and cover the hut with earth? The appearances indicate that.

MOURNING.

It is required of a Chippewa woman when her husband dies, that she shall take her best apparel, roll it up, and confine it by means of her husband's sashes; and if he had ornaments, those are generally put on the top of the roll; and around it is wrapped a piece of cloth. This bundle is called her husband; and it is expected that she will never be seen without it. This badge of mourning she is obliged to carry with her until some one of her late husband's family shall call and take it away; which is done when they think she has mourned long enough, and which is generally at the end of a year. She is then, and not until then, at liberty to marry again. She may, if she so chooses, take this husband to the family of the deceased, and leave it; but this is considered indecorous, and is seldom done.

Sometimes a brother of the deceased takes the widow for his wife at the grave of her husband; which is done by the ceremony of walking her over it. This he has a right to do; or, if she chooses, she has the right to *go to him*, and he is bound to support her; and she is not required to go into mourning. (Adair here sees a Jewish custom.)

The Chippewa *men* mourn by painting their faces black.

A Chippewa mother, on losing her child, prepares an image of it in the best manner she is able, and dresses it as she did her living child; fixes it in her child's cradle; goes through the ceremony of nursing it, as if alive. This continues for a year. Apparently there are no people who live more affectionately, or with greater constancy, than the Chippewa women. Their attachment to their husbands and children is ardent and lasting, leading them to endure all privations and hardships for them while living, and to mourn in ecstacies of grief when they die.

THE INDIAN CANOE.

This canoe is wholly of Indian invention, and the white man has never been able to improve it. It is made of the outer bark of the white birch, which is taken off in a single piece, and dried in the sun, the inner side upwards. The two ends are brought together flat, and fastened by sewing; the middle swelled out and kept in place by slender strips of wood. The whole is so light that a canoe capable of carrying four persons, scarcely weighs fifty pounds, and can easily be carried on the head of a squaw. The Indians propel this with a paddle, which they operate nearly in the manner of a duck's foot. The canoe is extremely buoyant, and requires much skill in its management.

'THE BIRCHEN CANOE."

BY SCHOOLCRAFT.

"In the region of lakes, where the blue waters sleep,
Our beautiful fabric was built;
Light cedar supported its weight on the deep,
And its sides with the sunbeams were gilt,
The bright leafy bark of the betula tree,
A flexible sheathing provides;
And the fir's thready roots draw the parts to agree,
And bind down its high swelling sides.

"No compass or gavel was used on the bark,
No art but the simplest degree;
But the structure was finished, and trim to remark,
And as light as a sylph's could be.

Its rim was with tender young roots woven 'round,
Like a pattern of wicker-work rare;
And it pressed on the wave with as lightsome a bound
As a basket suspended in air.

"The heavens in their brightness and glory below
Were reflected quite plain to the view;
And moved like a swan—with as graceful a show,
Our beautiful birchen canoe.
The trees on the shore, as we glided along,
Seemed moving a contrary way;
And our voyagers lightened their toil with a song,
That caused every heart to be gay.

"And still as we floated by rock and by shell,
Our bark raised a murmur aloud,
And it danced on the waves, as they rose, or they fell,
Like a Fay on a bright summer cloud.
We said as we passed o'er the liquid expanse,
With the landscape in smiling array,
How blest we should be if our lives should advance
Thus tranquil and sweetly away.

"The skies were serene—not a cloud was in sight—
Not an angry surge beat on the shore;
And we gazed on the water, and then on the light,
'Till our vision could bear it no more.
O long will we think of those silver-bright lakes,
And the scenes they exposed to our view;
Our friends, and the wishes we formed for their sakes,
And our bright yellow birchen canoe."

PIPE DANCE.

"The Indians came up from the landing in double file, with their drums in the lead, dancing, or rather jumping in short jumps, to the time kept by the drummers. Those who thumped the drums sang also, but the song was a jumble of sounds—a kind of "a-ha, a-ha, oh! oh! the *oh* aspirated with great force. At short intervals the whole would yell and shout, and multiply the sounds by clapping their hands on their mouths. On reaching the ground opposite the commissioner's quarters, the line was formed, by this jumping motion, into a circle, out of which those who beat the drums kept their stations. Round and round they went, with a kind of double short-step, first with one foot, and then with the other; but the motion throughout was up and down. When they had gone two or three times around, the drums would give the signal, when they would scream and whoop and clap their mouths with their hands—then stand. They were nearly naked, and it could be seen by their breathing, that the exercise was severe. They were painted, their heads ornamented with feathers, and bells and trinkets were in their plaited hair. That nothing should be wanting to make the scene a finished grotesque, a little boy not over five years old, was in the midst, painted black, keeping time to the drum, with an enormous head-dress of feathers. He went through the whole ceremony with them. In the pauses, a warrior would tell his exploits, and these would be shouted to vociforously.

This was a *pipe dance*—a dance of ceremony, or rather as it ought to be called, a *begging dance.* Their object was to get presents.

RELIGION.

There is one custom of the Indians that is identical with that of the Jews—their *houses of purification.*

They believe in a spiritual future state—think that they, and everything else will be spiritual; that they will hunt in the land of souls; but that it will be the *spirits* of the animals—that the very briars and thorns will be spiritual. Everything will *appear* to be real, and yet nothing will be so.

They are superstitious—governed by dreams and signs in the heavens. They go to war, make peace, commence or abandon a journey, marry, or resolve not to marry, just as they may chance to interpret a dream, or judge a sign in the heavens to be favorable or otherwise.

They inflict wounds on their bodies when in deep sorrow.

They believe the spirit lingers still with the body, until decomposed; hence their offerings at the graves of the deceased.

THE WABANA—FEAST AND DANCE.

The Indians killed and dressed one of their dogs. A wabana is a dance, the ceremonies attending which are understood to be offerings to the devil, after which the feast is eaten, of which the flesh of the dog is considered the nicest offering. At 8 o'clock, the exercises began, by beating or thumping the Indian drum. The Indian drum resembles the tambourine, with rattles in it; held in one hand by a string, while it is struck with a slow thump, thump, with a stick in the other, slow at first, then in quicker time, with a kind of double stroke, accompanied by singing. We can hardly call it singing, it is a kind of ch-e-o-a, the *ch* uttered sharp and aspirated (Adair sees, or hears in that e-o-a — "*Jehovah*"). The Indians, to the number of twenty or more, were seated on a carpet of spruce boughs, all round the tent, and as near the walls of it as they could get. There were two women and two little girls—the latter about ten years old. The rest were men, painted and dressed out in feathers of various kinds. The drum was not silent a moment, but an Indian who held it kept on beating, while every one in the tent was as still, and looked as serious as if it had been a funeral. Presently one of the little girls rose, and stepping into the middle of the tent began to dance. The dance of the females is peculiar, never lifting their feet from the ground, but placing them close together, and, in time with the thump of the drum, raising their heels and turning them first to the right, and then to the left, keeping up the perpendicular motion meanwhile. This little girl danced for about five minutes, and then sat down; when an old woman rose and danced in like manner, for about the same time. As soon as she was seated, an unusually tall Indian, dressed in skins entered with a wild and fierce countenance, blowing and looking round the tent, and uttering at every expiration of his breath, "ch! ch! ch!" when presently a younger Indian entered and seized him by the arms, and being disengaged by the force of the other, caught at his body as if his object was to make him surrender something. Presently they each took a drum, and went round the tent half-bent, and stepping to the time, beating the drum in the faces of the Indians, who were seated around the tent. After going around several times he commenced a speech—an address to the Evil Spirit—the substance of which was to appease and beg his compassion on them. The delivery of the speech was attended with the most violent gesticulations and contortions of the body, and with such effect that the perspiration ran off his face in streams. He then went round the tent as before, followed by some half a dozen Indians, all singing and half bent, stepping in time to the beat of the drum. Then the leader would make another address, and the dance would be joined by others.

These ceremonies were kept up all the night. At sunrise the feast was brought in. It was in two kettles, each holding about six gallons. When the feast was brought in, the drum-beating and the dancing ceased. All, especially the old men, looked weary, and some had fallen asleep. Of course the twelve gallons of soup were eaten; as it is a rule that nothing shall be left

CHIPPEWA CHIVALRY.

In the year 1819–20, thirteen Chippewa youths left Grand Isle, to go to war with their ancient enemy—the Sioux—a war on the part of those youths of self-destruction; their sole object being to wash away with their blood the imputation of cowardice, which had been cast upon them by others of their tribe, living higher up the lake, and near the seat of war. Prior to their setting out, they appointed a young man—a runner—to accompany them, and watch the result of their enterprise; and in the event of their destruction, to hasten back with the tidings of it. They advanced into the enemy's country; and soon after fell in with a party of four times their strength. They immediately selected their ground, and directing the youth to take a position from which he could see the battle, made their onset. It was previously agreed that, after this, they were to retreat to a certain place, and there sell their lives at the dearest rate; appointing meanwhile, a favorable position from which this young man might see them die. In the onset they killed twice their own number; and then retreated to their last intrenchment. Enraged at their loss, the Sioux pursued, fell upon, and amidst great carnage, slew them all. The runner set off immediately for his own country, and making his way through the forests, and down the lake, arrived in safety among his people, and told the story of those deeds of daring and of death. This young man was seen by Gen. Cass and Mr. Schoolcraft, in 1820; and they heard him sing the song of the slain, and recount the incidents of this bloody adventure.

INDIAN LANGUAGE.

The Indian languages have their masculine and feminine—or the language to be addressed to men, and that to women. In some tribes these peculiarities are very marked.

An amusing illustration of this occurred at the treaty of Grand Rapids, in 1835. The Rev. Mr. Slater was selected as interpreter between the government authorities and the Ottawa Indians. He had acquired the language principally from the Indian women who were inmates of his family. When the Indian agent had given his talk to the assembled council of Indian dignitaries, Mr. Slater addressed himself to them by putting into Indian the speech of the government official. No reply was made to it by the Indians. They listened patiently, and that was all. This unaccountable and provoking silence was at last broken by one of the lesser chiefs, who said, "If you came here to talk with men, why don't you use the tongue of a man, and not speak to us the words of a woman?" Mr. Slater, to his great mortification, had to "step down and out;" and another interpreter had to be selected before the business could proceed.

INDIAN TREATIES.

Previous to March 25th, 1822, the lands of Western Michigan, with the exception of certain small tracts which by previous treaties had been ceded to the United States, were in full possession of the Indians. August 29th, 1821, a treaty was concluded by the U. S. commissioners—Lewis Cass and Solomon Sibley—and the chiefs of the Ottawa, Chippewa and Pottawatomie tribes of Indians, met in general council at Chicago. For the particulars and wording of this treaty, reference may be made to Peters' edition of the "Treaties of the United States," vol. VII, page 218. An abstract is here given:

"The Indians cede all the territory in Michigan south of the north bank of the Grand River, with five reservations; two of them six miles square; one, four miles square; and two three miles square. Certain grants of land are made to individuals, specifying their location, amounting in all to about one township.

In consideration, the United States engage to pay to the Ottawa nation one thousand dollars ($1,000) in specie annually, forever; and also to appropriate annually $1,500, for ten years, for the support of a blacksmith, a teacher and a farmer, and for the purchase of agricultural tools.

The United States engage to pay to the Pottawatomie nation $5,000 in specie, annually, for twenty years; and also to appropriate, annually, for fifteen years, the sum of $1,000, for a blacksmith and teacher, stipulating that one square mile shall be selected on the north side of the Grand River, and one square mile on the south side of the St. Joseph's River, and within the Indian lands, where the blacksmith and teacher should reside.

The treaty was signed by eight chiefs of the Ottawas, two of the Chippewas, and fifty-five of the Pottawatomies.

By the treaty at Chicago, September 26th, 1833, the Chippewa, Ottawa and Pottawatomie nations cede to the United States most of their reservations south of the Grand River, for $100,000; $40,000 of it in annuities running twenty years. For particulars, see the aforementioned book, page 442.

By the treaty at Washington (see page 491 of said book), the land north of the Grand River, with certain reservations, is ceded to the United States.

The consideration was: An annuity of $30,000, for twenty years, $18,000 of it to be paid to the Indians between Grand River and the Cheboygan. Second: $5,000 per annum for twenty years for purposes of education. Third: $3,000 for missions. Fourth: $1,000 for agricultural implements, cattle and mechanical tools. Fifth: $300 for medicines and a physician. Sixth: Provisions to the amount of $2,000, and 6,500 lbs. of tobacco, 100 barrels of salt and 500 fish barrels, annually for twenty years. Seventh: $150,000 in goods on the ratification of the treaty, and $200,000 additional, if they choose to give up their reservations. Eighth: The sum of $300,000 is set apart to pay the debts of the Indians. Ninth: $150,000 is set apart as a fund for the half-breeds.

Two additional blacksmith shops are given the Indians; a permanent interpreter; two farmers, and two mechanics to teach the Indians for ten years.

It is also agreed to remove the Indians west, at Government expense, when the Indians desire it; and to pay for the Mission establishment on the Grand River.

The Indians had made gifts of lands to certain persons, which they wished the Government to ratify. But, acting on a policy before decided on, the sanction of the United States was refused; the lands were appraised, and the sum of the appraisal awarded to the individuals. To Rix Robinson, in lieu of his section of land on the Grand River Rapids, $23,040;

to Leonard Slater, in trust for Chinninoniquot, $6,400. The whole allowance for these claims, was $48,148.

Thirty thousand dollars was paid the chiefs on the ratification of the treaty. They were divided into three classes: the first class to receive $500, the second $200, and the third $100.

On the Grand River the chiefs were: Mokkotioska (Black Skin), Namattippy, Namequoggevhih (Noon Day), Nebunegishih, Wobwindego (White Giant), Cobmoosa (the Big Walker), Moccotti-ocquit (Black Cloud) Mixicininni (Wampum Man), and Winnimissaugee, of the first class.

On the Muskegon, Osawga and Owunaishcum were ranked in the first class.

On the Grand River, of the second class, were: Keshahowash, Keway-tow-a-by, Wob-i-ton-guay-say, Ka-no-tin-aishtum, Boy-nash-ing, Na-wa-qua-gee-zhich, We-non-ga, Nugog-i-kay-bee, Wa-poos, Ke-wa-ton-do, Ke-way-coosh-cum, Zhaqui-naw, Ke-na-ti-nunk, Pa-baw-bo-co, Win-de-cow-iss, Shagwab-e-no, Pam-os-say-ga, Muc-cu-tay-pe-nay, Tush-e-tow-an.

Of the third class on the Grand River were: Ka-she-way, Kee-na-bie, Kee-niss-o-way, and none on the Muskegon.

This treaty is signed on the part of the United States, by Henry Schoolcraft; and on the part of the Indians by O-wun-aish-cum, Was-van-ga-xo, O-sau-ga, of Muskegon; Wab-i-wid-i-go, Mix-i-ci-minny, Na-bun-a-gu-zhig, Grand River, and sixteen other chiefs from other parts of the State.

The Indian names, as here given, are as they appear on the treaties. In what is otherwise said of the Indians, the names are as familiarly spoken by those who were acquainted with them. An Indian name was a *thing* and not a *word;* and always liable to be written differently.

KEWIQUASHCUM, OR "LONG NOSE."

This man was chief of the Flat River clans; and at the time of the Cass Treaty at Chicago, went with the Pottawatomies and signed the treaty on the part of the Ottawas. The Indians never forgave it; and kept him in fear of his life. The earlier settlers of the Valley recollect him very well; for once having seen him, he could never be forgotten. He was called "Long Nose," from the enormous size of the "nose on his face"; an absolute deformity. He was finally killed by one of his clan, in the fall of 1839.

The Indians had come to Grand Rapids, to the "Payment." That over, most of them had gone home. He and a few others were camped on the bank of the river a little above the mouth of Cold Brook, enjoying a *drunk.* They got out of liquor, and sent to the village for whisky, leaving Kewiquashcum and Wesagemah with two children—a boy and a girl. The rest is as told by that boy, as a man, to Seth Robinson.

It is proper to premise that Mr. Robinson is son of Lucas Robinson; has all his life been in intimate association with the Indians; is perfectly master of their language; and has been Indian interpreter. Feeling an interest in the case, he sought out the boy, who witnessed the murder of Long Nose, and by giving him half a dollar to tell the story, obtained the following particulars, which are, in the language of the witness, translated by Mr. Robinson:

"I sat in the stern of a canoe, tied to the bank of Grand River, near the mouth of Cold Brook. I had a knife in my hand, peeling a turnip. The two old men, Wasogenaw and Kewiquashcum sat on the bank by the fire. I heard Wasogenaw say—'You old fool! did you not know better than to sell this whole territory and impoverish your nation? I am going to take your life!' Kewiquashcum, pulling out and flourishing his knife, said 'You can't do that! Do you see this!' The other man bent down to me and said—'Do you see that man? He is what has impoverished you. Let me take that knife you have got; I am going to kill him! Then I want you to help me put him in this canoe, and we will take him to the middle of the river, and throw him in.' I dropped my knife into the river, and said 'I have no knife.' The old man said, 'I thought I saw you peeling a turnip with a knife.' Showing him a sliver of wood, I said, 'No, I had only this.' The old man became very furious; and raving about, went to the bank of the river, and pulled out a maple club about two feet long, with a knot at one end. He brandished it around frantically, capering the while and saying to me—'This is the way when you kill something.' Then, rushing up to Kewiquashcum, and saying, with frantic gestures, 'This is the way when you kill something,' struck him on the head. The old man threw up his hands and feet, dropped his knife and begged. The other kept on striking, and repeating the same expression. I jumped out of the canoe, and ran toward the village. Wasogenaw called to me to stop. I ran faster, he following. Jumping across Cold Brook, I got into the mud and fell down. Looking back, the old man was over me with a club. I evaded him; ran, and met the party returning with the whisky. I said to them, 'The old men are killing each other.' A son of Wasogenaw said to me—'I will go and pacify him' (his father). He walked up to his father, and patting his cheek, said 'You fool! can't you be satisfied with committing one murder, without taking the life of the boy?' The old man then fell on the ground and cried. All the men then went to the camp, and found Kewiquashcum dead. They put him in a canoe and carried him to Plainfield." He was buried there, under the hill some twenty rods south of the bridge; and but a few rods from the spot was buried Wabesis, another victim of the Indian treaties and Indian dissatisfaction with the makers of them.

ANECDOTES OF INDIANS.

At Portland an Indian had been furnished liquor until he got pretty drunk. On the trader's refusing to give him more, he attempted to stab him. The trader complained to the chief, who caused him to be whipped nearly to death in the trader's presence. In consequence, he was unable to leave his cabin for a week; then he came back, and demanded more whisky, saying that he had been whipped just two quarts too much.

Illustrative of the shrewdness and piety of the preacher Jackson, the following is told by Mr. Smith. As Smith is a common name, no one can consider it personal.

Jackson owed Smith, and Smith had dunned him several times. They happened to meet on Canal street, at Grand

Rapids; after the salutations, Jackson invited Smith into a saloon, and, stepping up to the bar, called for brandy for both; they drank, and chatted, Smith expecting every moment that Jackson would pay up. After awhile, Jackson called for more brandy, and while they were discussing it, he blandly turned to Smith, and said: "You will have to pay for the drinks; I have no money."

Tableau—"Elongation of Countenance."

LEGISLATIVE ACTS CONCERNING THE INDIANS.

By the Territorial Laws passed in 1812, persons interested in selling liquor to the Indians may be fined $100, and costs.

In 1815, tavern-keepers were forbidden to sell liquor to Indians without permission from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

In 1821, the penalty for selling liquor to them was made $100, and the forfeiture of what was given in exchange.

By law of 1816, Indians and Negroes may be whipped, instead of the common penalties.

Same by law of 1820. Same by law of 1827.

In 1841, Indians were declared to have judicial rights. Penalty for selling liquor to them, $20 on first conviction; subsequent offense, $40; one-half to the informer.

1847. The State favors the idea of the Chippewa Indians purchasing their lands, and asked Congress to give the right.

THE MISSION.

Before the occupation of the region by white people, it was known as a Mission Station.

In 1821, the efforts of the missionaries, which had been for some time directed to the Indians of Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana, began to assume shape, and take the name of action. In February of this year, Isaac McCoy, appointed by the Board of Managers of the Baptist Missionary Convention for the United States, to labor in Illinois and Indiana, visited Detroit, and had an interview with Gov. Cass, who promised him aid; furnished at that time $450 of clothing and food for Ft. Wayne; and subsequently the money promised was placed in the hands of McCoy. Efforts were also made to get into the treaty, soon to be made at Chicago, stipulations which should favor educational purposes among the Indians.

Through the influence of Col. Trimble, the U. S. Senator from Ohio, these claims were urged with good success. The Pottawatomies gave a mile square of land, to be held as U. S. public property. It was stipulated that government should place on this section a teacher and a blacksmith, and should expend in their support $1,000, for the term of ten years. To bring about such an arrangement cost much labor, watchfulness and anxiety. There were many strong prejudices of the Indians to contend with; also the influence of the traders. And then the Jesuits were continually at work to defeat the project of educating the Indians. At the same treaty, the government made a similar arrangement with the Ottawas, to furnish $1,500 for ten years; and also to supply cattle, farming tools, etc. Subsequently Mr. McCoy was appointed Superintendent, to carry out those parts of the treaty. The facilities provided for the Ottawas could not be secured to the Mission as early as those for the Pottawatomies, on account of the failure of a missionary, who endeavored to convert the stipulations of the treaty to his own account, in which, however, he failed.

On the representation of Mr. McCoy, the Pottawatomie mission was located where Niles now stands; and the one for the Ottawas on the right bank of the Grand River, at the foot of the rapids.

At this time, Noon-Day was the chief of the Ottawa tribe. There was no established trading post at Grand Rapids.

On the 28th of June, 1822, Mr. McCoy set out from Ft. Wayne for Detroit, to receive the privileges provided by the treaty. The matter had been placed under the control of Gen. Cass. John Sears of New York, was appointed teacher for the Ottawas; and Mr. McCoy was authorized to appoint a blacksmith for the Ottawas and the Pottawatomies.

A full set of instructions from Gen. Cass was given. The condensed purport of them is:

1. Give the Indians, young and old, such instructions as are suited to their condition.

2. Wean them from their allegiance to any other government, and try to attach them to the United States.

3. Contend against whisky.
4. Watch the traders.
5. Encourage agriculture.
6. Show the Indians the best way to spend their income.
7. In general, work for the good of the Indians.

Gen. Cass commissioned Charles C. Trowbridge to make definite arrangements with the Indians for the sites of the mission stations. The site for the Pottawatomies was fixed at St. Joseph River. Mr. McCoy moved part of his family and some of his pupils from Ft. Wayne, October 19th, 1822. The location was 100 miles from Ft. Wayne, where were the nearest white inhabitants; 180 from any white settlement, and 190 from any flouring mill. The Pottawatomies' station was called by the Board "Cary," and the Ottawa station, "Thomas," in honor of those missionaries in Hindostan.

The first winter was intensely cold. On the 26th of May, 1823, McCoy started for Grand River, taking with him a Frenchman named Paget, for pilot, and one of his Indian pupils. In December, 1824, a blacksmith and two laborers were sent to the "Thomas" station. Supplies were sent on during the winter. At the same time evil-disposed people tried to break up the mission. In 1825, the mission fairly commenced.

The material for tracing the early history of the mission is very deficient. No full account of it was kept by Mr. Slater, and we have only his journals, and the recollection of some persons who had but a secondary interest. What has preceded is, in substance, gathered from some articles, written by Geo. Torrey, Esq., of Kalamazoo, several years since, and published in the *Grand River Eagle*. What follows is gathered from the journals of Mr. Slater, or from his daughter, Mrs. St. John, of Kalamazoo.

At first the Mission was a Government Station, teacher and blacksmith being located there. In Slater's journals mention is made of Mr. and Mrs. Potts, as teachers who assisted Mr. Slater at Thomas Station. Mr. Slater's position was that of teacher. McCoy seems to have had the general superintendence. McCoy, with a part of the Ottawas, moved west of the Mississippi, after which Slater appears to have been the head of the Mission. Mention is made of the Rev. Jno. Booth, who came from Pontiac; but how long he stayed we are not informed.

A school of about forty was kept up during the time the Indians were at home, and a church was gathered of about thirty members, conspicuous among whom was the noble old chief Noon-Day.

The first blacksmith bore the name of Secord, who did not stay a great while, and who simply left the common record of a drunkard. In 1832 we find the name of a blacksmith, P. F. Chubb. Afterwards there was another—K. Rush.

Mr. Potts and wife remained until 1833, when two teachers from Augusta, Me., came on—Miss Day and Miss Bond. Miss Day left soon, on account of ill health. Miss Bond, a year or two after, married Francis Prescott, afterwards a Baptist preacher, well known in Kent county. She died soon, leaving one daughter, whose monument is in Fulton street cemetery, as the wife of Jerome Gouldsbury.

Mr. Slater made himself familiar with the language of the Indians, at first with an interpreter. In the school, English books were used. Under Mr. S. the New Testament was printed for the Ottawas; by whom translated, we are not informed. The relation of Messrs. Slater and McCoy was not harmonious, and upon the retirement of McCoy, Mr. S. had various things to contend against—whisky, Catholic influence, etc. The result was, he, and his adherents, in 1839, removed to Prairieville, Barry county, where the Mission was maintained for some twenty years.

It is not within the scope of this work to follow the Mission after it left the Grand Rapids Valley. It was for a few years the nucleus of civilization--the school and the church at the Rapids; and leaving, its legacy was a disputed title to the property on the west side of Grand River, below Bridge street, commonly called the "Mission Lands."

The devoted and single hearted missionery died without the satisfaction of feeling that his life-work had been a success.

This gentleman, otherwise mentioned as the pioneer of civilization at the Mission Station at Grand Rapids, was born at Worcester, Mass., November 16, 1802. His father was Capt.

Pela Slater, one of the "Indians" who threw overboard the tea in Boston harbor. Leonard S. received a common school education at Worcester, and was in the business of rope-making with his father. When about 20 years of age he devoted himself as a missionary to the Indians in the West, and studied, preparatory to that, under Jonathan Going, D. D. In May, 1826, he married Miss Mary F. Ide, and they together started from Worcester, August 17th, and arrived at Cary Station (Niles), September 27th. The date of his arrival at Grand Rapids is now uncertain. He had charge of the Thomas Station at that place, and there remained until the autumn of 1836, when, disliking the influences brought to bear upon the Indians, he removed, with such as adhered to him, to the township of Prairieville, in Barry county, where, under every discouragement, he labored until he resigned his appointment as missionary in 1850—his band being scattered.

In 1832 he was postmaster at Grand Rapids—mail once a month.

Giving up the life of a missionary, he became an active business man. In 1863, he became connected with the Christian commission, and went to Nashville, where he contracted the disease—chronic diarrhœa—from which he never recovered. He died April 27th, 1866, and at his own request was buried near the place where, 40 years before he encamped, when on his way from the East to the Cary Mission.

Mrs. Slater, his efficient co-worker in all his missionary labors, died in 1850.

Mr. Slater was a man of ardent temperament and strong affections, strongly devoted to his work as a missionary. With rather a fragile constitution, he labored intensely and unweariedly, combining in his character the ardent Christian teacher and careful business man; two characters seldom united.

Four children were born to him at Grand Rapids:

1. Sarah Emily (Mrs. St. John, of Kalamazoo), Aug. 12th, 1827. 2. George, Feb. 9th, 1829. 3. Francis, Dec. 31st, 1832. 4. Brainard, Sept. 21st, 1835.

These were the first white children born in the Grand River Valley.

MILITARY.

The military history of the Grand River Valley is but a fragment of the general history of the loyal part of the nation. When the war cry was rung, men rushed to arms. The pulsations of patriotism were strong. What were ease, property, home, wife, children and friends, in comparison with the welfare of the country, "then in jeopardy?" Nothing

No part of the North responded more freely than Michigan. Men were ready to volunteer, to endure the privations and dangers of the camp, the march, the bivouac and the battle. Where money was wanting, it was free. What cared men for gold, when the nation was breaking to pieces? What cared they for life? Those too old for the field, would bid the younger go, telling them, "We will take care of your families." Mothers, with tearful eyes, as they kissed their sons "good bye," would charge them, as Spartan mothers did, to remember they were *men*, fighting in a holy cause.

A thousand from this Valley never returned. The list that follows shows, as far as we have been able to ascertain, where the martyrs of freedom were laid to rest. The grave may be a humble one, unmarked, or marked "unknown," but it is an honored grave.

Would we *could* say, that *all* participated in this patriotic feeling. But the shameful truth must be told; we had amongst us those who sympathized with the spirit of the rebellion, and joined in the infamous "fire in the rear." God pity them!

And, must it be said, when in the dread extremity, the peremptory call was for men, there were a *few*—yes, just a *few*, that to keep the worthless carcass they occupied and disgraced, out of danger—*sneaked to Canada.* There are many men, who, with a noble pride will say: "My father died in the war;" but we pity the one who is compelled to own his father run from the draft. It *may* be the refugee to Canada does not blush when he meets the crippled, war-worn soldier. Yes, it *may* be. There *are* those who cannot blush.

The military history of the Grand River Valley cannot be separated from that of the State. But this region has a more particular interest in the 3d, 21st, 25th, and 26th Infantry; the 2d, 3d, 6th, 7th, and 10th Cavalry; the 2d, 3d, and 13th Batteries; and the Regiment of Engineers and Mechanics. Of these, the 3d Infantry was more especially the *pet* of the Valley, being composed almost exclusively of men from the river counties.

The sketches of the history of the regiments which follow are copied from the Adjutant General's Reports.

The list of the martyrs is partly from the same source. The list as gathered from the State records, was published in the county papers, with the invitation that any one interested would make corrections or additions. Numerous corrections and additions were made in Ionia and Kent counties; none in Ottawa and Muskegon. The list is doubtless imperfect, although great pains have been taken to make it complete.

THE MARTYRS OF THE WAR.

IONIA COUNTY.

Joseph Antcliff; 25th I., Co. B. Chattanooga, Oct. 15, 1864.
James E. Aldrich; 21st I., Co. P. Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 20, 1862.
Rufus W. Aldrich; 21st I., Co. I. Lebanon, Ky., Oct. 15, 1862.
Martin M. Alger; 13th I., Co. F. 1862.
Silas W. Adams; 21st I., Co. I. Bowling Green, Ky., Dec. 29, 1862.
John Armstrong; 10th C., Co. G. Nashville, May 10, 1865.
Edwin Anway; 21st I., Co. I. Nashville, Jan. 9, 1863.
Hiram D. Austin; 6th C., Co. M. Fredericksburg, May 25, 1864.
Charles H. Adams; 21st I., Co. I. Nashville, Dec. 30, 1862.
Nathaniel Burt; 3d I., Co. D. Nashville, Feb. 8, 1865.
Clark Boxie; 21st I., Co., K. Detroit, April 15, 1865.
Joseph P. Bundy; 3d I., Co. E. Baltimore, July 4, 1862.
James W. Brown; 6th C., Co. E. Hawes' Shop, Va., March 28, 1864.
Charles Burnham; 10th C., Co. B. Holstein, R., July 31, 1864.
Morris Brooks, 3d I., Co. C. Murfreesboro, January 2. 1865.
Geo. K. Bush; 14th I., Co. K. In hospital.
Francis M. Brown; 27th I., 2d Ind. Co. Hillsborough, March 12, 1864.
James M. Bradford; 16th I., Co. B. Annapolis, Feb. 17, 1865.
Leonard Brown; 15th I., Co. A. Little Rock, Ark., August 15, 1865.

John M. Bird; 16th I., Co. K. In the field, Virginia, June 11, 1865.
Alonzo Blodgett, 21st I., Co. D. Lookout Mountain, August 25, 1864.
Hiram Brownell; 15th I., Co. I. Cincinnati, March 18, 1862.
Isaac Bowen; 15 I., Co. F. Corinth, Miss., Oct. 3, 1862.
Joseph M. Brown, 13th I., Co. F. At home, 1862.
Joseph Barber; 21st I., Co. D. Louisville, Nov. 28, 1862.
Richard J. Bishop; Mill Creek, Tennessee, Dec. 7, 1862.
Thomas L. Barry; 21st I., Co. K. Nashville, Dec. 2, 1862.
Jerome Babcock; 21st I., Co. K. Danville, Ky., Nov. 28, 1862.
Wm. P. Barnes; 1st U. S. Sharpshooters. Philadelphia, Nov. 15, 1862.
Charles M. Benton; 25th I., Co. B. Louisville, Dec. 1, 1862.
Henry H. Bellaney; E. and M., Co. E. June 4, 1862.
Eli Brink; E. and M., Co. E. March 3, 1862.
Abner Brockway; 21st I., Co. I. Savannah, Dec. 23, 1864.
Edward E. Belding; 16th I., Co. B. Harrison's Landing, July 18, 1862.
James Bosser; 14th I., Co. H. Ypsilanti, Mich., March 24, 1862.
Henry Bower; 1st C., Co. F. Washington, Aug. 26, 1862.
Solomon D. Briggs; 27th I., 2d Ind. Co. Annapolis, Nov. 5, 1864.
John K. Byres; 9th I., Co. H. West Pt., Ky., 1872.
Abner K. Butler, 1st C., Co. F. Middletown, Ky., March 24, 1862.
Thomas Bellows; 8th I., Co. D. Falmouth, Dec. 9, 1862.
Geo. W. Bernard; 6th C., Co. M. Andersonville, Oct. 1, 1964.
Valentine Borden; 10th C., Co. G. Knoxville.
William Borden.
Lyman Bonney.
Thomas Benedict; 10th C., Co. H. Nashville, July 4, 1865.
Benj. F. Bartlett, 21st I., Co. A. Louisville, Feb. 2. 1863.
DeForest A. Bowerman; 21st I., Co. K. Nashville, Dec. 28, 1862.
Albert Babcock; 21st I., Co. K. Nashville, July 20, 1863.
William Burt; 21st I., Co. K. Murfreesboro, Tenn., May 16, 1863.
John Briggs; 6th C., Co. E. Andersonville, June 25, 1864.
Wm. Bradish, 16th I., Co. C. Beverly Ford, Va., Sept. 16, 1862.
Richard Bartlett; 16th I., Co. B. Gettysburg, July 1, 1863.
Eli Benton; 16th I., Co. B. Salisbury, N. C., 1864.
Doctor B. Bradley; 16th I., Co. B. Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Alphonzo D. Cheney; 21st I., Co. A. Chicamauga, Sept. 20, 1863.
John Coffin; 2nd I., Co. K. Alexandria, Aug. 22, 1864.
Wm. W. Cooper; 16th I., Co. B. Gaines' Mills, Va., June 27, 1862.
Justin A. Carver; E. and M., Co. I. New York, March 16, 1865.
Joseph B. Cross; 21st I., Co. D. Chicamauga, Sept. 20, 1863.
Ezenor Champion; 21st I., Co. G. New York, March 13, 1865.
Jason Currier; E. and M., Co. E,, New York, April 8, 1865.
Horace E. Church; 26th I., Co. I. Jan. 16, 1864.
Josiah Converse; E. and M., Co. E. New Albany, Ind., Nov. 7, 1862.
Charles Clark; 16th I., Co. B. Camp Backus, Mich., Aug. 29, 1861.
John Connolly; 8th I., Co. D. James Island, S. C., June 16, 1862.
Jesse I. Crapo; 3d I., Co. E. Fair Oaks.
Martin F. Clyse; 3d I., Co. D. Alexandria, Va., March 19, 1862.

Byron Cronkite; 3d C., Co. D. St. Louis, Jan. 11, 1862.
Edward Chrisgin; 21st I., Co. H. Lookout Mountain, Oct. 5, 1864.
Silas A. Carr; 21st I., Co. C. Indianapolis, Sept. 13, 1864.
Samuel H. Coe; E. and M., Co. E. Bridgeport, Ala., June 11, 1864.
Thomas L. Cornell; E. and M., Co. E. Bridgeport, June 4, 1864.
Seth Cary; 6th C., Co. E. Hawes' Shop, Va., May 28, 1864.
Nelson H. Chase; 8th I., Co. B. Petersburgh, Va., July 4, 1864.
Samuel Coon; E. and M., Co. K. Chattanooga, Aug. 20, 1864.
LaFayette Cusper; 10th C., Co. L. Grand Rapids, Nov. 8, 1863.
Franklin J. Carey; 27th I., Co. C. Bethesda, Va., June 3, 1864.
John M. Call; 3d I., Co. E. Alexandria, Va., Sept. 8, 1862.
John W. Chapman; 21st I., Co. A. Perryville, Ky., Nov. 20, 1862.
James S. Colby; 27th I., Co. K. Washington, June 21, 1864.
Stephen Cole; 7th I., Co. K. Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Darius Childs; 21st I., Co. I. Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 17, 1862.
Samuel H. Cross, 21st I., Co D. Bowling Green, Nov. 25, 1862.
Walter J. Crawford; 21st I., Co. D. Nashville, Dec. 27, 1862.
Ebenezer Chase; 21st I., Co. A. Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 8, 1862.
William Cummings; 15th I., Co. F. June 18, 1862.
Solomon D. Clark; 27th I., Co. E. Portland, Mich.
Peter A. Carrer; 21st I., Co. K.
Samuel Carr; 10th C., Co. H. Detroit, Sept. 12, 1865.
Albert D. Colby; 10th C., Co. G. Camp Nelson, Ky., March 23, 1865.
Hail B. Clark; 3d I., Co. D. Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
Leman Clark; 21st I., Co. A. Nashville, Jan. 31, 1863.
Hector Chubb; 21st I., Co. D. Louisville, Jan. 21, 1863.
Robert W. Courter; 21st I., Co. D. Nashville, June 10, 1863.
David Clark; 21st I., Co. K. Louisville, Dec., 1862.
Samuel Cornell; 7th C., Co. I. Ft. Leavenworth, June 22, 1865.
Henry Durker; E. & M., Co E. N. Y., May 8, 1865.
Virgil F. Davis; 27th I. Petersburg, Vt.
Eldron W Dunham; E. & M., Co. E. Elk River, Tenn., Dec. 15, 1864.
Louis F. Dolphine; E. & M., Co. E. Jeffersonville, Jan. 25, 1864.
Martin D. Davidson; 9th I., Co. D. Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 9, 1862.
A. Decker; 6th C. Co. E. Yellow Tavern, Va., March 12, 1864.
James R. Davis; 27th I., 2d Ind. Co. Washington, March 3, 1864.
Arza E. Dibble; 25th I., Co. B. Evansville, Ind., August 13, 1863.
Samuel Dupee; 25th I., Co. E. Louisville, Jan. 25, 1863.
Albert Dexter; 3d C., Co. D. Ripley, Miss., Dec. 1, 1863.
Nelson Doty; 21st I., Co. A. Perryville, Oct. 8, 1862.
William V. Davis; 21st I., Co. D. Nashville, Dec. 27, 1862.
Ephraim Downer; 21st I., Co. A. Louisville, 1862.
Jasper Davis; 27th I., Sharp Shooters. Washington, June 10, 1864.
Nathaniel Davenport; 29th I., Co. I. Alexandria, Va., August 30, 1863.
W H. Dalrymple; 10th C., Co. B. In Rebel prison, Jan., 1865.
Ozial Davis; 27th I., Sharp Shooters. Petersburg, June 17, 1864.
James F. Drake; 3d I., Co. E. Washington, Sept. 13, 1862.
Sylvanus R. Drently; 3d I., Co. E. Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 10, 1865.

Lorenzo Demoary; 2d C., Co. F. Winchester, Tenn., April 5, 1865.
Josiah Dean; 9th I., Co. F. Chattanooga, May 6. 1864.
Martin Eckhart; 3d I., Co. D. Murfreesboro, Tenn., Jan. 4, 1865.
David S. Ekchart; 2d C., Co. I. Memphis, April 18, 1863.
Jason A. Elliott; 3d I., Co. C. San Antonia, Texas, Dec. 13. 1865.
James Edmeston; 21st I., Co. D. Danville, Va., Jan. 20, 1864.
H. Edwards; 6th C., Co. E. Yellow Tavern, Va., May 12, 1864.
David W. Emery; 7th I., Co. G. Philadelphia, June 30, 1862.
Wm. English; 15th I., Co. E. Corinth, June 17, 1862.
Charles J. Everest; 21st I., Co. A. Nashville, Nov. 22, 1862.
Wm. C. Estes; 3d I., Co. B., Fair Oaks.
Lyman C. Eastman; 10th C., Co. H. Nashville, May 26, 1865.
John D. Everest; 13th I., Co. F. Nashville, Jan. 21, 1863.
Seth Edwards; 6th C., Co. E. Andersonville, Sept. 5, 1864.
Orrin Eddy; 21st I., Co. A. Bowling Green, Dec. 20, 1862.
Alfred Frasier; E. & M., Co. E. Goldsborough, Tenn., Dec. 15, 1864.
Garrett Finn; 13th I., Co. D. Ringold, Ga., Feb. 28, 1865.
Bermont Fuller; 3d C., Co. D. St. Louis, March 31, 1862.
John Frederick; E. & M., Co. K. Ringold, July 1, 1864.
George F. Fargo; 3d I., Co. D. Camp, Va., March 15, 1864.
Gardner C. Freeman; 3d C., Co. D. Juka, Miss., Sept. 7, 1862.
Thomas Farrill; 6th C., Co. M. Harper's Ferry, Aug. 17, 1864.
Samuel Freehouse, 16th I., Co. B. Oct. 11, 1862.
Wm. H. Frefield, 2d. C., Co. C. Shoal Creek, Md., Nov. 5, 1864.
Austin O. Fish, 7th C., Co. I. Harper's Ferry, April 18, 1865.
Isaac L. Fickes; 21st I., Co. A. Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 10, 1863.
Albert S. Faxon; 9th I., Co. D. Murfreesboro, Tenn., Jan. 20, 1863.
Munson Granger; 5th I., Co. A. Alexandria, Va., May 10, 1864.
William Gee; 8th I., Co. B. Petersburg, Dec. 14, 1864.
James W. Green; 3d C., Co. D. Keene, Mich., Dec. 1, 1861.
John M. Gold; 21st I., Co. D. Newbern, N. C., April 6, 1865,
Oliver Gardner; 5th I., Co F. June, 1864.
Charles K. Green; E. & M., Co. K. Chattanooga, June 13, 1864.
Charles O. Gage; E. & M., Co. C. Chattanooga. March 15, 1864.
Wm. G. Green; 2d I., Co. B. July 18, 1864.
Charles Gross; 6th C., Co. M. Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.
A. C. Godfrey; 26th I., Co. I. Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
Munson P. Green; 8th I., Co. B. Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
Sullivan Gaines; 2d C., Co. M. Knoxville, Feb. 2, 1864,
Erastus Goff; 27th I., Sharp-shooters. Washington, July 22, 1864.
Albert Gibbs; 21st I., Co. D. Nashville, Dec. 13, 1862.
Willis R. Griffin; 9th I., Co. D. Murfreesboro, Tenn., July 2, 1862.
Elmon Greely; 3d I., Co. E. Fair Oaks.
Edward Goodenough; 3d C., Co. I. Hamburg, Tenn., May 26, 1862.
Nelson G. Grommond; 3d I., Co. D. Killed by accident, Jan. 6, 1863.
Henry Greenhoe; 21st I., Co. D. Murfreesboro, Tenn., Aug. 5, 1863.
James Gray; 6th C., Co. E. Andersonville, Oct. 23, 1864.
Martin L. Green; 25th I., Co. B. Bowling Green, May 15, 1863.

Chris. Greenhoe; 21st I., Co. D. Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 27, 1863.
Seth W. Guernsey; 21st I., Co. K. Nashville, Feb. 17, 1863.
Russell Hoyt; 21st I., Co. B. Florence, S. C., Jan. 31, 1864.
Joseph S. Howarth; Washington, Oct. 28, 1861.
David Houseman;
Miles E. Huchinson; 6th Cav.
Henry M. Hinman; 3d C., Co. D. Keokuk, Iowa.
Benj. F. Hammond; 5th I., Co. F. June, 1864.
James H. Hall; E. & M., Co. G. Ringold, Ga., July 7, 1864.
Geo. Henderleider; E. & M., Co. E. Nashville, Jan. 10, 1864.
Adams B. Hawley; 3d C., Co. D. Arkansas, July 9, 1864.
Charles Hogles; 11th C., Co. C. Lexington, 1861.
Don A. Hubbell; 10th C., Co. G. Camp Nelson, Ky., March 6, 1864,
Warren Hopkins; 6th C., Co. E. Andersonville Prison, July 12, 1864.
William Hyler; 26th I., Co. I. Deep Bottom, Va., July 27, 1864.
James R. Howell; 21st I., Co. K. Horse Cave, Ky., Nov. 16, 1862.
Harvey H. Haight; 21st I., Co. A. Louisville, Nov. 27, 1862.
Harvey N. Howes; 21st I., Co. D. Ionia, Sept. 18, 1862.
James Henderson; 21st I., Co. D. Bardstown, Ky., Dec. 5, 1862.
Frank Hall; 21st I., Co. D. Nashville, Nov. 30, 1862.
Sylvanus Hall; 21st I., Co. D. Nashville, 1862.
Robert Henderson; 21st I., Co. D. Nashville. Nov. 15, 1862.
Norton B. Hathaway; 13th I., Co. F. At home, 1862.
Geo. Husker; 9th I., Co. D. W. Point, Ky., Nov. 15, 1862.
Jacob N. Houseman; 9th I., Co. D. Murfreesboro, Tenn., June 4, 1862.
T. I. Hoffman; 15th I., Co. D. Shiloh, April 6, 1862.
Joseph Heaton; 21st I., Co. E. North Anna, May 24, 1864.
Hiram S. Hunt; 9th I., Co. H. Chattanooga, March 6, 1864.
William Hall; E. and M., Co. K. Alex, Va., May 10th, 1865.
Albert Hopkins; 10th C., Co. I. Lenoir, Tenn., June 25th, 1865.
Henry N. Howes; 21st I., Co. E. Ionia, Sept. 18th, 1862.
Charles Hinds; 2d I., Co. G. June 2d, 1864, of wounds.
Alfred F. Hunt; 9th I., Co. D. Nash., Dec. 9th, 1864.
York C. Hathaway; 13th Inf. Chattanooga, Oct. 7th, 1863.
Edward A. Hawley; 15th I., Co. A. January 25th, 1865.
Milo A. Hubbs; 3d C., Co. D. St. Louis, Jan. 4th, 1862.
James H. Henry; 21st I., Co. B. Dalton, Ga., Dec. 12th, 1864.
George W. Hopkins; 21st I., Co. B. Indianapolis, March 22d, 1865.
Charles Howe; 3d I., Co. E. Yorktown, 1862.
Daniel M. Horton; 3d I., Co. I. June 15th, 1862.
Nathaniel Hopkins; 6th C., Co. E. Andersonville, June 12th, 1864.
Wm. O. Hayes; 6th C., Co. C.
Isaac R. Hart; 6th C., Co. E. Andersonville, May 1st, 1864.
Asahel Hopkins; 6th C., Co. L. Winchester, Oct. 1st, 1864.
George Houser; 25th I., Co. B. Drowned, Loudon, Tenn., Oct. 22d, 1863.
John Howell; 10th C., Co. B. Michigan.
Henry C. Hubbs; 21st I., Co. A.
Artemas Hinds; 21st I., Co. K. Nashville, May 21st, 1863.

Joseph Hopkins; 21st I., Co. B. Louisville, Dec. 24th, 1862.
John P. Ingalls; 25th I., Co. B. March 19th, 1863.
Darius H. Inman; 21st I., Co. A. Nashville, Nov. 24th, 1862.
Wm. W. Johnson; 21st I., Co. D. Chattanooga, Oct. 12th, 1863.
Americ Joslyn; 15th I., Co. B. Louisville, Nov. 14th, 1862.
Marshall King; 25th I., Co. B. Nashville, May 30th, 1864.
George Kingston; 21st I., Co. D. Bowling Green, Nov. 20th, 1862.
Edward Kennett; 16th I., Co. B. Halls Hill, Va., Nov. 5th, 1861.
Alexander H. King; 21st I., Co. A. Cowan, Tenn., July 21st, 1863.
John W. Kellogg; 15th I., Co. D. Corinth, July 9th, 1862.
William Kibby; 21st I., Co. A. Louisville, January 6th, 1863.
George Kimberly.
Peter Lampman; 2d I., Co. F. Willard's Point, N. Y., Dec. 14th, 1864.
Thaddeus Lamourandere; 1st Sharp Shooters. Spottsylvania, May 12th, 1864.
Edgar S. Lewis; 21st I., Co. I. Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 20th, 1862.
Elias Lillie; 21st I., Co. I. Lebanon, Ky. Nov. 20th, 1862.
Ashley Leet; 9th I., Co. H. W. Point, Ky., 1862.
John Lamoreau; 21st I., Co. K. Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 25th, 1863.
Archibald Lowrey; 21st I., Co. I. Nashville, Tenn., March 21st, 1863.
Isaac Lovell; 25th I., Co. B. Atlanta, August 6th, 1864.
William Munn; 24th I., Co. A. Washington, Oct. 4th, 1864.
George H. March; 3d I., Co. E. Graveton, Va., August 29th, 1862.
Peter Mapes; 2d I., Co. K. June 18th, 1864, of wounds.
Nelson G. Merrill; 21st I., Co. A. Stone River, Dec. 31st, 1862.
George Morrison; 3d I., Co. C. Nash., March 30th, 1865.
Charles A. Mills; 3d C., Co. D. On steamer, May 11th, 1862.
John Mott; E. and M., Co. F. Detroit, June 11th, 1864.
James McNiel; 2d C., Co. C. Nash., July 15th, 1864.
Frederick Miry; 10th C., Co. B. Somerset, Ky., Feb. 24th, 1864.
Hermon More; 25th I., Co. B. August 1st, 1864.
Edwin McLain; 25th I., Co. B. Red Clay, Ga., May 6th, 1864.
Charles R. Moseby; 27th I., Co. K. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12th, 1864.
Joseph Mosher; 3d I., Co. E. Washington, July 20th, 1862.
George Mills; 3d I., Co. E. July 20th, 1861.
Lennis Miller; 21st I., Co. A. Louisville, Nov. 21st, 1862.
Oliver Mowry; 21st I., Co. I. Bowling Green, Dec. 20th, 1862.
Robert Morse; 21st I., Co. I. Stone River, Dec. 31st, 1862.
Charles A. Mooney; 21st I., Co. I. Lebanon, Ky., Oct. 26th, 1862
Francis M. Mather; 21st I., Co. I. Detroit, Oct. 17th, 1862.
Jason Mills; 9th I., Co. D. West Point, Ky., Dec. 9th, 1861.
Alexander Marcy; 11th I., Co. H. Chattanooga, April 1st, 1865.
Edward Mallory; 3d I., Co. C. Murfreesboro, Tenn., Dec. 28th, 1865.
William Monroe; 3d I., Co. K. Washington. May 8th, 1863.
Samuel E. Messer; 16th I., Co. H. Gaines Hill, June 27th, 1862.
Newcomb G. Marcy; 27th I., 1st Ind. Co. Washington, June 13th, 1864.
Frank Mosier; 10th C., Co. I. Knoxville, April 15th, 1865.
Wm. H. H. Moore; 10th C., Co. G. Somerset, Ky.

Amherst B. Millmine; E. and M., Co. C. Alexandria, Va., May 12th, 1865.
Thomas McBride; 8th I., Co. B. Milldale, Miss., July 29th, 1863.
John Moore; 21st I., Co. A. Nashville, January 3d, 1863.
Geo. W. Merchant; 6th C., Co. E. Fredericksburg, May 28th, 1864.
Aaron I. Miller; 21st I., Co. D. Nashville, March 23d 1863.
Frederick Neidart; 21st I., Co. D. Chattanooga, April 16th, 1864.
Elisha North; E. and M., Co. E. Bridgeport, Ala., June 2d, 1864.
Adna Nelson; 16th I., Co. H. Gaines Hill, June 27th 1862.
Warren Owen; 2d I., Co. K. Philadelphia, June 4th, 1865.
John A. Owen; 16th I., Co. H. Petersburg, June 20th, 1864.
George Orcott; 1st C., Co. F. Frederick, Md., January 30th, 1862.
Isaac A. Owen; 3d I., Co. E. Fair Oaks.
Jedediah E. Osburn; 6th C., Co. E. Andersonville, November 13th, 1864.
John C. Parcell; 3d I., Co. C. Huntsville, Ala., February 28th, 1865.
Daniel Podruff; 13th I., Co. C. In prison.
Wm. J. Powell; 21st I., Co. D. Chicamauga, September 20th, 1863.
George F. Preston; 21st I., Co. D. Bowling Green, November 16th, 1862.
James Pettingill; 21st I., Co. D. Nashville, November 17th, 1862.
John Podruff; 13th I., Co. C. Louisville, March 8th, 1862.
Wm. L. Plant; 9th I., Co. D. West Point, Ky., November 23d, 1861.
Theophilus Prosser; 27th I., Co. K. City Point, Va., December 1st, 1864.
Russell B. Parmenter; 21st I., Co. A. Nashville, January 2d, 1863.
Cyrus Persons; 21st I., Co. A. Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 16th, 1863.
Charles Rich; 21st I., Co. K. Nashville, Feb. 28, 1863.
John Rawson; 21st I., Co. K. Supposed dead.
Corydon L. Robbinson 2nd I., Co. G. Washington, 1864.
D. Rider; 2nd I., Co. A. In Michigan, June, 1864.
Martin Robins; 2nd I., Co., A. In Michigan, June, 1864.
Wm. H. Robinson; 6th C., Co. E. Washington, March 6, 1863.
Alex. Robertson; 8th I., Co. B. Petersburg, July, 5, 1864.
B. Ryder; 27th I., 2nd Ind. Co. Annapolis, Sept. 9, 1864.
Hiram Raymond; 8th I., Co. B. Grand Rapids, Sept. 21, 1861.
Ives Ransom; 21st I., Co. D. Nashville, Dec. 3, 1862.
Henry C. Rice; 9th I., Co. D. Shelbyville, June 7, 1862.
Joseph Robinson; 10th C., Co. A. Somerset, Feb., 1864.
Charles H. Rhodes; 3d I., Co. E. Fair Oaks.
John Rihem; 21st I., Co. K. Rolling Fork, Oct. 24, 1862.
Orrin A. Reed; 21st I., Co. K. Camp Bradley, Jan. 31, 1863.
Moses M. Robins; 3d I., Co. D. Philadelphia, April 2, 1863.
Myron S. Robinson, 21st I., Co. D. Lookout Mountain, Oct. 5, 1864.
Marshall T. Ranger; 16th I., Co. B. North Anna, May 26, 1864.
Randall D. Stockings; 13th Battery. Washington, Nov. 6, 1864.
James Stinson; 21st I., Co. D. Greenwich Station, O., Dec. 23, 1864.
August Schmidt; 3d I., Co. C. Washington, Dec. 1, 1862.
Thomas L. Steele; 21st I., Co. A. Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865.
Nathan C. Sessions; 9th I., Co. D. Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 12, 1864.
Thomas Smith; 27th I., Co. E. Petersburg, Feb. 3, 1865.
Ebenezer F. Smith, Jr.; 9th I., Co. D. Portland, Mich., Sept. 29, 1862

John F. Simpson; 7th C., Co. M. Morton's Ford., Va., Dec. 28, 1863.
Geo. Slocum, 3d I., Co. D. (of wounds). Nov. 1, 1862.
Geo. Stewart; 27th I., Co. H. Petersburg, Dec. 26, 1864.
Jacob Sperry; 27th I., 2nd Ind. Co. Aug., 1864.
George Shaw; 27th I., 2nd Ind. Co. Annapolis.
Wm. T. Scar; 21st I., Co. I. Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862.
Major Shute; 21st I., Co. I. Nashville, Dec. 2, 1862.
Wheeler I. Smith; 21st I., Co. K. Nashville, Nov. 18, 1862.
Henry Sinkey; 16th I., Co. H. Har. Landing, July 28, 1862.
John Sweet; 9th I., Co. H. West Point, Ky., 1862.
Harrison Snyder; 15th I., Co. F. April 18, 1862.
Charles Sweet; 9th I., Co. H. West Point, Ky., 1852.
Charles Sexton; 9th I., Co. H. Murfreesboro, Tenn., 1862.
James O. Sliter; 6th C., Co. E.
Johnson Sutton; 9th I. Co. D. Elizabethtown, Ky., Feb. 27, 1862.
Wm. Starkey; 21st I., Co. D. Louisville, Ky., Feb. 27, 1863.
Geo. Sargeant; 14th I., Co. F. Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 4, 1863.
John A Tompkins; 5th I., Co. A. In prison, S. C.
Francis Thompson; 14th I., Co. B. Jeffersonville, Ind., Feb. 5, 1865.
Albert Trowbridge.
Eugene Thompson; 16th I., Co. B. Wilderness, May 6, 1864.
Homer Tinno; 6th C., Co. E. Alexandria, Va. Nov. 12, 1864.
Richard M. Tower; 16th I., Co. B. Fort Monroe, Sept. 15, 1862.
Albert Truax; 6th C., Co. E. Washington, Feb. 12, 1864.
Ira G. Turner; 3d I., Co. B. Nov. 28, 1861.
Sherbourne H. Todd; 21st I., Co. I. Gallatin, Tenn., Jan. 17, 1863.
Emery Tuttle; 16th I., Co. B. Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
Reuben Tower; 3d I., Co. K. Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
Peter Van Doran; 21st I., Co. D. Nashville, December 26, 1862.
Mason Vosper; 2d I., Co. E. Petersburg, August 19, 1866.
Geo. Varnum; 9th I., Co. D. Elizabethtown, Ky., March 19, 1862.
Erastus C. Vandyke; 21st I., Co. A. Louisville, Dec. 23, 1862.
Peter S. Vanderhoe; 21st I., Co. D. Nashville, Dec. 26, 1862.
H. P. Van Alstine; 21st I., Co. I. Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.
James E. Witt; 2d I., Co. H. Washington, October 20, 1864.
Samuel D. Wells; 27th I., Co. B.
William Wright; 16th I., Co. B. Gaines' Mills, June 27, 1862.
Wm. J. Woolley; 21st I., Co. B. Chattanooga, March 16, 1865.
George W. Winters; 21st I., Co. K. Louisville, October 4, 1863.
Benj. F. Wait; 2d Ind. Co. City Point, Va., September 18, 1864.
Alonzo L. White; 8th C., Co. G. March 15, 1862.
Martin V. B. Wilmarth; 3d C., Co. D. Rienzi; no date.
Charles H. West; 3d I., Co. D. David's I., N. Y., September 22, 1862.
Peter West; 15th I., Co. F. Benton Barracks, Mo., June 11, 1862.
John L. Wood; 21st I., Co. A. Louisville, November 23, 1862.
Cornelius M. Wade; 21st I., Co. A. Louisville, November 23, 1862.
Bates McWethey; 21st I., Co. I. Bowling Green, November 16, 1862.
Rufus Wright; 15th I., Co. F. St. Louis, May 15, 1862.

Ira Wheeler; 9th I., Co. H. West Point, Ky., 1862.
Charles Wright; 9th I., Co. H. West Point, 1862.
James Winters; 9th I., Co. D. West Point, November 13, 1861.
Wm. Wilson; 9th I., Co. D. West Point, February 17, 1862.
Caleb F. Weaver; 2d C., Co. F. Cowan, Tenn., October 6, 1863.
Robert Winksworth; 6th C., Co. E. Andersonville, February 2, 1865.
Henry H. Wing; E. and M., Co. C. Nashville, July 12, 1864.
John A. Wright; 25th I., Co. B. Bowling Green, March 5, 1863.
John D. Wade; 3d I., Co. D. Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
Harvey C. Wilder; 6th C., Co. E. August 15, 1863.
Hiram Wilder; 13th I., Co. C. David's I., N. Y., May 16, 1865.
James R. Wright; 21st I., Co. K. New York city, February 1, 1865.
John York, Jr.; 21st I., Co. D. Ionia, March 20, 1865.
George Younger; 3d C., Co. D. Brownsville, Ark., October 8, 1864.
Oliver York; 21st I., Co. D. Bowling Green, November 15, 1862.

KENT COUNTY.

Hezekiah Aickly; 5th C., Co. B. Stevensburg, Va., April 12, 1864.
James Andrews; 6th C., Co. H. Winchester, Sept. 19, 1864.
Henry L. Arnold; 10th C., Co. E. Somerset, Ky., Feb. 9, 1864.
George Ames; 5th I., Co. E. March 23, 1865.
Silas Aldrich; 25th I., Co. B. Bowling Green, April 8, 1863.
Richard Alcott; 1st C., Co. L. Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.
Orlin A. Andrews; 3d I., Co. K. Yorktown, Aug. 19, 1862.
Benj. A. Austin; 3d I., Co. F. Seven Pines, May 31, 1862.
Chandler Andrews; 3d I., Co. K. Harper's Landing, Aug. 2, 1862.
James G. Bateman; 21st I., Co. I. Nashville, Jan. 27, 1863.
Ira C. Baxter; 21st I., Co. I. Chickamauga, Tenn., Sept. 20, 1863.
Charles E. Barr; 21st I., Co. B. Nashville, May 2, 1864.
Geo. H. Barnes; 21st I., Co. B. Nashville, April 17, 1863.
James Brown, 14th I., Co. B. Columbia, Tenn., Jan. 1, 1864.
James Bruce; 3d I., Co. A. Wilderness, May 8, 1864.
John Baird; E. & M., Co. C. Chattanooga, June 8, 1864.
Albert Brown, 1st Lieut.; Artillery, Co. L. Kentucky, March 1, 1864
Abraham Bishop; 5th C., Co. B. Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.
S. Benson; 7th C., Co. L. Alexandria, Va., Nov. 20, 1863.
Wm. F. Bates; 7th C., Co. L. Sept., 1864.
Wm. F. Brockway; 6th C., Co. H. Middletown, Va., Oct. 19, 1833.
Theophilus B. Baxter; 2d C., Co. F. Knoxville, April, 1864.
Austin Bates; 2d C., Co. F. Jackson, Tenn., 1864.
Jutson D. Bailey; 2d C., Co. E. St. Louis, Feb. 10, 1862.
John Bain; 2d C., Co. D. St. Louis, April 10, 1862.
Loren C. Bingham; 9th I., Co. C. April 7, 1865.
Simeon Bush; 10th C., Co. M. Camp Nelson, Va., March 17, 1865.
M. Bullis; 6th C., Co. M. Harper's Ferry, April 25, 1865.
Wm. H. Briggs; 21st I., Co. F. Nashville, April 22.
Hiram Blood; 3d I., Co. I. Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
Charles H. Brown; 21st I., Co. E. April 14, 1863.

Alonzo Blackmore; 6th C., Co. H. Washington, May 21, 1863.
James Bement; 1st Lieut., Art. Kentucky, July 14, 1863.
Robert Bell; 6th C., Co. H. Culpepper, Sept. 22, 1863.
Truman J. Bacon; 6th C., Co. F. Falling Waters. July 14, 1863.
Charles B. Burness; 3d I., Co. A. Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
Amos Bessey; 2d Battery. Pittsburg Landing, April 30, 1862.
Wm. M. Brockway; 6th C., Co. H. Raccoon Ford, Va., Sept. 16, 1863.
Alvin Briggs; 26th I., Co. I. Washington, June 30, 1864.
Charles Balsaw; 6th C., Co. B. Falling Waters, July 14, 1863.
Charles E. Buck; 18th I., Co. C. Decatur, Ala., August 20, 1864.
Wm. F. Brockway; 6th C., Co. H. Cedar Creek, Va., Oct. 19, 1864.
E. Butler; 6th C., Co. M. City Pt., Va., August 12, 1864.
George Bryant; 6th C., Co. H. Andersonville, June 19, 1864.
Joseph Berry; 25th I., Co. B. Nashville, December 15, 1864.
Oscar Bylsma; 21st I., Co. H. Nashville, Dec. 15, 1862.
Lorenzo Buckley; 2d C., Co. F. Keokuk, March 18, 1863.
Moses H. Black; 25th I., Co. B. Centerville, Nov. 27, 1864.
William N. Barnard; 13th I., Co. C. Dunlap, Tenn., August 23, 1863.
James Blackall; 21st I.. Co. B. Fayetteville, N. C., March 13, 1865.
Jonathan Bailey; E. & M., Co. B. Washington, June 14, 1865.
Edwards Butters; 6th C., Co. M. Trevillion, Va., June 11, 1864.
Andrew Barber; 3d I.. Co. D. Portsmouth Hosp., Sept. 22, 1862.
Theodore Bloomis; 21st I., Co. E. Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862.
Alonzo S. Berry; 3d I., Co. A. Huntsville, Ala., March 3, 1865.
Marcus H. Barclay: 16th I., Co. I.
Henry A. Bennett; 14th I., Co. F. Cincinnati, Ohio, August 6, 1862.
Henry Beach; 13th I., Co. C. Nashville, August 2, 1862.
Jacob Beasler; 1st C., Co. L. Nov. 21, 1863.
Barnett Burt, E. & M., Co. I. Nashville, May 21, 1862,
Charles A. Bailey; 8th I. Wilmington, April 16, 1862.
Charles Bloss; 8th I., Co. F. Hilton Head, Nov. 26, 1862.
Henry C. Burhame; 2d C., Co. B. Farmington, Miss., July 14, 1862.
Jutson D. Bailey; 2d C., Co. E. Benton Bar, Feb. 20, 1862.
Rufus W. Bliss; 2d C., Co. E. Jan. 24, 1862.
Henry P. Beckwith; 3d I., Co. K. Groveton, Va., 1862.
Emir A. Bell; 3d I., Co. F. Groveton, Va., August 29, 1862.
Cyrus W. Bullen; 3d I., Co. K. Groveton, 1862.
Charles Browman; 4th C., Co. H. Andersonville, June 20, 1864.
Daniel Bugel; 3d I., Co. F. Groveton, August 29, 1862.
George H. Barker; E. & M., Co. C. Covington, Ky.. May 8, 1862.
Christian Behler; 2d C., Co. F. Commerce, Md., March, 1862.
Patrick Burns; 3d I., Co. D. Nashville, June 18, 1865.
Robert Bruton; 3d I., Co. D. New Market, Tenn., March 3, 1865.
Seth A. Boynton; 15th I., Co. A. St. Louis, May 1, 1862.
L. Byron Brewer; Lieut. Berdan's Sharp Shooters, Co. C. Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
James Blackall; killed.
John Carroll; 14th I., Co. B. Rough and Ready, Ga., Sept. 7, 1865.

James Cowan; 1st Ind. Co. Laurel Hills, Va., May 11, 1864.
Josiah F. Clark; 13th I., Co. C. Chattanooga, Tenn. Dec. 30, 1863.
Alonzo Case; 5th I., Co. F. Virginia, Oct. 27, 1864.
Thomas Conger; 5th I., Co. E. Washington, July 1, 1864.
Wm. L. Coughtry; 3d I., Co. B. Wildnerness, May 5, 1864.
A. H. Coon; 6th C., Co. A. Trevillion, Va., June 11, 1864.
A. I. Cathcart; 5th C., Co. B. Grand Rapids, July 6, 1864—of wounds.
David A. Cramer; 10th C., Co. E. Willsonville, Tenn., June 6, 1864.
Howard P. Church; 4th C., Co. H. Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb.1, 1864.
J. P. Clarke; 6th C., Co. F. July 30, 1864.
Amos C. Classon; 2d C., Co. F. Nashville, March 8, 1864.
George Culver; 3d I., Co. K. Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
Henry W. Carpenter; 2d C., Co. F. Alexandria, Va., Jan. 11, 1864.
Isaac Camp; 10th C., Co. L. Kentucky, April 6, 1864.
Julius H. Clark; 10th C., Co. L. Cascade, Mich., April 25, 1864.
Abraham Cresfield; 2d C., Co. A.
Albert Clute. At home.
James Campbell; 2d C., Co. D. St. Louis, June 25, 1862.
Rufus Cheney; 2d C., Co. D. N. Madrid, Mo., April 12, 1862.
Alphonzo D. Cheney, 21st I., Co. A. Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863.
Julius O. Campbell; 21st I., Co. H. Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863.
Job. Carter; 21st I., Co. I. Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863.
Henry Camp; 10th I., Co. B. Washington, May 29, 1865.
Nicolas Canton; 5th I., Co. I. Detroit, Jan. 2, 1865.
Silas W. Cutter; 3d I., Co. B. Murfreesboro, Dec. 12, 1864.
Henry Clark; 8th I., Co. D. Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.
James Christopherson; 3d I., Co. B. Knoxville, Tenn., April 1, 1865.
Geo. S. Cheesbro; E. & M., Co. B. Goldsborough, April 4, 1865.
Harvey S. Curtis; 6th C., Co. M. Richmond, Va., Feb. 15, 1864.
Alex. Cole; 21st I., Co. E. Of wounds, Jan. 20, 1863.
Anson B. Corwin; E. & M., Co. F. Harpeth R.. Tenn., Oct. 3, 1863.
A. Cadwell; 2d C., Co. F. Franklin, Tenn., March 7, 1863.
John W. Coykendale; E. & M., Co. D. Lavergne, Tenn., Jan. 1, 1863.
Wm. L. Caper; 25th I., Co. B. Mumfordville, Ky., Jan. 3, 1863.
Theodore A. Chapin; 21st I., Co. H. Nashville, June 8, 1863.
Wm. H. Cranston; 21st I., Co. B. Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 20, 1863.
John F. Crysler; 3d I., Co. K. Falmouth, Va., May 13, 1865.
Oliver Culber; 3d I., Co. K. Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Jesse Coon; 3d I., Co. K. Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
Francis M. Crawford; 6th C., Co. F. Falling Waters, July 14, 1863.
Charles Crauss; 6th C., Co. A. Hunterstown, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Hugh Cox; 1st Sharp Shooters, Co. C. In Michigan, June 12, 1862.
John Cantwell; 3d C., Co. G. Grand Rapids, July 1, 1862.
F. M. Coats; 26th I., Co. I. Cold Harbor, June 7, 1864.
Geo. W. Cluts; 26th I., Co. I. Washington, May 25, 1864
P. Coburn, 8th I. James Island, July 10, 1862.
David Cline; 26th I., Co. I. Feb. 1, 1864.
Jeremiah Cary; 26th I., Co. I. Washington, July 18, 1864.

James Carroll; 14th I., Co. B. Ypsilanti, Mich.
Angus Campbell; 21st I., Co. H. Nashville, Dec. 8, 1862.
Newell Caykendall; E. & M., Co. G. Nashville. Sept. 21, 1862.
Septimus Carlton; 21st I., Co. H. Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862.
James Congdon; 3d I., Co. B. Groveton, Va., Aug. 29, 1862.
Richard Cusser, 13th I., Co. C. Louisville, March 15, 1862.
Noah Casner; 16th I., Co. G. Washington, June 6, 1865.
Geo. Corporan; 21st I., Co. E. Walker, Mich., March 19, 1863.
Orson O. David; 27th I., Co. K. Wilmington, N. C., March 3, 1865.
Byron J. Dart; 42d Ill. I. Jan. 1, 1864.
John P. DuKruif; 1st Ind. Co. Alexandria, Va., June 29, 1864.
Edward S. Drew; 10th C., Co. C. Knoxville, Tenn. Oct. 12, 1864.
Thomas A. Davis; 1st Lt. Art., Co. B. Rome, Ga., June 1, 1864.
Eben Delano; 2d C., Co. C. Nashville. July 4, 1864.
David A. Dennison; 10th C., Co. E. Kentucky, Jan. 23, 1863.
John L. DeGrot; 5th I., Co. I. Michigan, Aug. 8, 1865.
Wm. D. Davis; 3d I., Co. C. San Antonio, Tex., Sept. 29, 1865.
Frederick Deal; 13th I., Co. D. Nashville, Sept. 26, 1863.
Wm. P. Draper; 5th I., Co. A. Toledo, O., March 4, 1865.
Abraham Dees; 7th C., Co. K. In prison, 1864.
Emery Durham; 7th C., Co. K. Richmond, Feb. 15, 1864.
Isaac Dean; 21st I., Co. H. Galliopolis, O., Feb. 13, 1863.
Asa Douglass; 8th I., Co. B. Milldale, Miss., July 18, 1863.
Daniel Draper, 6th C., Co. E. Warrenton Junc., Aug. 10, 1863.
Geo. Dillenback; 26th I., Co. I. Petersburg, Va., June 16, 1864.
Wm. M. Davis; 26 I., Co. Co. I. Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 11, 1864.
James Dexter; 3rd I., Co. A. Green Lake, Texas, Sept. 1, 1865.
John E. Davis; E. and M., Co. C. Nashville, April 27, 1862.
Samuel Dodge; 3rd I., Co. A. Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.
Hiram Daily; 3rd I., Co. A. Ft. Monroe, April 10, 1862.
Wm. H. Daniels; 3rd I., Co. A. Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.
Thomas A. Eddie; 2nd Lieut. 6th C. Meadow Ridge, May 12, 1863.
Milo Ensign; 1st Lieut. 1st Light Art., Co. E. Tecumseh, Ala., 1862.
Lyman Evans; 26th I., Co. I. Andersonville prison, Oct. 20, 1864.
Stephen W. Ewing; 21st I., Co. H. Nashville, Feb. 1, 1863.
John W. Ewing; 21st I., Co. H. Nashville, Feb. 11, 1863.
James W. Emmons; 21st I., Co. B. Nashville, Dec. 26, 1862.
James Eddy; 3rd C. Rienzi, Miss., June 21, 1862,
Henry Ellis; 1st C., Co. L. Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.
Henry E. Filkins; 3rd I., Co. F. North Anna, May 25, 1864.
Alvin Fuller; 10th C., Co. M. Knoxville, Tenn., April 8, 1864.
Hiram Filly; 2nd C., Co. D. Farmington, Miss., July 15, 1862.
Geo. W. French; 1st Light Art., Co. E. Shiloh, May 1, 1862.
John A. Fox; 4th C., Co. H. Mitchellville, Tenn., Nov. 16, 1862.
Charles H. Frost; E. and M., Co. B. July 18, 1862.
Lucien B. Fullington; 2nd C., Co. F. St. Louis, Sept. 5, 1862.
Isaac Francis; 3rd I., Co. D. Of wounds, Nov. 1, 1862.
Alvin R. Ford; 8th I., Co. D. James Island, June 16, 1862.

Wm. A. Francisco; 25th I., Co. B. Nashville, Dec. 16, 1864.
David A. Farnum; 3rd I., Co. A. Nashville, Feb. 10, 1865.
Albert Freeman; 5th I., Co. I. Macon, Ga., May 12, 1864.
Wm. H. Fox; 7th C., Co. M. Winchester, Va., Sept. 20, 1864.
John Frederick; 21st I., Co. E. Of wounds.
John L. Free; 10th C., Co. C. Knoxville, Tenn., July 19, 1865.
Geo. W. Fay; 6th C., Co. H. Trevillion, Ky., June 11, 1864.
Morris E. Fitch; 2d C., Co. F. Franklin, Tenn., March 25, 1863.
Allen Ford; 21st I., Co. B. Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 30, 1863.
Martin Greenman; 3d I., Co. K. Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
Libeus P. Graves; 10th C., Co. E. Detroit, Aug., 1864.
LaFayette Grain; 6th C., Co. M. City Point, Va., Aug. 12, 1864.
Henry L. Gore; E. and M. Co. I. Bridgeport, Ala., March 17, 1864.
Eugene Gillam; 3d I., Co. A. Knox, March 21, 1865.
Geo. Girdler; 3d I., Co. B. Fair Oaks.
Judson A. Gouldsberry; 21st I., Co. I. Goldsborough, N. C., March 26, 1863.
Henry Goble; 3d I., Co. E. Accident, Alexandria, Va., 1862.
Morey Godfroy; 21st I., Co. I. Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 12, 1863.
Charles B. Gilman; 21st I., Co. H. Stone River, Jan. 1, 1863.
John Gingery; 3d I., Co. D. Murfreesboro, Tenn., Dec. 15, 1864.
James Gunigal; 5th I., Co. F. Salisbury, N. C., Jan. 27, 1865.
Henry W. Griffin; 13th I., Co. D. Bentonville, March 19, 1865.
Solon H. Garrett; 2d C., Co. C. Andersonville prison, May 20, 1864.
Robert Gilden; E. & M., Co. A. Fayetteville, N. C., March 17, 1865.
Warner Green; 2d C., Co. F. Nashville, Dec. 4, 1864.
William Godfroy; Indiana R. Coming home.
Benj. F. Gitchill; 21st I., Co. G. Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863.
August Gruths; 3d I., Co. B. Washington, Dec. 17, 1862.
Isaac W. Godfroy. Killed by Indians, May 20, 1865.
A. C. Godfroy; 26th I., Co. I. Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
Warren D. Godfroy; Nevada Cav. At home.
William Green; 6th C., Co. B. Alexandria, Va., Aug. 12, 1863.
Wm. P. Gold; 14th I., Co. F. Farmington, Miss., July 15, 1862.
Joel W. Gardner; 5th I., Co. E. Washington, D. C., July 1, 1864.
Geo. Harwick; 2d C., Co. G. Chattanooga. July 13, 1864.
Elisha Helsel; 8th I., Co. D. Fredericksburg, Va., May 12, 1864.
Henry H. Hickox; 2d C., Co. D. Evansville, Ind., Aug. 16, 1862.
D. L. Hydan; 6th C., Co. A. Oct. 28, 1863.
Martin House; 6th C., Co. M. Hawes' Shop; May 28, 1864.
Cyrus Hoadley; E. & M., Co. K. Chattanooga, Feb. 29, 1864.
Frank P. Hilderth; 4th C., Co. H. Danville, Ky., November 2, 1862.
Eli Hamblin; 3d I., Co. F. Washington, September 18, 1862.
Lewis Hartman; 3d I., Co. C. Armory Hosp., October 21, 1862.
Welcome E. Herrendon; 27th I., Co. D. Washington, June 15, 1864.
Charles G. Hilton; 21st I., Co. B. Stone River, December 31, 1862.
Estil W. Holt; 26th I., Co. I. Washington, June 17, 1864.
Jared Harrington. Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.

George Hilliard.
James Hoose; 4th C., Co. H. Bowling Green, Ky., January 17, 1863.
Francis I. Hartwell; 21st I., Co. H. Perryville, Ky., April 1, 1862.
Wm. Himmelberger; 1st C., Co. L. Sandy Hook, Md., Sept. 30, 1862.
Clark Hall; 8th I., Co. D. Chantilly, September 1, 1862.
Thomas Hollington; E. and M., Co. C. Corinth, Miss., May 25, 1862.
Joseph E. Hooper; 2d C., Co. E. New Madrid, December 11, 1862.
Jared V. Harrison; 3d I., Co. A. Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.
Americus Holden; 21st I., Co. H. At home, August 30, 1864.
William Halsey; 3d I., Co. K. October 4, 1862.
Abram V. Hawk; 21st I., Co. B. Lowell, Mich., January 31, 1865.
John Harper; 21st I., Co. H. Washington, May 12, 1865.
Harrison Harger; 4th C., Co. H. Sparta, Tenn., August 11, 1863.
Wm. Harger; 4th C., Co. H. Sparta, Tenn.
Wm. C. Harlan; 5th I., Co. F. July 12, 1863.
Rufus A. Hilton; E. and M., Co. D. Beardstown, Ky., Sept. 1, 1862.
Henry Hardenburg; 3d I., Co. C. Keokuk, Iowa, March 13, 1865.
Wm. N. Herrington; 3d I., Co. B. April 11, 1865.
Daniel Hayes; 21st I., Co. H. Bentonville, N. C. March 19, 1865.
Alpheus Holcomb; 21st I., Co. H. Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.
Warren Heald; E. and M., Co. C. Ogeechee, Ga., December 7, 1864.
Washington Holmes; E. and M., Co. C. Portsmouth, May 19, 1865.
Samuel Hughes; 6th C., Co. F. Andersonville Pris., July 21, 1864.
Charles Helmer; 6th C., Co. M. Andersonville Pris., August 5, 1864.
James Heffern; 21st I., Co. H. Bowling Green, Jan. 14, 1863.
Ira Helsill; 21st I., Co. E. Murfreesboro, Tenn., May 10, 1863.
John Hanna; 6th C., Co. A. Hanover, Va., May 8, 1864.
Wm. Hamblin; 5th I., Co. F. June 18, 1864.
John Hinkle; 3d I., Co. C. Nashville, July 5, 1865.
Samuel Harrington; 16th I., Co. I. Washington, June 1, 1865.
Judson W. Irons; 14th I., Co. F. Big Springs, Miss., July 3, 1862.
Charles W. Irons; E. & M., Co. D. Nov. 16, 1862.
Burdell C. Irons; E. & M., Co. F. New York, May 16, 1865.
Leander Jewell; 6th C., Co. A. Hanover, Va., May 28, 1864.
John Jinks; 6th I., Co. B. New Orleans, Aug. 14, 1864.
Richard Johnson; 3d I., Co. A. Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863
Casper Jenner; 5th I., Co. I. Grand Rapids, May 27, 1865.
Edward Johnson; 13th I., Co. A. Detroit, May 14, 1865.
Guy Johnson; 21st I., Co. H. Lookout Mt., Aug. 19, 1864.
Wm. W. Johnson, 6th C., Co. M. Washington, Oct. 11, 1864.
Jasper Jacobs; 3d I., Co. F. Groveton, Aug. 29, 1862.
Mark Johnson: 13th I., Co. A. David's Island, N. Y., May 16, 1865.
Harvey Johnson; 13th I., Co. C. Stone River.
Jacob Kugers; 3d I., Co. F. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
Curtis L. Keeny; 2d C.. Co. F. St. Louis.
Charles E. Kennedy; 26th I., Co. I. Farmville, Va., April 7, 1865.
John M. Knapp; 21st I., Co. B. Bent, N. C., March 21, 1865.
Hugh Kearney; 5th I., Co. A. Detroit, April 6, 1865.

John Kennedy; 8th I., Co. H. Petersburg, April 2, 1865.
Fred. S. Kettle; 6th C., Co. B. Harper's Ferry, Jan. 3, 1865.
Webster J. Kniffin; 3d I., Co. A. Camp S., Va., June 1, 1863.
Henry F. Kimbert; 10th C., Co. F. Flat Creek, Tenn., Aug. 27, 1864.
Andrew I. Konkling; 6th C., Co. B. Oct. 26, 1862.
John Kennedy; E. and M., Co. B. Accident, Fayetteville, N. C., March 14, 1865.
Wm. J. Knapp; 26th I., Co. I. Andersonville Pris., October 20, 1864.
Francis Kelly; 6th C., Co. A. Prisoner, 1863.
John Lynch; 2d C., Co. F. Cleaveland, Tenn., April 2, 1864.
Henry C. Lock; 21st I., Co. H. Nashville, December 7, 1862.
Robert Lee; 3d I., Co. C. Sparta, Mich.
Geo. R. Lyon; 21st I., Co. B. Louisville, November 30, 1862.
Erastus R. Linsley; 21st I., Co. E. Louisville, October 30, 1862.
Dennis Lynch; 14th I., Co. B. Nashville, October 28, 1862.
Anson Lewis; 3d I., Co. A. Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.
Joseph Lozo; 21st I., Co. B. David's I., N. Y., May 17, 1865.
Isaac Lovell, 25th I., Co. B. Alcantra, Ga., August 6, 1864.
John Lynd; 16th I., Co. E. Field, Va., June 4, 1865.
James Lind; 6th C., Co. H. Andersonville Pris., September 25, 1864.
John B. Leach; 4th C., Co. H. Nashville, December 25, 1862.
Charles H. Louder; 2d C., Co. E. Nashville, May 4, 1865.
Abram A. Lawyer; 21st I., Co. H. Stone River, December 31, 1862.
Henry Lawyer; 3d I., Co. A. Wilderness, May 6, 1864.
Robert H. Lamberton; 24th I., Co. I. October 6, 1862.
John Leclaire; 4th C., Co. H.
Monroe Livington; 6th C., Co. F. Falling Waters, July 14, 1863.
John Livingston; 6th C., Co. F. Fairfax, June 22, 1863.
Thomas A. Martin.
Neil McLean; 3d I. Nashville, February 27, 1865.
Peter McLean; 6th C. Richmond, Va., May 28, 1864.
D. McDermott; 25th I., Co I. Hanover, Va., May 24, 1862.
Orville Marsh; 7th C., Co. D. September 4, 1864.
Charles B. Morey; 2d C., Co. H. In Michigan, May, 1864.
James Matthews; 8th I., Co. D. In Michigan, February 4, 1864.
Mortimer W. Mormon; 10th C., Co. A. Pt. Isabel, Ky., March 22, 1864.
Benj. F. Morey; 13th I., Co. C. Chickamauga, Tenn., Sept. 19, 1863.
John Mead; E. & M., Co. D. Chattanooga, Feb. 21, 1864.
James Mashkum; 1st Sharp Shooters, Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
Duncan McNaughton; 2d C., Co. E. N. Madrid, April 20, 1862.
Jacob McFall; 6th C., Co. F. Berryville, Va., Sept. 5, 1864.
Charles McCarty; 26th I., Co. I. Andersonville Prison, Aug. 18, 1864.
William Murray; 26th I., Co. I. Deep Bottom, Va., July 27, 1864.
Milton M. Merryfield; 21st I., Co. B. Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862.
Ivan McLain; 21st I., Co. E. Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862.
John W. Marvin; E. & M., Co. D. Nashville, Nov. 2, 1862.
Charles Myers; E. & M., Co. C. Nashville, Oct. 12, 1862.
John Murony; 14th I., Co. F. Campbell, O., May 19, 1862.

Arthur McDougal; 8th I., Co. H. Washington, Oct. 29, 1861,
Michael McGrath; 3d I., Co. D. Groveton, Aug. 29, 1862.
Harvey H. Mead; 3d I., Co. K. Groveton.
Joseph Morse; 2d C., Co. F. Nashville, Sept. 23, 1863.
Homer H. Morgan; 3d I., Co. B. July 21, 1861.
Jonas McFall; 16th I., Co. H. Washington, April 30, 1865.
Adam McGarvey; 3d I., Co. K. Ft. Lyon, Oct. 18, 1861.
Horace McNitt; 4th C., Co. H. Nashville, Jan. 19, 1863.
Joel McLenathan; 5th I., Co. A. Detroit, Jan. 28, 1865.
Lt. Thomas N. V. Mitchell; 14th C. Wounds. Murfreesboro, Dec., 1862.
Oakland Merryfield.
Samuel McMurray; 5th I., Co. E. Jan. 2, 1865.
Geo. W. Miller; 3d I., Co. A. Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.
Berdan McCall; 8th I., Co. D. Petersburg, Jan. 30, 1865.
David A. Marsh; 13th I., Co. E. Savannah, March 3, 1865.
Henry I. Myers; 16th I., Co. B. Washington, June 9, 1865.
Thomas C. McConnell; 10th C., Co. D. Knoxville, March 14, 1865.
Samuel Montague; E. & M., Co. D. Washington, July 8, 1865.
John McHugh; 26th I., Co. I. New York, Aug. 15, 1863.
Nathan E. Mallory; 21st I., Co. F. Chattanooga, March 28, 1865.
Charles F. Myers; 6th C., Co. H. Andersonville prison, July 25, 1864.
James Misner; 6th C., Co. F. Andersonville prison, Aug. 17, 1864.
Stewart J. McLane; 21st I., Co. E. Murfreesboro, Tenn., Dec. 31, 1862.
Finley McPhearson; 6th C., Co. F. Cumberland, Tenn., May 5, 1865.
Allen Morse; 6th C., Co. M. Andersonville prison, Oct. 1, 1864.
Robert W. Miller; 6th C., Co. E. Plainfield, Mich., Jan. 20, 1865.
Jacob Miers; 6th C., Co. M. Richmond, Aug. 1, 1864.
John Moffit; 21st I., Co. H. Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 3, 1863.
Anthony D. Matthews; E. & M., Co. D. Murfreesboro, April 15, 1863.
John M. Morris; 21st I., Co. B. Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1862.
Charles Miller; 3d I., Co. B. Virginia, March 18, 1863.
Michael Murphy; 3d I., Co. B. Philadelphia, Feb. 1, 1863.
David Munthorn; 6th C., Co. E. Campbell Hospital, 1863.
O. Mayfield; 6th C., Co. B. Falling Waters, July 14, 1863.
I. McDonald; 6th C., Co. F. Falling Waters, July 14, 1863.
Timothy J. Mosher; Washington, 1863.
Alfred D. Moore; E. & M., Co. A. Chattanooga, April 19, 1864.
Augustus Mauranski; 21st I., Co. B. Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862.
Walter Misner; 6th C., Co. F. Washington, Aug. 30, 1863.
Alonzo R. Martin; 6th C., Co. B. Falling Waters, July 14, 1863.
Abraham Miller. At home, of wounds.
John Nellis; 6th C., Co. H. Nov. 18, 1864.
David Noble; E. & M., Co. C. Tuscumbia, Ga., June 22, 1862.
Flavius J. Neal; 6th C., Co. B. Fall. Wat., July 14, 1863.
Otheviah F. Norman, 6th C., Co. M. Andersonville prison. Sept. 26, 1864.
Merritt Newton; 13th I., Co. C. Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862.
Henry J. Nesbitt; 21st I., Co. H. Lookout Mt., Aug. 20, 1864.
Wm. Newton; 5th I., Co. A. Virginia, Oct. 27, 1864.

Miner S. Nicols; 21st I., Co. H. Murfreesboro, May 11, 1863.
Ira A. Nash; 26th I., Co. I. Alexandria, Va., Jan. 25, 1863.
James W. Newson; 21st I., Co. E. Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 17, 1863.
Samuel B. Osgood; 2d C., Co. D. Golconda, Sept. 13, 1862.
Elon Oneans; 2d C., Co. E. New Albany, Sept. 30, 1863.
John O'Brein: 14th I., Co. B. Nashville, Jan. 31, 1863.
Charles E. Provin; E. & M., Co. B. Atlanta, Oct. 15, 1864.
John Potter; E. & M., Co. H. Tennessee, Jan. 29, 1864.
Charles F. Page; 8th I., Co. I. Wilderness, May 6, 1864.
Reuben Petty; 10th C., Co. A. Knoxville, April 27, 1864.
Fred Porter: E. & M., Co. A. Chattanooga, March 3, 1864.
Frederick Propardett; 3d I., Co. F. Philadelphia, Sept. 2, 1862.
Francis Pelton; 6th C., Co. B. Falling Waters, July 14, 1863.
John B. Pearsall; E. & M., Co. E. May 10, 1862.
James I. Provin; 6th C., Co. F. Smithfield, Va., Feb. 5, 1864.
Austin Pixley; 6th C., Co. A. Aqua Creek, Va., June 15, 1864.
Geo. W. Parker; 3d I., Co. F. Huntsville, Ala., Feb. 1, 1865.
Henry Pool; 3d I., Co. A. Virginia, June 25, 1862.
Geo. W. Pyle; 21st I., Co. B. Bentonville, March 13, 1865.
Jacob Plaster; 1st C., Co. L. Washington, Nov. 21, 1861.
Aaron R. Piersons; 15th I., Co. E. Chattanooga, June 12, 1865.
Wm. W. Potter; 21st I., Co. E. Nashville, April 13, 1863.
James B. Pierce; 3d I., Co. A. Gettysburg, July 2. 1863.
Theodore F. Peterson; 3d I., Co. A. Philadelphia, April 22, 1863.
Geo. F. Patten; Falling Waters, July 14, 1863.
Henry B. Potter; 6th C., Co. B. Falling Waters, July 12, 1863.
Wm. Prindle; 5th I., Co. F. Florence, S. C., Nov. 11, 1864.
Bennett Phillips; Washington, August 5, 1863.
John Powley.
Otis H. Russell; E. & M., Co. D. Chattanooga, July 6, 1864.
Purdy Ramslar; E. & M., Co. D. Chattanooga, June 19, 1864.
Charles A. Russell; 10th C., Co. F. Flat Creek, Tenn., August 17, 1864
Joel Rennells; 25th I., Co. B. Knoxville, July 8, 1864.
Edwin Rathbun; 21st I., Co. E. Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862.
Peter Rykert; E. and M., Co. K. Chattanooga, March 17, 1864.
Lafayette Randall; 13th I., Co. C. Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862.
Charles H. Richmond; 8th I., Co. D. Washington, Sept. 1862.
Charles L. Richards; 2nd C., Co. D. St. Louis, Jan. 30, 1862.
Almeron D. Rathbun; 21st I., Co. I. Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862.
Geo. Robertson; E. and M., Co. D. Nashville, May 11, 1862.
Oliver Rhodes; 8th I., Co. D. Chantilly, Sept. 1, 1862.
Henry S. Reed; 2nd C., Co. E. Farmington, July 7, 1862.
Edmond Riordan; 3rd I., Co. F. Groveton.
Samuel L. Rice; 3rd I., Co. B. Fair Oaks.
Isaac W. Roberts; 3rd I., Co. F. Seven Pines, May 31, 1862.
James Robinson; 3rd C., Co. M. Lagrange, Tenn., Sept. 20, 1863.
Ezra J. Rogers; 3rd I., Co. B. Murfreesboro, Dec. 28, 1865.
Abram Rosel; 6th C., Co. B. Falling Waters, July 14, 1863.

Cady Rowly; E. and M., Co. K. Marshall, Mich., April 13, 1865.
Jacob Rectenwald; 4th C.; Co. H. Nashville, Dec. 15, 1862.
Luman O. Reed; 14th I., Co. F. In the field, Georgia, July 5, 1864.
Richards Rolands; 6th C., Co. M. Andersonville prison, April 16, 1864.
Wm. R. Roswell; 21st I., Co. H. Nashville, Jan. 13, 1863.
Alfred A. Randall; 21st I., Co. H. Nashville, Jan. 4. 1864.
Abram Richmire; 21st I., Co. E. New Albany, Dec. 22, 1862.
Rennes Rogers; 6th C., Co. B. Falling Waters, of wounds, July 30, 1863.
Francis D. Richardson; 6th C., Co. F. Falling Waters, July 14, 1863.
John Rexford; 21st I., Co. B. Nashville, Feb. 14, 1863.
Luther Richards.
Thomas C. Soules; E. & M., Co. F. Bridgeport, Ala., June 24, 1864.
Capt. Edgar W. Smith; 21st I., Co. D. Wounded at Chickamauga, Oct. 15, 1863.
Elisha Steele; 2d C., Co. C. Andersonville Prison.
Erson H. Smith; Libby Prison, Sept. 12, 1863.
H. Steneca; 7th C., Co. M. Washington, June 22, 1864.
Thomas A. Sapwell; 1st Light Art. Rome, Ga., June 22, 1864.
Hiram Sherman; 13th I., Co. C. Tuscumbia, Ala., June 16, 1862.
Amos M. Smith; 26th I., Co. I. Washington, Oct. 10, 1864.
Capt. James Sligh; Tallahoma, Nov. 15, 1863.
James H. Soules; 4th C., Co. H. Mitchellville, Tenn., Dec. 2, 1862.
Geo. W. Spearback; 8th I., Co. D. Wilm. Is., April 16, 1862.
William S. Simmons; 14th I., Co. F. Farmington, Miss., July 20, 1862.
Frederick Shriver; 3d I., Co. B. Groveton, August 20, 1862.
Geo. W. Story; 2d C., Co. E. New Madrid, March 24, 1862.
Joseph T. Sliter; 6th C., Co. B. Falling Waters, July 14. 1863.
James W. Sims; 14th I., Co. A. Franklin, Tenn., Feb. 28, 1864.
Eugene Smith, 3d I., Co. K. Fair Oaks.
Charles D. Smith; 3d I., Co. A. Fair Oaks.
Morris Stevenson; 21st I., Co. I. Newbern, N. C., May 24, 1865.
Harrison C. Soules; 3d I., Co. A. Annapolis, 1862.
Ethan E. Squiers; 21st I., Co. F. Detroit, Feb. 3, 1865.
Cyrus B. Steele; 16th I., Co. G. Washington, June 27, 1865.
Wm. F. Schenk; 2d C., Co. E. St. Louis, Dec. 11, 1862.
Geo. H. Sliter; 21st I., Co. H. Dansville Prison, April 1864.
Thomas Stanton; 3d I., Co. D. Nashville, June 29. 1865.
Frank Shoff; 3d I., Co. F. Nashville, April 11, 1865.
Willson B. Seymour; 7th C., Co. B. Dacotah T., Sept. 3, 1865.
Chauncey Smith; 5th I., Co. F. Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 22, 1864.
Wm. Shoemaker; 5th I., Co. I. Petersburg, June 18, 1864.
Geo. W. Smith; 3d I., Co. C. Nashville, July 5, 1865.
Henry Strong; 3d I., Co. C. Nashville, April 8, 1865.
Dennis Scagel; 16th I., Co. B. Gravelly Run, Va., March 31, 1865.
Reuben F. Stanley; 14th I., Co. E. Nashville, Jan. 13, 1865.
Alfred E. Smith; 26th I., Co. I. Washington, Feb. 10, 1865.
Denton Smith; 16th I., Co. A. Washington, June 6, 1863.
Richard Sterling; 1st C. Nov. 1, 1864.

James H. Soules; 4th C., Co. H. Mitchellville, Tenn., Dec. 1, 1862.
James Sears; 6th C., Co. H. Point of Rocks, Aug. 23, 1865.
Wm. F. Sibley; 21st I., Co. B. Lookout Mt., Nov. 1, 1864.
Horace B. Smoke; 6th C., Co. H. Andersonville prison. Aug. 15, 1864.
Daniel Smith: 6th C., Co. F. Richmond, Jan. 15, 1864.
Alfred Shirk; 2d C., Co. B. New Albany, Sept. 15, 1863.
Wm. I. Slayton; 25th I., Co. B. Louisville, July 22, 1863.
Sacob Stark; 6th C., Co. M. Grand Rapids, Nov. 28. 1862.
Lyman D. Stilwell; 4th C., Co. M. Andersonville prison, May 2, 1864.
Wm. Smithr E. & M., Co. D. Nashville, Jan. 22, 1863.
John H. Stewart; 21st I., Co. E. Bowling Green, Nov. 25, 1862.
John Smalley; 21st I., Co. F. Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 17, 1863.
Robert Sleigh: Gettysburg, July 2. 1863.
Cornelius Spaulding; 6th C., Co. H. Washington, Jan. 19, 1863.
Seth Streeter; 6th C., Co. H. Washington, Aug. 2.
Warren V. Soules; 4th C., Co. H. Murfreesboro, Tenn., May 1, 1863.
Samuel C. Squiers; 21st I., Co. H. Murfreesboro, Tenn., Jan. 1, 1864.
Lucas M. Smith; 1st Ind. Co. Detroit, Oct. 1, 1864.
Major Slater; E. & M., Co. C. Chattanooga, July 24, 1864.
James R. Treadway; 14th I., Co. F. Field, Ga., July 5, 1864.
Dwight Towsley; 5th I., Co. F. Of wounds, July 1, 1864.
Allen Thayer; 3d I., Co. F. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
L. C. Truax; 6th C., Co. M. City Point, Va., Aug. 12, 1864.
Almon H. Tubbs; 3d C., Co. K. Oxford, Miss., Dec. 10. 1862.
Geo. Tresc't; 21st I., Co. G. Louisville, Dec., 1862.
Samuel D. Tole; 26th I., Co. I. Deep Bottom, Aug. 16, 1864.
James A. Tabor; 5th I., Co. E. Washington, April 18, 1865.
Henry H. Thurston; 1st Lt. Art., Co. E. Drowned, May 2, 1865.
Matthew Tancred; 14th I., Co. K. Andersonville prison, May 25, 1864.
Lorenzo D. Tubbs; 13th I., Co. G. Bentonville, March 19, 1865.
George Tower; 13th I., Co. C. Stone River, December 31, 1863.
Henry C. Tower; 13th I., Co. C. Chickamauga, September 19, 1863.
Orange Taylor; 8th I., Co. D. Washington, 1863.
John W. Tyler; 6th C., Co. A. Fairfax, May 6, 1863.
Wm. D. Upson; E. and M. Nashville, March 4, 1865.
Benj. Van Norman; 10th C., Co. A. Greenville, Tenn., August 24, 1864.
James Van Dusen; 2d C., Co. D. St. Louis, December 5, 1862.
Cornelius Vanlieu; 6th C., Co. F. Andersonville Pris., July 14, 1864.
E. Vandecan; 26th I., Co. I. Washington, June 4, 1864.
Chester Vincent; 21st I., Co. I. Bowling Green, November 16, 1862.
Phililp Van Dusen; 3d I., Co. D. Groveton, August 29, 1862.
George Van Wie; 3d C., Co. L. Jackson, Tenn., April 25, 1863.
Hogan Van Etten; 3d I., Co. B. Gulf of Mexico, November 13, 1865.
James Van Dusen; 16th I., Co. F. Coming home, February 27, 1865.
Van Buren Van Etten; 4th C., Co. H. Tennessee, December 28, 1862.
Abram Wolf; E. and M., Co. D. Chattanooga, April 24, 1864.
Seldon Wood; E. and M., Co. D. Chattanooga. November 5, 1863.
James C. Wallace; E. and M., Co. A. Cartersville, Ga., July 13, 1864.

Nathan Wilkes; 2d C., Co. C. New Albany, (suicide), Sept. 30, 1864.
Charles Wegal; 4th C., Co. H. Nashville, December 24, 1862
Henry White; 2d C., Co. D. Farmington, Miss., July 15,,1862.
Henry G. Watson; 2d C., Co. E. Chap. Hill, October 8, 1862.
Joel Wolcott; 26th I., Co. I. Washington, May 24, 1864.
Willard Washburne; 3d I., Co. F. Groveton, August 29, 1862.
Lawrence S. Wolcott; 13th I., Co. C. Stone River, January 2, 1863.
John H. Wood; 6th C., Co. A. Fairfax, April 25, 1863,
Darwin D. Weeks; 13th I., Co. C. Nashville, November 19, 1862.
John White; 21st I., Co. B. Danville, Ky., October 31, 1862.
Wm. Wright; 3d I., Co. A. Washington, May 12, 1862.
Henry Ward; 3d I., Co. A. Fair Oaks.
Alonzo Worden; 21st I., Co. H. Savannah, Dec. 20, 1864.
Norman G. White; 3d I., Co. D. Fair Oaks.
Wilber Wait; 3d I., Co. F. June 12, 1862.
Thomas Whitfield; 16th I., Co. H. Baltimore, Dec. 18, 1864.
John Wirtz; E. & M., Co. B. Louisville, Dec. 12, 1864.
Geo. W. Williams; 6th C., Co. A. Winchester, Va., Jan. 8, 1865.
Wm. Wood; E. & M., Co. D. N. Y. Harbor, April 23. 1865.
Henry Wait; E. & M., Co. L. Sultana, April 27, 1865.
Geo. C. Williams; E. & M., Co. C. Town Creek, Ga., Dec. 7, 1864.
Solomon M. Whitney; 21st I., Co. F. Chattanooga, Sept. 22, 1863.
Samuel White, Jr., 10th C., Co. D. Knoxville, May 26, 1865.
Reuben Walters; 6th C., Co. H. Richmond, Dec. 25, 1864.
Wm. G. Whitworth; 6th C., Co. A. Andersonville Prison,Sept. 20, 1864.
Daniel M. Williams; E. & M., Co. H. Nashville, Jan. 27, 1863.
Andrew C. Wright; E. & M., Co. C. Richmond, June 28, 1863.
Geo. D. Walker; E. & M., Co. F. Nashville, Feb. 28, 1863.
Stephen Waters; 8th I., Co. D. Petersburg, July 1, 1864.
Daniel S. Warren; 21st I., Co. H. Bowling Green, Dec. 5, 1862.
Albern O. Woodward; 21st I., Co. G. Louisville, Dec. 28, 1862.
Jackson Wood; 21st I., Co. E. In Michigan camp, March 28, 1863.
James F. Wilson; 21st I., Co. E. Bowling Green, December 19, 1862
James W. Washburne; 21st I., Co. I. Chattanooga, Nov. 9, 1863.
Nathaniel N. Williams; 21st I., Co. E. Nashville, Jan. 15, 1863.
John West; 3d I., Co. D. Camp Pitcher, Va., March 10, 1863.
John Webster; 3d I., Co. E. Camp Sickles, Va., April 6th, 1863.
Julius M. Wright; 4th C., Co. H. Annapolis, Md., March 20, 1863.
Milo Willard; 21st I., Co. H. Danville, Ky., (a prisoner).
Wm. H. Worden; 3d C., Co. E. New Albany, Miss., Oct. 5, 1863.
Geo. W. White; 21st I., Co. B. Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864.
Jasper I. Younger; 2d C., Co. E. Benton Barracks, Dec. 12, 1862.
Franklin E. Youngs; 2d C., Co. E. St. Louis, July 20, 1862.
Major Silas A. Yerkes; 13th I. Oct. 26, 1865.

OTTAWA COUNTY.

Emerson M. Averill; 2d C., Co. A.
Chester W. Adams; 3d I., Co. B. Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.

Justin Alden; 3d C., Co. D. Perryville, Ky., Oct. 8, 1862.
Elias C. Argill; 10th C., Co. C. Knox, Tenn., May 10, 1865.
Oliver Ackley; 12th C., Co. C. Knox., April 10, 1865.
Geo. W. Allyn; 25th I., Co. I. Bowling Green, Feb. 25, 1863.
Arza Bartholomew; 21st I., Co. G. Murfreesboro, May 8, 1863.
Joel A. Burnham; 3d I., Co. A. Murfreesboro, March 7, 1865.
William Brodt; 21st I., Co. G. Suicide, Tenn., Nov. 19, 1865.
Wm. H. Bartholomew; 21st I., Co. G. At home, March 1, 1865.
John Boozer; 21st I., Co. E. Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865.
Peter Boies; 2d C., Co. D. St. Louis, April 10, 1862.
Otto Boot; 25th I., Co. I. By guerrillas, Nov. 28, 1864.
Justin A. Balcolm; 21st I., Co. G. Nash., Oct. 31, 1863.
Francis E. Brooks; 10th C., Co. D. Burnside Pt., Ky., Feb. 28, 1864.
Silas E. Benham; 21st I., Co. G. Louisville, Dec. 8, 1862.
Job Brockman; 13th I., Co. D. Beardstown, Ky., April 12, 1862.
Joseph Brown; 3d I., Co. I. Groveton.
Harlow P. Britton; 10th C., Co. C. Knox., June 18, 1865.
John H. Bender; 3d I., Co. I. Harrison's Landing, May 19, 1862.
Abijah Brott; 21st I., Co. E. Murfreesboro, July 15, 1863.
John Barnhill; 21st I. Co. E.
Lewis Borman; 6th C., Co. B. Battle Mt., July 24, 1863.
Simeon L. Brink; 5th C., Co. B. Of wounds, Oct. 19, 1863.
Henry O. Brittain; 21st I., Co. G. Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863.
Joseph B. Cady; 21st I., Co. G. David's I., N. Y., June 28, 1865.
Francis W. Cole; 21st I., Co. G. Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863.
Charles Carroll; 5th I., Co. E. Of wounds, Sept. 12, 1864.
George A. Chamberlain; 8th I., Co. D. Fredericksburg, Va., May 12, 1864.
James Chatfield; 2d C., Co. D. Nashville, December 9, 1863.
Charles W. Coan; 2d C., Co. D. Chap. Hill, October 9, 1862.
I. H. Crofoot; 25th I., Co. I. Nashville, June 26, 1864.
Solomon Cronkite; 21st I., Co. E. Louisville November 15, 1862.
Martin Clapper; 3d I., Co. I. Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862.
George Chrysler; 3d I., Co. I. Groveton.
Aaron P. Camp; 3d I., Co. I. May 12, 1862.
Isaiah Crofoot; 21st I., Co. I. Bowling Green, May 10, 1863.
John S. Corless; 2d C., Co. C. Steamboat Sultana, April 27, 1865.
Andrew B. Coon; 2d C., Co. B. Cahaba, Ala., March 25, 1865.
Alfred Collar; E. and M., Co. A. Savannah, December 24, 1864.
Wm. J. Coble; 3d I., Co. I. Philadelphia, September 16, 1863.
Charles H. Cranmer; 21st I., Co. E. Goldsburgh, March 27, 1865.
Peter Caston; 5th C., Co. M. Berryville, Va., August 19, 1864.
Charles Dean; 10th C., Co. K. Camp Nelson, Ky., February 21, 1864.
Albert De Groot; 2d C., Co. D. Andersonville Pris., May 24, 1864.
Garrett De Mez; 1st Sharp Shooters, Co. F. Of wounds, May 18, 1864.
Geo. A. Dudley. Beaufort, S. C., July 6, 1864.
Thomas Donahue; 3d I., Co. A. Philadelphia, of wounds.
John W. De Young; 8th I., Co. D. Annapolis.
James P. Dennis; E. and M., Co. A. Newbern, N. C., March 15, 1865.

Sylvanus H. Dow; E. and M., Co. I. Moreland, N. C., April 18, 1865.
Peter Decoyer; E. and M.. Co. D. Bent., N. C., March 21, 1865.
Wm. Deming; 7th I., Co. I. Beverly Hosp., N. J., October 5, 1864.
Isaac Duvernay; 5th I., Co. I. Salis., N. C., February 18, 1865.
Simon De Groot; 8th I., Co. D. Milldale, Miss., July 25, 1863.
Gundar L. Edwards; 9th I., Co. H. West Pt., Ky.
Robert Evans; 7th I., Co. H. West Pt., Ky.
Nathan Ellis; 10th C., Co. C. Knoxville, April 15, 1865.
Harry J. Esget; 2d C., Co. G. Thompson's Station, March 4, 1863.
Alfred L. Frazier; E. & M., Co. A. Goldsboro, N. C., March 29, 1865.
Birkley Felton; 1st Light Art., Co. E. Nashville, June 9, 1864.
John Finch; 3d I., Co. I. Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
Myron Fuller; 21st I., Co. I. Georgia, Feb. 20, 1865.
Franklin H. Garrison; 21st I., Co G. Newbern, N. C., May 1, 1865.
James Gray; 3d I., Co. A. Nashville, June 22, 1865.
Frederick Griswold; 14th I., Co. F. Franklin, Tenn., Dec. 11, 1863.
G. N. Gates; 7th C., Co. L. Washington, Nov. 23, 1863.
James Grotenhuis; 8th I., Co. D. Fredericksburg, Va., May 12, 1864.
Charles F. Gardner; E. & M., Co. I. Bridgeport, Ala., April, 1864.
August Gottschling; 21st I., Co. G. Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1864.
Eben G. Gale; 2d C., Co. D. Home, Sept. 19, 1862.
Luther H. Griswold; 21st I., Co. G. Nashville, Dec. 15, 1862.
David Gitchill; 3d I., Co. I. July 12, 1861.
Lewis Getz; 12th I., Co. I. Memphis, Sept. 13, 1863.
Valentine Glibes; E. & M., Co. I. Bridgeport, Ala., March 31, 1864.
Perry D. Griswold; 1st Sharp Shooters, Co. E. Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
Gilbert S. Havens; 21st I., Co. B. New York, Feb 2, 1865.
Nathan Halloway; 3d I., Co. B. Wildnerness, May 6, 1864.
Wm. H. Hilderth; 10th C., Co. C. Burnside, Pt., June 24, 1864
Lewis Hervey; E. & M., Co. D. Massac Creek, August 29, 1862.
Silas O. Hedges; 10th C., Co. C. Chattanooga, August 9, 1865.
George Hammer; 10th C., Co. C. Somerset, Ky., March 10, 1865.
James Hayes; 21st I., Co. G. Jeffersonville, Ind., Feb. 23, 1865.
Sylvanus S. Harmon; 25th I., C. I. Bowling Green, March 24, 1863.
Roswell Harris; 21st I., Co. E. Nashville, Feb. 14, 1863.
Edwin E. Hurlburt; 3d I., Co. K. Washington, Jan. 20, 1863.
Abram Haskins; 3d I., Co. B. Nashville, Feb. 13, 1865.
Ostin Johnson; 21st I., Co. H. Michigan, Feb. 17, 1865.
A. Jonker; 25th I., Co. I. Atlanta, Aug. 7, 1864.
Wm. S. Jackson; 2d C., Co. D.
M. Janson; 25th I.; Co. I. Knoxville, March, 23, 1864.
Henry Jessup; 21st I., Co. G. Murfreesboro, April, 16, 1863.
John Krey; 21st I., Co. E. Accident, July 8, 1863.
Thomas Kraai; 3d I., Co. D. Washington, Aug., 1864.
Ralph Kugers; 3d I., Co. F. Spottsylvania, May 6, 1864.
John W. Kellogg; 3d I., Co. I. Nov. 20, 1861.
Wm. H. Kirkland; 3d I., Co. I. June 7, 1862.
Richard D. Koon; 8th C., Co. M. Nashville, Jan. 23, 1865.

Alpheus C. Keroft; 3d I., Co. F. Murfreesboro, Dec. 1, 1864.
John Kamhout; 1st Lt. Art., Co. B. Cheraw, S. C., March 6, 1865.
Dirk Keppel. Wilmington Is., April 16, 1862.
Enos Lesperance; 2d. C., Co. D. Nashville, Feb. 25, 1863.
Nathaniel Luther; 1st C., Co. C. Camp Nelson, Ky., Dec. 29, 1863.
Almon Landon; 2d C., Co. D. Hamburg, Tenn., May 30, 1862.
Mark Losee; 2d C., Co. D. Nashville, Dec. 8, 1862.
Wm. Ledebear; 25th I., Co. I. Bowling Green, May 12, 1863.
Albert H. Lawton; 21st I., Co. G. Nashville. Dec., 1862.
David Mead; 21st I., Co. G. Chattanooga, March 11, 1864.
Warren Maxfield; 5th C., Co. B. Washington, Nov. 5, 1863.
Henry Mappen; 8th I., Co. D. Mech., Va., May 31, 1864.
Luther L. Moody; 10th C., Co. C. Camp Nelson, Ky., Jan. 26, 1864.
Charles A. Morgan; 3d I., Co. I. Groveton, Aug. 20, 1862.
Marlin Mokma; 8th I., Co. D. Chantilly, Sept. 1, 1862.
Franklin Marsak; 2d C., Co. E. Evansville, Aug. 15, 1862.
John McIntyre; 5th C., Co. B. Brandy Station, Oct. 12, 1863.
Darius A. Markham; 9th C., Co. B. Andersonville prison, July, 1864.
James McDermott; 14th I., Co. C. Camp Dennison, O., May 15, 1865.
Daniel C. Marsac; 2d C., Co. C. Nashville, Jan. 18, 1865.
Enos Malcomb; 21st I., Co. G. Murfreesboro, Jan. 31, 1863.
Antoon Meydam; 21st I., Co. C. Nashville, Jan. 29, 1863.
Charles Montague; 5th I., Co. A. Richmond, April 25, 1865.
Moses F. Monroe; 5th I., Co. E. Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865.
Wm. R. Nelson; 102d Col'd, Co. D. Orangeburg, S. C., June 30, 1865.
Hendricus Nyland; 8th I., Co. D. Andersonville prison, Aug. 8, 1864.
Harvey Olmsted; 2d C., Co. C. Severnville, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1864.
Noah Perkins; E. & M., Co. D. Lou., March 15, 1862.
Walter C. Palmer; 15th I., Co. C. Shiloh, April 6, 1862.
Peter E. Peiffer; 3d I., Co. I. Sept. 5, 1861.
Isaac Polton; 26th I., Co. B. Reams' Station, Va., Aug. 25, 1864.
Charles M. Prindle; E. & M., Co. I. Wilmington, N. C., March 16, 1865.
Fayette Porter; 9th I., Co. H. W. Point, Ky.
Wm. Perry; 5th C., Co. B. Washington, June 15, 1864.
George Platte; 10th C., Co. A. Knoxville, Sept. 1, 1864.
Samuel S. Phillips; 3d I., Co. I. Georgetown, Sept. 5, 1861.
Rence P. Polsmer; 8th I., Co. D. 1863.
William Roon; 9th C., Co. C. Knoxville, April 3, 1864.
Daniel H. Rose; 10th C., Co. K.
Lewis A. Rich; E. & M., Co. H. Carterville, Aug. 16, 1864.
John Rechburg; 3d I., Co. B. Groveton, Aug. 29, 1862.
Arie Rot; 25th I., Co. I. Lou., Nov. 22, 1862.
Cyrus R. Reynolds; 2d C., Co. E. Chapel Hill, Oct. 8, 1862.
James P. Rowland; 1st Lt. Art., Co. D. Murfreesboro, Jan. 20, 1865.
Charles C. Randall; 3d I., Co. B. Harper's Landing, Aug. 3, 1862.
Lewis I. Rogers; E. & M., Co. I. Savanna, Jan. 10, 1865.
Walter T. Rice; 21st I., Co. G. Lou., Jan. 4, 1863.
Eldert Reenders; 21st I., Co. G. Nashville, 1863.

Richard Robinson; 21st I., Co. G.
John Rowlings; 3d I., Co. E. Nashville, June 1, 1865.
Louis L. Reed; 9th I., Co. H. Murfreesboro, 1862.
Wm. T. Smith; 5th C., Co. G. Salis., N. C., Oct. 28, 1864.
Geo. S. Sears; 3d I., Co. C. Nashville, April 8, 1865.
Elmer Spencer; 2d C., Co. D. New Madrid, April 22, 1862.
Henry Shannon; 21st I., Co. G. At home, March 5, 1865.
Wm. S. Sampson; 21st I., Co. D. Savanna, Jan. 26, 1865.
Albert Simmons; 17th I., Co. B. Andersonville prison, Aug. 22, 1864.
Elijah Sweatland; 1st Ind. Co. Detroit, Oct. 7, 1864.
Jehiel Seales; 21st I., Co. C. Chattanooga, March 2, 1864.
Timothy Sweet; 21st I., Co. B. Louisville.
Nelson J. Saddler; 14th I., Co. F. Detroit, July 7, 1864.
Wm. Schilling; 2d C., Co. D. Nashville, Nov. 13, 1863.
Jerry Sullivan; 3d I., Co. C. Mine Run, Nov. 30, 1863.
Eli W. Syers; 10th C., Co. C. Knoxville, June 21, 1864.
Louis Sharatts; E. & M., Co. K. Ringold, Ga., July 19, 1864.
Eleazur Smith; 1st Lt. Art., Co. K. Lookout Mt., Aug. 1. 1864.
George Spencer; 3d I., C. I. Sept. 10, 1862.
Jacob Stansbury; 2d C., Co. D. St. Louis, April 8, 1862.
Joshua Stoddard; 21st I., Co. G. Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862.
Sylvester Smith; 1st Sharp-shooters, Co. A. Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
Eli J. Swere; 21st I., Co. E. Lou., Nov. 18, 1862.
William Scott; 9th I., Co. E. Chattanooga, March 14, 1865.
James Scott; Quarter Master. Accidental.
Zenas Sweet; 21st I., Co. G. Nashville, January 30, 1863.
Jacob Scheppers; 13th I., Co. D. Nashville, November 21, 1862.
Wm. Smith; 3d I., Co. I. Har. Land., July 17, 1862.
Stephen Scales; 3d I., Co. I, April 30, 1862.
Jack Somerville; 102d Colored Troops, Co. I. April 30, 1862.
Wm. Skeels; E. and M., Co. H. Newbern, N. C., April 15, 1865.
Alonzo D. Smith; 7th C., Co. A. Jefferson Barracks, June 2, 1865.
Geo. W. Smith; 2d C., Co. D. Franklin, Tenn., June 4, 1863.
Peter Ver Shure; 25th I., Co. I. Tebb's Bend, Ky., July 4, 1863.
Stephen Smith; 5th C., Co. B. Brandy Station, October 12, 1863.
Reuben Toogood; 21st I., Co. G. Nashville, January, 1863.
Calvin Tillotson; E. and M., Co. K. Chattanooga, June 11, 1864.
Robert F. Thompson; 25th I., Co. I. Holland, Mich., October 3, 1864.
Frank Tate; 3d I., Co. I. Washington, September 1, 1862.
Wm. Tate; 3d I., Co. I. Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.
Owen Trumbull; 3d I., Co. I. May 18, 1862.
Nathan R. Tompkins; 1st Sharp Shooters, Andersonville Pris., May 24, 1864.
Wm. J. Tuffs; 6th C., Co. B. At home, May 22, 1865.
John M. Taylor; 3d I., Co. I. Camp Bullock, Va., March 25, 1864.
Cornelius Van Dam; 25th I., Co. I. Resaca, Ga., August 14, 1864.
Benj. Vanhaltren; 2d C., Co. D. Lou., Nov. 17, 1862.
Wulf Van Appledorn; 25th I., Co. I. Knoxville, Nov. 2, 1863.

Walter Vannil; 8th I., Co. E. Washington, July 20, 1864.
Adrianus Vandertank; 8th I., Co. D. Wilmington I., Ga. April 16, 1862.
John Vanderbury; 1st Sharp Shooters. Danvillle, Va.
Gilbert Vanderhoof: 3d I., Co. I. Nashville, June 7, 1865.
Orrin Whitcomb; 14th I., Co. F. Nashville, March 15, 1864.
Capt. Benj. K. Weatherwax. Killed at Walanga Bridge, Tenn., April 25, 1864.
Stephen B. Walker; 8th I., Co. D. Middletown, November 2, 1862.
Edward Watson; 3d I., Co. I. September 1861.
Wm. F. Wells; E. and M., Co. K. Jeffersonvile, Ind., December 2, 1864.
Robert Watson; 10th C., Co. D. Germantown, N. C., April 10, 1865.
Charles Whitehead; 3d I., Co. F. Nashville, April 11, 1865.
Walter Waine; 13th I., Co. I. Stone River, December 31, 1863.
Daniel A. Young; 28th I., Co. C. Lincolnton, N. C., August 4, 1865.
Alonzo D. Yeomans; 10th C., Co. C. Knoxville, November 3, 1864.
Henry Zwol; 21st I., Co. G. Nashville, January 3, 1864.

MUSKEGON COUNTY.

Andrew Allen; 2d C., Co. E. Rienzi, Aug. 18, 1862.
Lewis Brandis; 5th I., Co. A. June 22, 1864.
Geo. M. Belden; 26th I., Co. C. Salisbury, Feb. 1, 1865.
Lewellen Brewer; 10th C., Co. A. Somerset, Ky., Feb. 8, 1864.
Fithil Bail; 5th I., Co. I. Washington, May 17, 1864.
Lamson J. Bonner; 3d I., C. F. Wilderness. May 6, 1864.
Martin Biber; 3d I., Co. H. Wilderness, May 6, 1864.
Joseph Belden; 26th I., Co. C. Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
Edwin Barr; 26th I., Co. C. Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
Geo. W. Barr; 25th I., Co. C. In Canada.
Peter G. Archer; 3d I., Co. H. Groveton.
Fithil Barl; 3d I., Co. C. Wilderness.
Charles F. Brittain; 3d I., Co. H. Yorktown, Aug. 14, 1862.
Geo. A. Bennett; 3d I., Co. H. Frederick, Md., Aug. 10, 1863.
Francis M. Bunce; 9th I., Co. B. Nashville, July 26, 1865.
James S. Cooper; 26th I., Co. C. Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 10, 1864.
Lorenzo W. Cook; 1st Lt. Art., Co. K. Chattanooga.
John Colby; 9th I., Co. B. Nashville, April 8, 1865.
Alonzo Corbin; 21st I., Co. H. New York, March 12, 1864.
Leonard Deitrich; 5th I., Co. I. June, 1864.
Heman Deitrich; 3d I., Co. I. Of wounds, June 2, 1862.
Joseph Dohm; 14th I., Co. E. 2d Div. Hospital. Nov. 24, 1864.
Abraham Decker; 3d I., Co. B. Victoria, Tex., Aug. 24, 1865.
John Eddie; 5th I., Co. I. Washington, May 12, 1864.
Fernando F. Fulford; 3d I., Co. H. Wilderness, May 6th, 1864.
Benj. Fetterly; 15th I., Co. F. Atlanta, Aug. 5, 1864.
Adolph Friday; 5th C., Co. F. Yellow Tavern, Va., May 11, 1864.
Wm. Furgerson; 3d I., Co. H. Washington, Sept. 30, 1862.
Benj. Forbear; 26th I., Co. C. Yorktown, March 21, 1863.
George Garner; 3d I., Co. H. Fair Oaks.
Johannes Gabrielson; 5th C., Co. F. Richmond, April 6, 1864.

John George; 3d I., Co. H. Groveton, August 29, 1862.
Francis Geager; 26th I., Co. C. Washington, July 6, 1864.
Malcom I. Gillis; 3d I., Co. H. Georgetown, August, 1861.
George Hilton; 2d C., Co. E. St. Louis, June 22, 1862.
Chauncey Hayes; 6th C., Co. H. Andersonville Prison, June 29, 1864.
Samuel Hall; 26th I., Co. C. Spottsylvania, May 12. 1864.
Samuel Hamblen; 3d I., Co. F. Spottsylvania, May 6, 1864.
Vandalin Hoag; 2d C., Co. E. Rienzi, August 5, 1862.
Cornelius N. Johnson; 3d I., Co. C. Murfreesboro, Tenn., Jan. 1, 1865.
Laurens Jenson; 5th C., Co. F. Richmond, Va., April 6, 1864.
Geo. W. Johnson; 21st I., Co. H. Dansville, Va., (in prison), Jan., 1864.
John Knoll; 26th I., Co. C. Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
Adam Kolbe; 3d I., Co. C. Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
Marion C. Knight; 26th I., Co. C. Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
Wm. W. McKerman; 3d I., Co. H. Washington, July 6, 1862.
James McKey; 9th I., Co. H. In Camp, Ohio, August 28, 1862.
Henry Koon; 14th I., Co. F. Ypsilanti, Sept. 10, 1862.
Charles Klunder, Jr.; 5th C., Co. F. Winchester, Sept. 21, 1864.
Yans Kenudson; 3d I., Co. H. In Camp, Mech., Va., Jan. 30, 1862.
Martin Larson; 3d C., Co. H. Duvall's Bluff, Sept. 8, 1864.
John Lee; 26th I., Co. C. Salisbury, N. C., Feb. 18, 1865.
Edwin H. Lauback; 2d C., Co. E. Booneville, July 12, 1862.
Elijah W. Loomis; 10th C., Co. A. Somerset, Ky., March 6, 1864.
James Lavelle; 3d I., Co. H. Fair Oaks.
James Lee; 2d C., Co. E. June 19, 1862.
Wm. M. Miller; 26th I., Co. C. Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
E. R. Morrison; 6th C., Co. C. Wilderness, May 6, 1864.
Francis O. Mennott; 26th I., Co. C. Cold Harbor, Va., June 6, 1864
Wm. Milne; 3d I., Co. H. Washington, Nov., 1862.
Ira S. Mead; 2d I., Co. H. Of wounds, received June 18, 1866.
Charles Matham; 2d C., Co. E. Nashville, May, 1864.
Lawence Millett; 2d C., Co. E. Rienzi, July 5, 1862.
John McGuire; 5th C., Co. F. Dinwiddie, Va., April 8, 1865.
Wm. McGinnis; 26th I., Co. C. Alexandria, Va., Feb. 24, 1863.
John McPherson; 21st I., Co. H. Bent., N. C., March 19, 1865.
Christopher Martin; 26th I., Co. C. Nov. 19, 1864.
Abraham Napes; 2d C., Co. E. St. Louis, March 31, 1862.
Ira Nash; 26th I., Co. I., Alexandria, Va., Jan 25, 1863.
Thomas O'Hearn; 5th I., Co. E. June 16, 1864.
Marquis W. Orton, 14th I., Co. F. June 9, 1862.
Nelson Oleson; 2nd C., Co. E. June, 1864.
James O'Niel; 3rd I., Co. H. Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Oliver E. Perry; 1st Sharp Shooters, Co. B., July 25, 1864.
Peter Ryan; 2nd C., Co. E. St. Louis, Feb. 6, 1862.
Geo. Read; 10th C., Co. H. Knoxville, April 29, 1864.
James Root; 2d C., Co. E. Hamburg, Tenn., May 26, 1862.
Geo. Root; 3rd I., Co. H. Alexandria, Va., Dec. 20, 1861.
Ole Swinson; 21st I., Co. B. Lookout Mountain, Oct., 1864.

Simeon Sickman; 5th C., Co. F. Washington, Nov. 1, 1863.
A. W. Sperry; 26th I, Co. C. Spottsylvania, May 12, 1264.
Nelson W. Shepard; 26th I., Co. C. Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 18, 1864.
John Sweeney; 3d. I., Co H. Fair Oaks, June 9, 1862.
Charles E. Smith; 5th C., Co. F. Stevensburgh, Va., March 12, 1864.
Charles W. Stanton; 7th C., Co. A. Cumberland, Md., June 5, 1865.
Claudius Steele; 3d I., Co. F. Camp Sickles, May 15, 1863.
David Stone: 3d I., Co. H. Williamsburg, Va., May 5, 1862.
Seth R. Simons; 3d I., Co. H. Georgetown, July 22, 1862.
Rufus W. Seaman; 13th I., Co. G. David's I., N. Y., May 1, 1865.
Franklin Shippey; 14th I., Co. E. Sister's Ferry, Ga., Feb. 3, 1865.
Stephen Simonson; 26th I., Co. C. N. Y., July 29th, 1863.
John Smith; 3d I., Co. H. Washington, Oct. 3, 1862.
John H. Tibbitts; 26th I., Co. C. Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
A Twitchell; 26th I., Co. C. Cold Harbor, June 6, 1864.
Ambrosial Thompson; 26th I., Co. C. Suffolk, Va., June 11, 1863.
Jesse Vanhaltrim; 2d C., Co. D. Andersonville prison, May, 1864.
Wm. H. VanScotan; 6th C., Co. K. Andersonville prison, Aug. 18, 1864.
Charles Verne; 26th I., Co. C. W. Oak Swamp, Va., Aug. 25, 1864.
Eli Wright; 5th I., Co. A. Petersburg. Sept. 12, 1864.
Lewis Willeys; 2d C., Co. E. Louisville, Nov. 16, 1862.
Geo. W. Wilson; 26th I., Co. C. Spottsylvania, May 12th, 1864.
Henry F. Wheaton; 6th C., Co. H. Winchester, Va., Nov. 18, 1864.
Lysander Williams; 26th I., Co. C. Washington, July 21, 1864.
David H. Wright; 26th I., Co. C. Port Royal, Va., May 12, 1864.
Owen H. Young; E. & M., Co. D. Camp Ohio, May 14, 1862.

The following note, received by the author in answer to the call for information, tells a sad story:

"CASCADE, May 31st. 1875.

"MR. EVERETT:

"*Sir:*—I had three sons *only* at the beginning of the war. Amos M., whose name I see on your published list. Edgar W. was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga; died of his wounds at Chattanooga, Oct. 16th, 1873. He was captain of Co. D., 21st Michigan. Erson H. died in Libby prison, Sept. 12th, 1863, from sheer neglect and want of food. Such was the dread sacrifice in my family in the bloody struggle for right and humanity.

"H. B. SMITH."

MEN FOR THE WAR.

IONIA COUNTY, 1862.

Volunteers, 1,181; distributed as follows:

1st Inf., 2; 2d Inf., 2; 3d Inf., 175; 7th Inf., 1; 8th Inf., 9; 10th Inf., 141; 13th Inf., 21; 14th Inf., 5; 15th Inf., 22; 16th Inf., 98; 21st Inf., 300; 25th Inf., 71; 26th Inf., 9; Eng. & Mec., 56; 1st Cav., 31; 2d Cav., 12; 3d Cav., 51; 5th Cav., 7; 6th Cav., 104; 3d Battery, 2; 5th Bat., 4; 8th Bat., 1; Sharp-shooters, 54.

KENT COUNTY, 1862.

Whole number of volunteers in the field, 2,039, distributed as follows:

1st Inf., 18; 2d Inf., 1; 3d Inf., 377; 4th Inf., 1; 5th Inf., 1; 6th Inf., 1; 7th Inf., 1; 8th Inf., 82; 9th Inf., 1; 13th Inf., 52; 14th Inf., 96; 15th Inf., 13; 16th Inf., 9; 17th Inf, 1; 21st Inf., 296; 25th Inf., 31; 26th Inf., 63; Eng. & M. 225; 1st Cav., 20; 2d Cav., 186; 3d Cav., 45; 4th Cav., 53; 5th Cav., 9; 6th Cav., 355; 2d Battery, 16; 3d Battery, 9; 5th Battery, 36; Sharp-shooters, 47; Stanton Guard, 1.

Ottawa, 1862.—Whole, 628.—1st Inf., 1; 3d Inf., 144; 8th Inf., 31; 9th Inf., 13; 13th Inf., 3; 14th Inf., 38; 17th Inf., 1; 21st Inf., 124; 25th Inf., 83; 26th Inf., 1; Eng. & Mec., 28; 2d Cav., 88; 3d Cav., 2; 4th Cav., 5; 5th Cav., 32; 6th Cav., 25; Sharp-shooters, 9.

Muskegon, 1862.—Whole. 352.—1st Inf., 1; 3d Inf., 112; 8th Inf., 2; 10th Inf., 1; 14th Inf., 6; 15th Inf., 8; 17th Inf., 1; 21st Inf., 8; 26th Inf., 80; Eng. & Mec., 1; 2d Cav., 50; 3d Cav., 2; 4th Cav., 1; 5th Cav., 57; 6th Cav., 22.

Total in the field, 4,200.

In 1863, Ionia county is credited 317 additional; Kent, 627; Ottaway, 260; Muskegan, 47—934.

In 1864, Ionia County is credited: Volunteers, 568; Drafted, 13; Re-enlisted, 79. Total, 660.

Kent County is credited: Volunteers, 709; Drafted, 61; Re-enlisted, 354; in Navy, 10. Total, 1,134.

Ottawa County is credited: Volunteers, 297: Drafted, 20; Re-enlisted, 106; Navy, 4. Total, 427.

Muskegon is credited: Volunteers, 172; Drafted, 48; Re-enlisted, 29; Navy. 6. Total, 225.

Aggregate of the four counties, 2,446.

In 1865. before April 14th, when recruiting ceased, Ionia County was credited: Enlisted, 211; Drafted, 34; Total, 245.

Kent County: Enlisted, 191; Drafted, 115; Total, 306.

Ottawa County: Enlisted, 181; Drafted, 11; Navy, 1; Total, 182.

Muskegon County: Enlisted, 64; Drafted, 2; Total, 66.

Total of the four counties, 799.

SUMMARY OF THE WHOLE.

Ionia	2,403
Kent	4,016
Ottawa	1,497
Muskegon	690
Total	8,696

OLD THIRD REGIMENT.

On the first call for soldiers to resist the action of the rebels, Col. Daniel McConnell, who was in command of a regiment of amateur soldiers, was commissioned to raise a regiment, to be known as the "Michigan Third Volunteers."

McConnell had had some military experience in the Mexican war, where he served as lieutenant. The camp was at the Fair Grounds, south of the city of Grand Rapids.

The recruiting went on for a time, and the regiment was fast filling up, when the order came on requiring the enlistment for three years, or during the war. This necessitated the disbandment of the enlisted men, and a re-enlistment. Most of those who had enlisted for three months, re-enlisted for three years.

The regiment was hurried to Washington. It left Grand Rapids, and proceeded by rail to the capital.

It was a new scene for the denizens of the Valley to witness the departure of its citizens as soldiers. The day was one long to be remembered. The streets were thronged as the dusty column moved to the depot. Flags were flying, handkerchiefs were waving, and hats were doffed, as they moved along. At the depot there were few tearless eyes. The compressed lips of the soldier, as he bade adieu to the dear ones, there bidding him "Good-bye," showed the strength of the purpose that had nerved his soul. The feeling of all was well expressed by one who, leaving wife and little ones behind, said to the writer: "Not all the wealth and honors of earth could tempt me to go, as I am going if it were not a dread necessity. But, being as it is, they could not tempt me to stay back."

They went—the record that follows will show that they did good service in the field. Its subsequent history is given in the annual reports of the Adjutant-General, which are here copied in full:

This regiment left Grand Rapids for the seat of war on the Potomac, June 13, 1861, having upon its muster rolls the names of 1,040 officers and enlisted men. There had been 123 added to this number on the first of July, 1862. The Third was in action at Blackburn's Ford, July 18, 1861. It encamped for the winter near Alexandria, with the Second and Fifth, forming part of the same brigade, and was moved to the Peninsula in March, where it served to the conclusion of that campaign. It fought at Williamsburg, May 5th, at Fair Oaks, May 30; at Glendale (or Charles City Cross Roads), June 30; at Malvern Hill, July 1, and at Groveton (or Bull Run), August 29. Its losses at Fair Oaks were 30 killed, 124 wounded, and 15 missing; at Bull Run 20 killed, and a large number wounded and missing. Its last return showed an aggregate for the 30th of November, of 669, present and absent. It was in Birney's Division of Stoneman's corps of the army of the Potomac, and had for its officers:

Stephen G. Champlin, Colonel, October 28, 1861.
Byron R. Pierce, Lt. Colonel, July 25, 1862.
Moses B. Houghton, Major, September 1, 1862.
James F. Grove, Surgeon, September 24, 1862.
Walter B. Morrison, Assistant Surgeon, August 1, 1862.
——— ———, 2d Assistant Surgeon.
Elisha O. Stevens, Adjutant, January 1, 1862.
Robert M. Collins, Qr. Master, May 13, 1861.
Joseph Anderson, Chaplain, April 1, 1862.
Edwin S. Pierce, Captain, May 13, 1861.
Stephen G. Lowing, Captain, October 28, 1861.
Israel S. Geer. Captain, December 26, 1861.
Israel C. Smith, Captain, January 1, 1862.
George E. Judd, Captain, June 23, 1862.
Simon Brennan, Captain, September 1, 1862.
William L. Lyon, Captain, October 20, 1862.
George W. Dodge, Captain, October 25, 1862.
Frederick A. Stowe, Captain, October 25, 1862.
Almon D. Borden, Captain, September 26, 1862.
Silas M. Pelton, 1st Lieutenant, January 2, 1862.
Joseph Mason, 1st Lieutenant, June 9. 1862.
Daniel S. Root, 1st Lieutenant, July 1, 1862.
Thomas I. Waters, 1st Lieutenant, August 5, 1862.
Benj. C. Tracey, 1st Lieutenant, September 1, 1862.
David C. Crawford, 1st Lieutenant, September 22, 1862.
Byron E. Hess, 1st Lieutenant, September 26, 1862.
Andrew Nickerson, 1st Lieutenant, October 20, 1862.
Alfred Pew, 1st Lieutenant, October 20, 1862.
Geo. W. Remington, 1st Lieutenant, October 25, 1862.
Charles H. Carey, 2d Lieutenant, October 28, 1861.
Theodore Hetz, 2d Lieutenant, January 2, 1862.
Thomas Tate, 2d Lieutenant, April 3, 1862.

Homer L. Thayer, 2d Lieutenant, June 9, 1862.
Miles S. Adams, 2d Lieutenant, July 1, 1862.
Peter V. Bergroon, 2d Lieutenant, September 1, 1862.
Calvin P. McTaggart, 2d Lieutenant, September 24, 1862.
Julius D. Fanger, 2d Lieutenant, September 26, 1862.
Geo. Hubbard, 2d Lieutenant, October 20, 1862.
James D. Bennett, 2d Lieutenant, October 25, 1862.

This regiment, on the 1st of November, 1862, left Edward's Ferry, Md., and marching by Warrenton, encamped at Falmouth, November 23d. Crossing the Rappahannock on the 13th of December, it was under fire three days at the first battle of Fredericksburg, sustaining a loss of 9 in wounded. Recrossing on the 15th, it occupied its former camp. Jannuary 20th, 1863, the regiment marched with its corps to United States Ford, but without crossing the river, returned to camp near Falmouth, where it lay until April 28th. Breaking camp at that date, it crossed the Rappahannock May 1st, at United States Ford, and moved up near Chancellor's House. In the engagement at Chancellorsville it sustained a loss of 63 killed, wounded and missing. Breaking camp again on the 11th of June, the regiment marched via Centreville, Edward's Ferry and Frederick City, to Gettysburg, Pa., over dusty roads and during an intense heat. It was engaged in the actions of the 2d and 3d of July, at Gettysburg, where its loss was 41 killed, wounded and missing. Having followed the retreating enemy to Williamsport, it marched thence to Harper's Ferry, crossed the Potomac and moved to Manassas Gap. It was engaged at Wapping Heights, but without loss. On the 17th of August, the regiment proceeded to Alexandria, and from there to New York, whither it had been ordered to aid in the preservation of the public peace during the then pending draft. Remaining there some days, it moved to Troy, N. Y., where it was stationed two weeks. It then repaired to its brigade in the Army of the Potomac, arriving at Culpepper September 17th. On the 11th of October, falling back across the Rappahannock by way of Auburn Heights, it had a slight skirmish with the rebels, with a loss of 1 wounded. Moving thence by Manassas and Centreville, it lay at Fairfax Station four days, and thence moved forward to Catlett's Station, where it encamped November 1st, 1863. The alterations and casualties of the year were as follows:

Died in action or wounds, 28; died of disease, 13; discharged for disability, 168; discharged by order, 22; deserted, 20; missing in action, 27; officers resigned, 9; officers dismissed, 2; wounded in action, 59; joined regiment, 22; present and absent November 1st, 1862, 701; present and absent November 1st, 1863, 467.

The regiment was in the 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 3d Corps, Army of the Potomac. It had the following officers:

Byron R. Pierce, Colonel, Jan. 1, 1863; lieut. col., July 25, 1862; maj., Oct. 28, 1861; capt., May 13, 1861.

Edwin S. Pierce, Lieut. Colonel, Jan. 1, 1863; capt., May 14, 1861.

Moses B. Houghton, Major, Sept. 1, 1862; capt., May 13, 1862.

James F. Grove, Surgeon, Sept. 24, 1862; 2d asst. surg., Aug. 15, 1862.

Walter B. Morrison, Asst. Surgeon, Aug. 1, 1862.

——— ———, 2d Asst. Surgeon.

——— ———, Adjutant.

Robert M. Collins, Quartermaster, May 13, 1861.

——— ———, Chaplain.

Stephen G. Lowing, Captain, Oct. 28, 1861; 1st lieut., May 13, 1861.

Israel S. Geer, " Dec. 26, 1861; 2d lieut., Aug. 1, 1861.

George E. Judd, " June 23, 1862; 1st lieut., Oct. 28, 1861; 2d lieut., Aug. 1, 1861.

Simon Brennan, Captain, Sept. 1, 1862; 1st lieut., Oct. 28, 1861; 2d lieut., Aug. 1, 1861.

Daniel S. Root, Captain, Feb. 5, 1863; 1st lieut., July 1, 1862; 2d lieut., Nov. 28, 1861.

Thomas J. Waters, Captain, March 25, 1863; 1st lieut., Aug. 5, 1862; 2d lieut., Oct. 28, 1861.

Thomas Tate, Captain, March 28, 1863; 1st lieut., Sept. 1, 1862.

Benjamin C. Tracey, 1st Lieut., Sept. 1, 1862; 2d lieut., Jan. 1, 1862.

David C. Crawford, " Sept. 22, 1862; 2d lieut., July 19, 1861.

Andrew Nickerson, " Oct. 20, 1862; 2d lieut., Aug. 5, 1862.

Alfred Pew, " " " 2d lieut., May 21, 1862.

George W. Remington, " Oct. 25, 1862; 2d lieut., Sept. 22, 1862.

Theodore Hetz, " Jan. 1, 1863; 2d lieut., Jan. 2, 1862.

Homer L. Thayer, " March 25, 1863; 2d lieut., June 9, 1862.

Calvin P. McTaggert, " March 28, 1863; 2d lieut., Sept. 24, 1862.

Julius D. Fanger, 2d Lieut., Sept. 26, 1862.

George Hubbard, " Oct. 20, 1862.

Milton Leonard, " Feb. 5, 1863.

Rufus W. Skeels, " Feb. 21, 1863.

Jerome B. Ten Eyck, " March 30, 1863.

On the 7th of November, 1863, the Third Infantry moved forward with the Army of the Potomac to Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock, and thence marched to Brandy Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, where it went into camp. On the 26th, the regiment took part in the Mine Run campaign, engaging the enemy on the 27th, at Locust Grove, and on the 30th at Mine Run. Having fallen back with the army, it again arrived at its camp at Brandy Station, on the 2d of December, having lost during the movement 31 killed, wounded and missing. On the 23d of December, 180 of the regiment re-enlisted as Veteran Volunteers. Returning to this State, these Veterans were given the usual furlough of thirty days, at the expiration of which they returned to the regiment. Crossing the Rapidan at Ely's Ford, on the morning of the 4th of May, 1864, the regiment advanced and encamped at Chancellorsville. On the three following days the regiment participated in the battles of the Wilderness, sustaining a heavy loss. It was also engaged at Todd's Tavern, on the 8th. On the 12th, at Spottsylvania, it participated in the successful charge of the 2d Corps, capturing a number of prisoners and two rebel battle flags. Prior to this engagement the Third was consolidated temporarily with the Fifth Infantry. The regiment also took part in the engagement on the North Anna River; thence it marched to the Pamunky, which it crossed on the 27th, and advanced toward Cold Harbor. In addition to the engagements mentioned, the Third also participated in a number of minor actions and skirmishes. Its loss during the month of May was 31 killed, 119 wounded and 29 missing. On the 9th of June, at Cold Harbor, Va., the regiment, with the exception of the re-enlisted men, and such as had joined since the date of original organization, and certain designated officers, were ordered to proceed to this State for the purpose of being discharged. The remaining officers and men were formed into a battalion of four companies, and attached to the Fifth Michigan Infantry. The order consolidating these regiments was confirmed by special orders of the War Department, issued on the 13th of June, 1864. On the 20th day of June, the organization, which had been one of the first in the field, was formally mustered out of the U. S. service.

The alterations and casualties from November 1st to date of muster out, were as follows:

Died in action or of wounds, 35; died of disease, 6; discharged for disability. &c., 166; transferred, 354; missing in action, 39; re-enlisted as veterans, 207.

This regiment was consolidated with the 5th Infantry, June 13th, 1864, and on the 20th the original organization was formally mustered out of service. During the war it was engaged as a regiment in the battles and skirmishes named below, up to and including June 7th. The portion of it consolidated with the 5th remained in service until the close of the war, and participated in all the battles in which that regiment was engaged subsequent to its consolidation therewith.

BATTLES AND SKIRMISHES.

Blackburn's Ford, Va., July 18, 1861.
Bull Run, " " 21, "
Siege of Yorktown, " April 4, to May 4, 1862.
Williamsburg, Va., May 5, 1862.
Fair Oaks, " " 31, "
Savage Station, " June 29, "
Peach Orchard, " " 29, "
Glendale, " " 30, "
White Oak Swamp, Va., June 30, 1862.
Malvern Hill, Va., July 1, 1862.
Bull Run, 2d, " Aug. 29, "
Chantilly, " Sept. 1, "
Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Chancellorsville, Va., May 1, 2, 3, 1863.
Gettysburg, Penn., July 23, 1863.
Wapping Heights, Va., July 23, 1863.
Auburn Heights, " Oct. 1, "
Kelley's Ford, " Nov. 7, "
Locust Grove, " " 27, "
Mine Run, " " 29, "
Wilderness, Virginia, May 5, 7, 1864.
Todd's Tavern, " " 8, 1864.
Po River, " " 10, "
Spottsylvania, " " 12, "
North Anna, Va , May 23, 24, 1864.
Coal Harbor, " June 7, "
Petersburg, " " 16, 22, "
Deep Bottom, " July 27, 28, "
Strawberry Plains, Va., Aug. 14, 17, 1864.
Poplar Spring Church, Va., Sept. 30, 1864.
Boydton Road, Va., Oct. 27, 1864.
Hatcher's Run, " Feb. 2, Mar. 25, 1864.
Boydton Road, Va., April 3, 1864.
Sailor's Creek, " " 6, "
New Store, " " 8, "
Appomattox Ct. House, Va., April 9, 1864.
Siege of Petersburg, Va., from June 17, 1864, to April 3, 1865.

FIRST ENGINEERS AND MECHANICS.

This regiment was one in which the Grand River Valley was deeply interested, having been raised by one of her citizens, and largely composed of men from that region.

The succinct history of the operations of the regiment, which follows, is from the Adj. General's Reports. Appended is a list of the officers of the regiment who belonged to the Grand River region:

This regiment left its rendezvous at Marshall on the 17th of December, 1861, for Louisville, with an aggregate force of 1032. Most of the varied service performed by it has been by detachments, the regiment having been more or less separated most of the time since it entered upon duty. One of these detachments, under Gen. O. M. Mitchell, comprised the first Union troops to enter Bowling Green after its evacuation by the enemy; another was at the battle of Chaplain Hills. The regiment has been employed in the repair or re-opening of railroads between Nashville and Chattanooga, Nashville and Columbia, Corinth and Decatur, Huntsville and Stevenson, and Memphis and Charleston, and has twice assisted in re-opening the road from Nashville to Louisville. During the month of June, alone, it built seven bridges on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, each from 84 to 340 feet in length, (in the aggregate 2,758 feet,) and from 12 to 56 feet in height. After the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, it was engaged eight weeks in the construction of steamboat landings and crossings, with only one day's rest.

From the 1st of November, 1862, to June 29th, 1863, this regiment was stationed at Edgefield and Mill Creek, near Nashville, Lavergne, Murfreesboro, Smyrna, and at a point near Nashville, on the Tennessee and Alabama railroad. During this time the regiment built nine bridges, a number of magazines, buildings for commissary, quartermaster and ordnance stores, and repaired and relaid a large amount of railroad track. January 1st, while at Lavergne, the regiment was attacked by a cavalry force numbering between three and four thousand, with two pieces of artillery, under the rebel Generals Wheeler and Wharton. The rebels retreated with considerable loss, after having vainly endeavored to compel a surrender. The loss of the regiment was 1 killed and 6 wounded. June 29th, the regiment received orders to move south from Murfreesboro, to open and repair the line of the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad. During July and August it was engaged in repairing the railroad from Murfreesboro to Bridgeport. In July the regiment built five bridges, one of which, over Elk river, was 460 feet in length, and one at Duck River Crossing 350 feet in length. During September and October, detached companies were employed in building a bridge at Chattanooga, making pontoons for a bridge at Bridgeport, constructing commissary buildings at Stevenson, building and repairing bridges, &c., on lines of the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, and the Nashville and Northwestern railroad. October 31st, the headquarters of the regiment were at Elk River Bridge, Tenn. During the year, in addition to the work mentioned, the regiment got out a large amount of timber for buildings, and a great number of railroad ties, and performed a very large amount of repairing to railroad tracks, stations, etc.

This regiment, during the months of November and December, 1863, and January and February, 1864, was employed in building trestle work and bridges on the Nashville and Northwestern Railroad, and in the construction of storehouses and other buildings at Chattanooga and Bridgeport, for the Quartermaster, Commissary, Ordnance and other Departments of the Army. During a portion of the time, the battalion at Chattanooga was employed in refitting saw mills. In March and April a battalion was stationed a Chattanooga, where it was engaged in running saw mills, and in getting out railroad ties, building hospital accommodations, and in work on the defenses at that point. Detachments from the other companies were engaged in erecting block houses on the Tennessee and Alabama, Nashville and Chattanooga, and Memphis and Charleston railroads. During the month of May, the battalion at Chattanooga remained at that place. Two companies were employed at Bridgeport in erecting artillery block houses. One battalion was stationed on the Memphis and Charleston R. R., building block-houses from Decatur to Stevenson, and two companies were at Stevenson completing the defenses of the post. The two companies at Stevenson remained at that point at work on the defenses up to the date of the last monthly returns received, September 30th. In June, July, August and September, the regiment, with the exception of one company at Chattanooga, one company at Bridgeport a portion of the time and the two companies at Stevenson, were engaged on the line of the Atlantic and Western Railroad, building block-houses, getting out ties, repairing, etc. The headquarters of the regiment on the 30th of September were at Atlanta, Ga. The information as to the details of the operations of the regiment during the year is too limited to permit a more extended notice. The regiment is known to have done a great amount of work, which was of much value to the armies with which it has been connected.

On the 31st October, 1864, the original term of the regiment expired, and such officers as desired to leave the service were mustered out, also the enlisted men whose term of enlistment had expired. The re-enlisted veterans, together with the recruits who had joined the regiment, enabled it to maintain its full strength and organization entire. From the 1st to the 15th of November, the regiment, with the exception of companies L and M, was stationed at Atlanta, Ga., and was employed in constructing defenses, destroying rebel works, depots, rolling mills, foundries, gas works and other rebel property, tearing up and rendering useless the various railroad tracks in the vicinity. On the 16th Nov., attached to the 14th Army Corps, it marched from Atlanta as a part of the Engineer force of Gen. Sherman's Army, to Sandersville, Ga., thence moved with the 20th Army Corps to Horse Creek, where it received orders to join the 17th Corps, with which it marched to Savannah, reaching there December 10th. During the march the regiment was required to keep pace with the movements of the army, traveling over 20 miles a day, and during the time was employed in tearing up railroad track, twisting rails, destroying bridges, repairing and making roads through marshes, and building and repairing bridges. On the 10th and 11th December, the regiment built a dam across the Ogeechee Canal, under fire of the rebel batteries. From that time until after the evacuation of Savannah by the enemy, the regiment was constantly at work taking up railroad track and destroying the rails of the several railroads leading out of the city, and in constructing long stretches of corduroy road for passing and re-passing wagon trains. On the 23d December it moved into the city, and on the 28th commenced work on the fortifications laid out by direction of Gen. Sherman. These works, constructed by and under the supervision of the regiment, were over two miles in length, and included several strong batteries and lunettes. January 3d, 1865, the regiment was again in motion, marching to Pooler's Station, to convert the railroad into a wagon road, and again returning to Savannah. On the 26th it embarked on transports for Beaufort, S. C., and on the 31st started with the army on its march to Goldsboro, N. C. The regiment moved with the 15th Corps to Banbury, S. C., and thence with the 20th Corps to Columbia, then with the 17th Corps to Fayetteville, and thence to Goldsboro with the 20th Corps, where it arrived on the 23d March. It is estimated that during this campaign, besides making and repairing a great distance of corduroy road, the regiment destroyed and twisted the rails of thirty miles of railroad track, and built eight or ten important bridges and crossings. At Edisto the bridge was constructed under fire from the enemy's sharpshooters. At Hughes, Little and Big Lynch Creeks, the bridges and crossings were built by working in the night. At the latter place the water was waist deep; and where a foot crossing was made in one night nearly a mile in length, and the next day the same distance was corduroyed for the army trains to pass over. At Columbia the regiment was employed in destroying factories and stores; at Cheraw, ordnance and stores; at Fayetteville, the arsenal shops and stores.

Companies L and M, which had been detached from the regiment early in the summer of 1864, and placed upon the defenses at Stevenson, Ala., having completed these defenses, which consisted of a system of eight block houses, were retained in the Army of the Cumberland, to be employed on the defenses of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, and on the 28th Nov. were moved to Elk River Bridge, and stationed in detachments along the line of the railroad, to Fort Rosecrans, at Murfreesboro, engaged when not interrupted by Hood's army, in building block houses. During most of the month of December, these detachments, except the one at Elk

River Bridge, were doing duty in Fort Rosecrans while Nashville and Murfreesboro were invested by the forces under Hood and Forrest, and were engaged in completing and repairing the works at the Fort. On the 15th December, a detachment of Company L, with several companies of an Illinois regiment which had been sent out to assist in bringing in a railroad train of provisions sent from Stevenson, Ala., were captured, after six hours' hard fighting. Companies L and M left Murfreesboro March 1st, 1865, to join the regiment, and proceeded by rail *via* Louisville, Indianapolis, Crestline, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, to New York, where they took steamer to Beaufort, N. C., and thence by rail to Newbern, joining the regiment at Goldsboro, on the 25th of March.

On the 10th of April General Sherman's army broke camp, at Goldsboro, the regiment moving with the 20th Corps and soon after reached Raleigh, where it remained until the negotiations were completed for the surrender of Johnston's army, and on the 30th moved with the 17th Corps, on the march to Washington, crossing the Roanoake River at Monroe, and passing through the cities of Petersburg, Richmond and Alexandria, Va. On the 24th, the regiment passed in the review of the armies at Washington, and went into camp near Georgetown, D. C. Early in June it was ordered to Louisville, Ky., to report to Major General Thomas, commanding the Department of the Cumberland, and was ordered to Nashville, Tenn., where it arrived July 1st. There the regiment was employed upon the defenses until September 22d, when it was mustered out of service and ordered to this State, arriving at the rendezvous, at Jackson, September 25th, and on the 1st of October was paid off and disbanded.

BATTLES AND SKIRMISHES.

Mill Springs, Ky., Jan. 19, 1862.
Farmington, Miss., May 9, 1862.
Siege of Corinth, May 10 to 31, 1862.
Perryville, Ky., Oct, 8, 1862.
Lavergne, Tenn., Jan. 1, 1863.
Chattanooga, Tenn., Oct. 6, 1863.
Siege of Atlanta, Ga., July 22 to Sept. 2, 1864.
Savannah, Ga., Dec. 11 to 21, 1864.
Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865.

OFFICERS OF THE ENGINEERS AND MECHANICS FROM THE GRAND RIVER VALLEY.

Colonel—Wm. P. Innis.
Surgeon—Wm. H. De Camp.

Captains—Barker Borden, resigned Feb. 14, 1862; Silas Canfield, resigned July 12, 1862; Heman Parmerlee, resigned July 30, 1862; Wright L. Coffinberry, Perrin V. Fox. James W. Sligh, died from wounds, November 15, 1863; Lucius F. Mills, James D. Robinson, John W. McCrath, John W. Williamson, Joseph C. Herkner, Wm. S. Nevins, Andrew B. Coffinberry.

First Lieutenants—John W. Williamson, James D. Robinson, Joseph C. Huckner, Lucius F. Mills, Albert H. Kimball, resigned August 18, 1862; Albert B. Culver, Henry F. Williams, William S. Nevins, Charles W. Calkins, Albert Wells, Benjamin A. Colton, James M. Sligh, Wm. Bettinghouse, Elias A. York, Albert B. Culver, resigned January 8, 1864.

Second Lieutenants—John W. McCrath, Edwin Baxter, honorably discharged for disability, February 16, 1864; William T. Hess, Albert B. Culver, William S. Nevins, Henry T. Williams, Charles S. Wooding, Lyman I. McCrath.

SIXTH CAVALRY.

The Sixth Regiment of Cavalry was organized at Grand Rapids, under authority granted to Hon. F. W. Kellogg, by the War Department, sanctioned by the Governor. It was rapidly filled and mustered into service on the 13th of October, its rolls carrying the names of 1,229 officers and men. It left its rendezvous on the 10th of December, 1863, taking the route to Washington, fully mounted and equipped, but not armed. It was placed in the army of the Potomac. Its list of officers was as follows:

George Gray, Colonel; Russel A. Alger, Lt. Colonel; Thaddeus Foote, Major; Elijah D. Waters, Major; Simeon D. Brown, Major; Daniel G. Weare, Surgeon; David C. Spalding, Ass't Surg.; Hiram F. Hale, Adjutant; Charles H. Patten, Qr. Master; Jacob Chapman, Commissary; Stephen S. N. Greely, Chaplain.

Captains—Henry E. Thompson, Peter A. Weber, Wesley Armstrong, David G. Royce, James H. Kidd, William Hyser, George A. Drew, Henry L. Wise, Charles W. Deane, John T. Andrews, John Torrey, John M. Pratt.

First Lieutenants—Manning D. Birge, Warren C. Comstock, Edward Potter, Seymour Stripman, Edward L. Craw, Don Carlos Batcheldor, Harrison N. Throop, James H. Lobdell, Robert A. Moore, Peter Cramer, Phillip G. Corey, Harvey H. Vinton, Wesley A. Green, Joshua W. Mann, Walter B. Anderson, Daniel Duesler, Frank Burr, Henry A. Stetson, L. Briggs Eldredge, Isaac Lamoreaux, Hiram F. Beals.

Second Lieutenants—Stephen H. Ballard, Charles E. Bolza, William Creary Horace B. Rogers, Angelo E. Tower, Don G. Lovell, William Hull, Horace H. Richards, John S. Joslyn, Lewis H. Jordan, James Mather, B. Franklin Rockafellow, Thomas J. Sheers, Edward L. Tucker, Frank Sylvester, Henry D. Fields, Arthur Wood, Wm. W. Van Antwerp, Daniel West, Thomas J. Parker, Aaron Rowe.

Sup. Second Lieutenants—James P. Rexford, Cyrus H. Fountain, Levi Griffin, Geo. Landon.

With the exception of a skirmish with Wade Hampton's division of Cavalry at Stevensburg, Va., in the early part of November, and several demonstrations on the enemy's lines on the Rapidan at "Raccoon," "Summerville" and "Morton's" Fords, in which the regiment participated, no active duty was assigned to the Sixth Cavalry from the 1st of November, 1863, to the latter part of February, 1864. On the 28th of February, leaving camp at Stevensburg, it started on the cavalry raid to Richmond, under General Kilpatrick. Its Division being attacked near Mechanicsville on the night of the 2d of March, it was obliged to retire, a portion of the Sixth Cavalry forming a part of the rear guard. Having succeeded in joining the forces at New Kent C. H., the regiment moved down the Peninsula, and embarking on transports, proceeded to Alexandria, whence it returned to its former camp at Stevensburg. On the 18th of April, its brigade was transferred to the 1st Cavalry Division, and during the ensuing campaign was known as the 1st Brigade of that Division. The camp was moved to Culpepper, where, on the 3d of May, companies M and I, which had been operating in the Shenandoah during the past year, rejoined the regiment. On the 6th, near Chancellorsville, the command became engaged, the enemy making desperate efforts to drive it from its position without success, the rebels being repulsed at all points and finally driven from the field in great disorder. On the 7th, the regiment was engaged in skirmishing. On the 8th, the entire corps was massed, and on the morning of the 9th, under Gen. Sheridan, started on the raid to the rear of the rebel army, the 1st Brigade being in the advance. Arriving at Beaver Dam Station, the command captured three trains laden with supplies and two locomotives In addition to these a large amount of stores, a considerable number of arms and tents were captured. After supplying the command, the remaining property, valued at several millions of dollars, was destroyed. A portion of the Virginia Central R. R. track was also torn up. On the the 11th, the brigade participated in the engagement with the enemy's cavalry at Yellow Tavern, where the latter were routed and driven from the field. On the 12th the regiment dismounted, and crossed on the ties of the railroad bridge in the face of a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, and assisted in driving the enemy from their works at Meadow Bridge. The next day the command marched to Bottom's Bridge, whence, on the 14th, it proceeded to Malvern Hill and opened communications with our forces on the James River. On the 17th, the command started on its return to the army. At Hanover Court House it destroyed tressel bridges, a portion of the railroad track and telegraph line, and captured commissary stores, rejoining the Division at the White House on the 21st, where it crossed the Pamunky. On the 25th, the command joined the army of the Potomac at Chesterfield Station. On the 26th the regiment marched with the brigade to the Pamunky, which it crossed, and on the next day engaged the enemy, routing them with a heavy loss. The brigade marched on the 28th to Hawes' Shop, and thence down the Richmond road, where finding our cavalry engaged, the command participated in the action. The Sixth took part in a decisive charge on the enemy's lines, driving the rebels from their position and compelling them to leave the ground strewn with their dead and wounded. The loss of the regiment was very severe. Out of 140 men engaged, one-fourth were killed or wounded in less than ten minutes. The battle was fought in thick woods with the men dismounted. Engaging in the raid of Sheridan's forces toward Gordonsville, the regiment on the 11th of June participated in the battle of Trevillian's Station, charging the enemy repeatedly and capturing many prisoners, most of whom, however, were recaptured. From the time it crossed the Rapidan on the 5th of May, to the date of its crossing the James, June 28th, the loss of the regiment was 29 killed, 60 wounded and 64 missing, a total of 153. On the 3d of August the Sixth embarked on transports and moved to Washington, thence marched to Halltown, where it arrived on the 10th. On the morning of the 11th, the regiment marched beyond Opequan Creek, towards Winchester. A battalion of the regiment became engaged and repelled a charge of the enemy, saving a Union battery from capture. On the 15th the command moved to Cedarville, and on the following day one battalion participated in the repulse of rebel infantry and cavalry that had attacked in force the camp of the 1st Division near Front Royal. In a charge this battalion captured a number of prisoners. On the 25th, the regiment participated in the engagement at Kearneysville and Shepardstown. Being cut off from the main body and nearly surrounded by the enemy, the command retired across the Potomac, whence it returned to the South side of the river *via* Harper's Ferry. From the 25th of August to the 15th of September, the regiment was actively employed. It took part in the engagements at "Leetown" and "Smithfield," made several reconnoissances in which the enemy were encountered, served as Gen. Sheridan's escort, engaged in the pursuit of Mosby's guerrillas, and participated in all the marches and countermarches that occurred during this period of the Shenandoah campaign. On the 19th of September, the Sixth, at Sever's Ford, on Opequan Creek, charged across an open space in the face of a galling fire from the enemy, who were strongly posted behind breastworks. Driving the enemy before it, the regiment moved to near Winchester, where it participated in several charges on the rebel infantry and cavalry; assisted in breaking their lines and in capturing prisoners, artillery and rebel colors. Of the former the regiment captured more than its entire number engaged. From the 19th to the 23d, the Sixth was engaged in the pursuit of the enemy. On the 24th, it came upon Wickham's brigade of rebel cavalry in the Luray Valley, charged and assisted in routing them. On the 26th, the regiment crossed the Shenandoah at Fort Republic and skirmished with the enemy, but finding them in force, withdrew. It remained in the vicinity of Port Republic, Cross Keyes and Mt. Crawford until the 6th of October, when it fell back with our troops to Timbersville, on the 7th to Woodstock, and on the 8th to Fisher's Hill. The enemy keeping up an annoying pursuit, the Sixth, supported by the Seventh (Mich.) Cavalry, turned upon the enemy and drove them upon the run back to Woodstock. The regiment was also engaged in action on the

9th, charging and routing the force opposed to it. Going into camp at Cedar Creek, it remained there, with the exception of a reconnoissance to Front Royal on the 15th, until the battle of Middletown (or Cedar Creek) on the 19th of October. In this action, the regiment participated. Having repelled the rebel attacks, it charged and broke their lines, capturing many prisoners and a stand of colors. The rebel infantry opposed to it were routed. The regiment took part in the pursuit to Woodstock, but returned to Cedar Creek, where it was encamped October 31st, 1864. The regiment is (1864) in 1st Division Cavalry Corps, Middle Military Division, and and is commanded by Col. James H. Kidd.

On November 1st, 1864, this regiment was with the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Shenandoah, and lay at Camp Russell, near Winchester, Va., making preparations to go into winter quarters, and was engaged in the usual picket service, and in scouting, until the 27th of February, 1865, when it formed part of the force with which General Sheridan made his movement against General Early's army, and on the rebel communications in the direction of Gordonsville and Richmond, and at that date moved with the cavalry corps towards Staunton; and on the 8th of March the regiment participated in an engagement with a part of the rebel cavalry under General Rosser, near Louisa Court House, and assisted in routing it, and in capturing the town, in which a large amount of property was destroyed, including the railroad depot, with rolling stock and telegraph office. It also participated in taking up the track and destroying the railroad property on the line of the Lynchburg and Gordonsville railroad, and in the destruction of the locks, aqueducts and mills on the line of the James River Canal. The command having reached White House Landing March 19th, in time to take part in the final battles of the Army of the Potomac, soon after, with the cavalry corps, took position on the left of the line of that army, and and on the 30th the regiment became engaged with the rebel cavalry, and assisted in driving them within their works at Five Forks. It was also engaged with the enemy at the same point on the 31st, and on April 1st; and on the 2d, at the

South Side Railroad; and on the 4th, at Duck Pond Mills; on the 6th, at the battle of the Ridges, or Sailor's Creek; and on the 8th and 9th, at Appomattox Court House. After the surrender of Lee, the rebel General Pickett, who was taken prisoner in one of these engagements, spoke of a charge made by this regiment, which he witnessed, as being the "bravest he ever had seen." After Lee's surrender, the regiment moved with the cavalry corps to Petersburg, Va., and then made an expedition into North Carolina; from thence it marched via Petersburg and Richmond to Washington, D. C., and on the 23d of May participated in the review of the Army of the Potomac. Immediately thereafter, with the Michigan Cavalry Brigade, it was ordered West, and proceeded by rail via the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and Ohio and Mississippi Rivers by steamer, to St. Louis, and thence by steamer via the Missouri River, to Fort Leavenworth. At that point it received orders to cross the Plains, which produced much justifiable dissatisfaction in the command; but the regiment recollecting its noble record, and adhering to its former high degree of discipline, and faithful observance of orders, and keeping in view the honor of its State, commenced its march across the Plains, and marched to Fort Kearney, thence to Julesburg, and from there to Fort Laramie; at that point the regiment was divided into detachments by order of General Connor; one to constitute a part of the "Left Column Powder River Expedition," one to remain at Fort Laramie, and the other to escort a train to the Black Hills. The Powder River detachment, on reaching that point, found that the Indians, which it had been sent in search of, had managed to escape, and while there it built a fort, known as Fort Reno. On that expedition, Captain O. F. Cole, of Co. "G," lost his life; having heedlessly strayed a long way from the column, he was surprised by Indians, and shot to death with arrows. From this point a small detachment of the command was sent to guard a train to Virginia City, Montana, and falling in with a large war party of Arrappahoe Indians, became surrounded by them, and were "corralled" for twelve days, but finally succeeded in getting intelligence of their condition to Gen. Conner, when reinforcements were sent to their relief. Sergeant Hall, of Company "L," and Private Evans, of Company "F," having volunteered, succeeded in carrying the intelligence referred to, a distance of fifty miles, through a wild and to them unknown country, swarming with hostile Indians, and thereby saved the detachment. On the 17th of September, on orders issued by Major General Dodge, the men of the regiment whose term of service did not expire before February 1st, 1866, were consolidated with the First Michigan Cavalry, and the regiment was then ordered to Fort Leavenworth, and was there mustered out of service on the 24th of November, 1865, when it proceeded to Michigan, arriving on the 30th of November at Jackson, when it was paid off and disbanded.

BATTLES AND SKIRMISHES.

Hanover, Va., June 30, 1863.
Hunterstown, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Gettysburg, " " 3, "
Monterey, Md., " 4, "
Cavetown, " " 5, "
Smithtown, " " 6, "
Boonsboro, " " 6, "
Hagerstown, Md., " 6, "
Williamsport, " " 6, "
Boonsboro, " " 8, "
Hagerstown, " " 10, "
Williamsport, " " 10, "
Falling Waters, Md., July 14, 1863.
Snicker's Gap, Va., July 19, 1863.
Kelly's Ford, " Sept. 13, "
Culpepper Ct. House, Va., Sept. 14. 1862.
Raccoon Ford, Va., Sept. 16. 1863.
White's Ford, " " 21, "
Jack's Shop, " " 26, "
James City, " Oct. 12, 1863.
Brandy Station, Va., Oct. 13, 1863.
Buckland's Mills, " " 19, "
Stevensburg, " Nov. 19, "
Morton's Ford, " " 26, "
Richmond, Va., March 1. 1864.
Wilderness, Va., May 6. 7, 1864.
Beaver Dam Station, Va., May 9, '64.
Yellow Tavern, Va., May 10, 11, '64.
Meadow Bridge, Va., May 12, 1864.
Hanover, Va., May 27, 1864.
Hawes' Shop, Va., May 28, 1864.
Baltimore X Roads, Va., May 29, '64.
Cold Harbor, Va., May 20, June 1, '64.
Trevillian Station, Va., June 11, 12, 1864.
Cold Harbor, Va., July 21, 1864.
Winchester, " April 11, 1864.
Front Royal, " Aug. 16, "
Leetown, " " 25, "
Shephardstown, Va. Aug. 26, 1864.
Smithfield, " " 29, "
Berryville, " Sept. 3, "
Summitt, " " 4, "
Opequan, " " 19, "
Winchester, " " 19, "
Luray, " " 24. "
Port Republic, Va., Sept. 26, 27, 28, '64.
Mount Crawford, Va., Oct. 2, 1864.
Woodstock, " " 9, "
Cedar Creek, " " 19, "
Madison Ct. House, Va., Dec. 24, '64.
Louisa Ct. House, Va., March 8, 1865.
Five Forks, Va., March 30, 31, April 1, 1865.
South Side R. R., Va., April 2, 1865,
Duck Pond Mills, " " 4, "
Ridges, or Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6, 1865.
Appomattox Ct. House, Va., April 9, 1865.
Little Laramie, D. Ter., Aug. 6, 1865.

MICHIGAN SEVENTH CAVALRY.

The Adjutant-General in his report of 1863, complains that he has had no proper data; but simply says that two battalions left Grand Rapids for Washington, February 20th, 1862; the remaining companies joining them in May; and gives the following as the list of officers:

George Gray, Colonel; Henry E. Thompson, Lieut. Colonel; —— ——, Major; James H. Kidd, Major; George A. Drew, Major; Daniel G. Weare, Surgeon; —— ——, Assistant Surgeon; James Sleeth, 2d Assistant Surgeon; Hiram F. Hale, Adjutant; Charles H. Patten, Quartermaster; Joel S. Sheldon, Commissary; Stephen S. N. Greely, Chaplain; William Hyser, Captain; Charles W. Dean, Captain; Henry L. Wise, Captain; Harrison N. Shroop, Captain; Harvey H. Vinton, Captain; Edward L. Craw, Captain; Manning D. Birge, Captain; Daniel H. Powers, Captain; Jacob L. Greene, Captain; Charles E. Storrs, Captain; Don G. Lovell, Captain; James Mathers, Captain; Seymour Stripman, 1st Lieutenant; Robert A. Moon, 1st Lieutenant; Edward Potter, 1st Lieutenant.

At the close of 1863, the Seventh Cavalry was in the 2d Brigade, 3d Division, Cavalry Corps, of the Army of the Potomac. On the first of November its officers were:

William D. Mann, Colonel; Allyne C. Lithfield, Lieutenant Colonel; John S. Huston, Major; George K. Newcomb, Major; Henry W. Granger, Major; William Upjohn, Surgeon.

This regiment, on the 7th of November, 1863, joined in the advance of the Army of the Potomac, toward the Rappahannock. On the morning of the 26th, it crossed the enemy's rifle pits, near Morton's Ford, and moving forward captured prisoners from the rear of the rebel column. It was employed on picket duty until the 28th of February, when it started on the "Kilpatrick raid." On the afternoon of the 29th, it arrived at Beaver Dam Station, on the Virginia Central Railroad, after a twenty hours' march, and assisted in burning the station and destroying the track. Resuming the march, it arrived before Richmond on the afternoon of the next day, and while on picket during the night was attacked by a superior force. After a desperate fight, being unsupported, it was obliged to retire, with a loss in missing of 44, among whom were its commanding officer, Lieut. Col. A. C. Litchfield, who was taken prisoner. Having reached Yorktown, the command moved from thence to Alexandria by transports, and marched to its former camp near Stevensburg. On the 17th, the regiment, with its brigade, was transferred to the 1st Cavalry Division, and moved its camp to near Culpepper. Entering the campaign of 1864. with the army of the Potomac, it crossed the Rapidan on the 5th of May, and on the 6th and 7th was engaged with the enemy's cavalry, at Tood's tavern, its loss in the action being three wounded. Marching on the 9th, it took part with the cavalry under Gen. Sheridan, in the movement on the enemy's communications. It crossed the South Anna River on the 10th, and on the 11th participated in the battle of Yellow Tavern, charging the rebel cavalry, and aiding in driving them from the field. The loss of the regiment in the engagement was 3 killed, 15 wounded, and 13 missing. Included in the former was Major Henry W. Granger, commanding the regiment. On the 12th, the Seventh assisted in driving the enemy from Meadow Bridge, and later in the day, from their entrenchments near Mechanicsville, losing one man wounded. It arrived at Malvern Hill on the 14th. Again joined the army at Milford. On the 27th it engaged the rebel cavalry. charging and driving one of their brigades several miles, capturing 41 prisoners and many horses. It took part in the cavalry fight at Hawes' Shop, on the 28th, where its loss was 4 killed, 10 wounded and 3 missing. On the next day it was engaged in skirmishing at Baltimore Cross Roads, losing 2 wounded. On the 30th it took part in an attack on the enemy's works at Cold Harbor. The rebel infantry attacking the command on the 1st of June, it assisted in repelling their assaults and holding them in check until relieved by our infantry. Its casualties were 2 killed and 2 wounded. Taking part in the raid towards Gordonsville, the regiment was warmly engaged on the 11th and 12th of June, at Trevillian Station. On the former day, a few men of the regiment, recaptured from a larger force of rebels, a piece of artillery, that had been taken from the Union forces. The casualties during the two days' engagement were 2 killed, 27 wounded and 48 missing. Returning to the White House, it thence moved to the James River and went into camp. On the 31st of July, the regiment was ordered to proceed to Washington, and thence to the Shenandoah Valley. On the 11th of August, with the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, it repelled an assault of the enemy near Winchester. On the 16th, it participated in the battle of Crooked Run, where, as they report, "One battalion charged a brigade of rebel cavalry, entirely routing them and capturing nearly 100 prisoners, many horses, equipments, etc." The casualties in this action were 1 killed, 11 wounded, and 7 missing. On the 25th, it was in the advance in a reconnoissance to near Leetown. Becoming warmly engaged later in the day, near Shepardstown, it lost 4 wounded and 2 missing. The brigade having been cut off from the main command, it crossed the Potomac near Sharpsburg, and from thence returned, *via* Harper's Ferry, to the south side of the river. Its division being attacked by infantry in force, on the 29th, the regiment covered the retreat to Smithfield, losing two killed and 14 wounded. On the 3d of September, the regiment accompanied a reconnoissance to White Post, and on its return was shelled by the rebels, and lost one killed and three wounded. On the same day it made a reconnoissance to develop the force and position of the enemy, losing one man wounded. On the 19th, it participated in the battle of Opequan Creek. Charging across Opequan Creek, and driving the enemy from its banks, it advanced to near Winchester, where it joined in the charge on the enemy's forces, driving them through the town. The loss in the action was four killed, nineteen wounded, (among whom, and mortally, was Lieut. Col. Melvin Brewer, in command of the regiment,) and two missing. On the 24th, the regiment was engaged near Luray, driving the enemy in confusion, and capturing 60 prisoners and a number of horses, its casualties being three wounded. On the 26th, 27th and 28th, it was engaged in skirmishing with the enemy near Port Republic. It engaged the enemy on the 8th of October, near Woodstock, and on the 9th joined with the corps in routing the rebel cavalry under Gen. Rosser. Its casualties were three wounded. On the 19th of October, at Cedar Creek, the regiment was attacked while on picket. The enemy, breaking through the infantry line on the left, struck the regiment in the rear. It succeeded, however, in making its escape, and during the remainder of the day was hotly engaged on the skirmish line until the final charge on the enemy was made, in which it participated. In this charge it captured 100 prisoners. Its loss was 4 wounded and 29 missing. It was encamped near Middletown on the 31st of October, and was engaged in picket duty at Buck's Ford, on the Shenandoah River.

The regiment was in the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, Cavalry Corps, Middle Military Division. Its officers were as follows:

Allyne C. Litchfield, Colonel, March 1, 1864; Lt. Col., Nov. 14, 1862; Capt. 5th Cavalry, August 14, 1862.

George G. Briggs, Lieut. Colonel, Oct. 12, 1864; Major, May 19, 1864; Capt., March 22, 1864; Adjutant, July 1, 1863; 1st Lt., October 15, 1862.

Alexander Walker, Major, February 24, 1864; Captain, October 15, 1862.
Daniel H. Darling, Major, March 22, 1864; " " "
Linus F. Warner, Major, October 12, 1864; " " "

This regiment, on the 1st of November, 1864, was with General Sheridan's Army in the Shenandoah Valley, and lay at Camp Russell, near Winchester, Va., making preparations to go into winter quarters, and engaged on picket duty, and in making reconnoissance until Feb. 27th, 1865, when it broke camp and moved with the cavalry corps, towards Staunton, Va., being the commencement of General Sheridan's celebrated raid to the James River. On the 8th of March the regiment became engaged with a portion of Rosser's Cavalry near Louisa Court House, assisted in routing the rebel force, and capturing the town, in which was destroyed a large amount of property; the railroad depot, with rolling stock and telegraph office, was also destroyed. The regiment also participated in tearing up the track, and burning the railroad property along the line of the Lynchburg and Gordonsville Railroad, and in destroying and rendering useless the locks, aqueduct and mills, on the line of the James River Canal. The command reached White House Landing on the 19th of March, and soon after, with the cavalry corps, joined the Army of the Potomac and proceeded to the left of the line. On the 30th of March, the regiment became engaged with the rebel cavalry, and assisted in driving them within their works at Five Forks. The 31st of March and 1st of April it was engaged with the enemy at Five Forks and on the 2d at the South Side Railroad; on the 4th, at Duck Pond Mills; on the 6th, at the battle of the Ridges, or Sailor's Creek, and on the 8th and 9th at Appomattox Court House. After the surrender of Lee, the regiment moved, with the cavalry corps, to Petersburg, Va., where it remained for a short time, and then went with the army into North Carolina. From thence it marched to Washington, D. C., and participated in the review of the Army of the Potomac on the 23d of May, and immediately thereafter with the Michigan Cavalry Brigade, was ordered West, and proceeded by rail, *via* the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and Ohio and Mississippi Rivers by steamer, to St. Louis, and thence by steamer *via* the Missouri River, to Fort Leavenworth, where it was ascertained that the destination of the regiment was across the Plains, to the Rocky Mountains, to operate against the hostile Indians in that section of the country, and orders were received to that effect.

These orders produced much justifiable dissatisfaction, indicating as they did that another arduous campaign was laid out for the regiment, which, in consideration of its past long and faithful services, should have been spared it, especially as this campaign was for an object foreign to that for which it had entered the service—the suppression of the Southern Rebellion. But the regiment, remembering its noble record, and adhering to its former high degree of discipline and subordination, and having in view the honor of a State whose troops had never disgraced it, obeyed the orders and commenced its March across the Plains, reaching Camp Collins, seventy miles west of Denver City, and at the base of the Rocky Mountains, on the 26th day of July, a distance of 700 miles from Fort Leavenworth. The regiment was immediately assigned to duty along the overland stage route, which was at that time so thoroughly invested by hostile Indians as to stop all coaches, mails and trains. The service rendered by it was valuable, although laborious, succeeding in re-establishing the transit of mails and passengers, and in giving protection to emigrants. About the first of November it was ordered to transfer all the men of the command whose term of service extended beyond the 1st of March, 1866, to the 1st Michigan Cavalry, and then report at Denver City for muster out. By this order, about 250 men were transferred, being mostly men who were recruited in the winter of 1864. On arriving at Denver City, the regiment was ordered to Fort Leavenworth for muster out. It started on the 7th of November, reaching there in 26 days. Great injustice was done the regiment by this order, as it directed that all Government horses should be turned over to the Quartermaster Department at Denver. The command was consequently expected to march across the plains on foot, at a time when snow was upon the ground, and with only one wagon for each hundred men—insufficient to carry their rations for three days, and through a country with no settlements and almost entirely destitute of wood. A statement of the matter was made to Major Gen'l Upton, commanding at Denver, who declined to make any further provision for transportation. *Permission* was obtained to allow the men to hire their transportation in mule trains, of which there were several returning to Fort Leavenworth, and which the Government might have hired.

The men paid for this transportation $25 each, from their own private funds. At Fort Leavenworth the regiment was mustered out, the final papers made, and then was ordered to Michigan. It arrived at Jackson on the 20th, and was paid off and disbanded on the 25th of December.

BATTLES AND SKIRMISHES.

Thoroughfare Gap,	Va.,	May	21,	1863.
Geenwich,	"	"	30,	"
Hanover,	"	June	"	"
Hunterstown,	Penn.,	July	2,	"
Gettysburg,	"	"	3,	"
Monterey,	Md.,	"	4,	"
Cavetown	"	"	5,	"
Smithtown,	"	"	6,	"
Boonsboro,	"	"	6,	"
Hagerstown,	"	"	6,	"
Williamsport.	"	"	6,	"
Boonsboro.	"	"	8.	"
Hagerstown,	"	"	10.	"
Williamsport,	"	"	10.	"
Falling Waters,	"	"	14.	"
Snicker's Gap,	Va.,	"	19,	"
Kelley's Ford,	"	Sept.	13,	"
Culpepper Ct. House,	Va.,	Sept.	14,	1863.
Raccoon Ford,	Va.,	Sept.	16,	1863.
White's Ford,	"	"	21,	"
Jack's Shop,	"	"	26,	"
James City,	"	Oct.	12,	"
Brandy Station,	"	"	13,	"
Buckland's Mills,	"	"	19,	"
Stevensburg,	"	Nov.	19,	"
Morton's Ford,	"	"	26,	"
Richmond,	"	Mar.	1,	1864.
Wilderness,	"	May	6, 7,	"
Beaver Dam Station,	Va.,	May	9,	"
Yellow Tavern,	Va.,	May	10, 11,	"
Meadow Bridge,	"	"	12,	"
Milford,	"	"	27,	"
Hawes' Shop,	Va.,	May	28,	1864.

Baltimore X Roads, Va., May 29, '64.
Cold Harbor, Va., May 30, June 1, 1864.
Trevillian Station, Va., June 11, 12, 1864.
Cold Harbor, Va., July 21, 1864.
Winchester, " Aug. 11, "
Front Royal, " " 16, "
Leetown, " " 25, "
Shephardstown, " " 25, "
Smithfield, " " 29, "
Berryville, " Sept. 3, "
Summitt, " " 4, "
Opequan, " " 19, "
Winchester, " " 19, "
Luray, " " 24, "
Port Republic, Va., Sept. 26, 27, 28, 1864.
Mount Crawford, Va., Oct. 2, 1864,
Woodstock, " " 9, "
Cedar Creek, " " 19, "
Madison Ct. House, " Dec. 24, "
Louisa Ct. House, " Mar. 8, 1865.
Five Forks, Va., Mar. 30, 31, April 1, 1865.
South Side R. R., Va., April 2, 1865.
Duck Pond Mills, " " 4, "
Ridges or Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6, 1865.
Appomattox Ct. House, Va., April 8, 9, 1865.
Little Laramie, D. Ter., Aug. 1, 1864.

TWENTY-FIRST INFANTRY.

The Twenty-First had its rendezvous at Ionia, and was recruited from the Fourth District, comprising the counties of Barry, Ionia, Montcalm, Kent, Ottawa, Muskegon, Oceana, Newaygo, Mecosta, Mason, Manistee, Grand Traverse, Leelanaw, Manitou, Osceola, Emmet, Mackinac, Delta and Cheboygan. J. B. Welch, Esq., was appointed commandant of camp. The regiment left its quarters on the 12th of September, 1008 strong, with orders to report at Cincinnati. It was immediately pushed into Kentucky, and on the 8th of October bore part in the engagement at Perryville, suffering in casualties, 24 wounded (1 mortally) and 3 missing. On the 30th of November, the regiment returned an aggregate of 971, present and absent. It was reported in 1862 at Nashville, in Gen. Rosecrans' army.

This regiment arrived at Nashville, November 10th, 1862, and remained at that place until the general advance of Gen. Rosecrans' army on Murfreesboro. The Twenty-first left Nashville December 26th, with the army, and participated in the five days' battle at Stone River. It sustained a loss in this engagement, of 17 killed, 85 wounded, and 37 missing; a total of 139. The regiment remained at Murfreesboro, employed on picket duty, and as guard for forage trains, until June 24th, when it advanced with the army on Tallahoma. During July it was stationed at Cowan and Anderson Station, on the Nashville and Cumberland railroad. Subsequently, it occupied Bridgeport, under Gen. Lyttle, who commanded the brigade to which the Twenty-first was attached. September 2d, the regiment crossed the Tennessee, and advanced with the corps of Maj. Gen. McCook, to Trenton, Ga., from whence it crossed the mountains to Alpine, 30 miles from Rome, thence made a forced march toward Chattanooga, between the mountain ranges, and came into line of battle at Chickamauga, September 19th. The following day the regiment participated in the battle of Chickamauga, sustaining a loss of killed, 11, wounded 58, missing 35, prisoners 3; total, 107. Of the missing, 21 were known to be wounded. Among the wounded and captured was the colonel of the regiment, while the second in command was killed. After the battle, the regiment moved into Chattanooga.

At the battle of Chickamauga, the regiment was in the 2d Division, 4th Corps. It has since been detached, and forms part of the Engineer Brigade, under command of Gen. Smith, Chief Engineer of the Army of the Cumberland.

This regiment was attached, after the battle of Chattanooga, to the Engineer Brigade. It was stationed, until the 11th of June, 1864, on the north side of the Tennessee river, near Chattanooga, and was employed in building a bridge over the river, and in the erection of storehouses in Chattanooga. At the above date, the regiment was ordered to Lookout Mountain, where it was engaged in building hospitals, running mills, and in the performance of the usual picket duty, until the 20th of September, when it was relieved from further duty with the Engineer Corps. On the 27th of September, the regiment left Lookout Mountain for Tullahoma, thence it proceeded to Nashville. Joining the forces under Gen. Rousseau, it participated with them in the pursuit of the rebels under Gen. Forrest, beyond Florence, Ala., returning to Florence on the 11th of October. On the 14th the regiment was ordered to Chattanooga, and on the 18th to proceed to and garrison Dalton, Ga. On the 30th of October, the regiment was relieved at Dalton, and was ordered to join its corps. During the year it has traveled between 480 and 500 miles.

The regiment is in the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 14th Corps, Army of the Cumberland.

SECOND CAVALRY.

This regiment, organized by Hon. F. W. Kellogg, at Grand Rapids, left its camp at that place on the 14th of November, 1861, and took its route to St. Louis. Its muster in rolls contained 1,163 names, and its returns show that to the 1st of July there had belonged to it 1,200 officers and enlisted men. It was stationed during the winter at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, leaving there in March to take part in the operations at and about New Madrid and Island No. Ten. In May and June, it was at Farmington, Miss., and remained in that State until ordered to Louisville, in October. It has been actively employed in usual cavalry service, and has done a large amount of scouting and skirmishing. On the 31st of October, the regiment had an aggregate of 794. Its last communication to this department was dated at New Market, Ky., November 11.

During November, 1862, this regiment was stationed in Kentucky. In December and January it participated in the raid under Gen. Carter, into East Tennessee, severing the enemy's communications and destroying his stores. During this affair, which occupied twenty-two days, the regiment was engaged in several severe skirmishes. Soon afterward, it proceeded to Louisville, and from thence, February 3d, to Nashville, Tenn. During February and March, it was stationed at Murfreesboro and Franklin. It made many important reconnoissances on the roads leading out of these places, and had numerous skirmishes with the rebels.

In February, it was engaged on the 18th, near Milton; on the 19th at Cainsville, and on the 27th, near Spring Hill. On the 4th and 5th of March, it had a severe skirmish with the enemy, under Generals VanDorn and Forrest, on the Columbia Pike, the regiment losing one killed, four wounded, and one captured. From the 8th to the 12th, it participated in an important reconnoissance, during which the enemy were driven across Duck River. March 25th, it had a sharp encounter with a large force of rebels under Stearns and Forrest, killing and wounding a large number of the enemy, and capturing 52 prisoners and a number of wagons loaded with arms, ammunition and baggage, with a loss to the regiment of one died of wounds, six wounded and two missing. On the 4th of June, while returning to Franklin from Triune, it had a brisk skirmish, with a loss of two killed and three wounded. Marching to Triune on the 6th, it remained at that point until the advance of the army from Murfreesboro, when it moved forward with the Cavalry Division to which it was attached. On the 23d, it was engaged at Rover. On the 24th, it drove the enemy through Middletown, and on the 27th, charged the rebels into Shelbyville. On the 2d of July, it aided in driving the enemy from Elk River Ford, and on the 3d, from Cowan. In the early part of September, the regiment was actively engaged in scouting, among the mountains near Chattanooga, and in northern Georgia. Leaving Rankin's Ferry, on the Tennessee, October 3d, the regiment participated in the chase after the rebel cavalry under Gen. Wheeler, who were then engaged in making a raid on the communications of the army. During the pursuit of Wheeler, the regiment crossed the Cumberland mountains, marching on the 3d, 4th and 5th of October, 103 miles, and on the 6th, 7th and 8th, 82 miles, the greater portion of the distance over rough and mountainous roads. October 31st, the regiment was encamped at Winchester. During the year it has killed and disabled a large number of the enemy, and captured many prisoners, horses, wagons, etc.

The regiment is in the 1st brigade, 1st Cavalry Division, Army of the Cumberland.

At the commencement of the year, the Second Cavalry was encamped at Winchester, Tenn., whence it proceeded on a foraging expedition to Fayetteville, securing about 400 bushels of wheat, 65 head of beef cattle, between 500 and 600 sheep and a number of horses and mules. Leaving Winchester on the 16th, the regiment moved, via. Shelbyville, Murfreesboro and Milton, to Liberty, thence to Sparta, and over the Cumberland Mountains and through Crossville, Kingston and Knoxville, to Strawberry Plains, in East Tennessee, fording the Holston River, and arriving at its destination on the 17th of December. On the 23d, the regiment marched, via. New Market, to Dandridge, where, at daylight on the 24th, it participated in an attack on a superior force of the enemy. The fight lasted during the day, the Union forces falling back at night to New Market. The loss of the regiment was 2 killed, 8 wounded and 10 taken prisoners. On the 25th, the regiment encamped at Mossy Creek. It remained at and near this place until the 14th of January, 1864, having on the 29th of December a skirmish with the rebels, in which its casualties were 1 killed, 1 wounded and 2 taken prisoners. On the 14th of January, the regiment marched to Dandridge, and on the 17th skirmished with the enemy, who were advancing on Knoxville under Gen. Longstreet. On the 19th, the regiment fell back to Knoxville, and again crossing the Holston River, it bivouacked on the 23d on Flat Creek, and on the 26th on Pigeon River. Marching at midnight on the 26th, it participated in an attack the next day on a brigade of rebel cavalry, from whom it captured 3 pieces of artillery and 75 prisoners, the loss of the regiment being 11 wounded and 2 missing. On the 4th of March the regiment arrived at Calhoun, and on the 12th at Cleveland, Tenn. On the 29th of March, three hundred and twenty-eight of the regiment re-enlisted and were mustered in as veteran volunteers. On the 14th of April these veterans left Cleveland for Michigan, and on arrival at Jackson were furloughed for thirty days. Breaking camp at Cleveland on the 3d of May, the regiment moved with the army under Gen. Sherman on the Georgia campaign, and on the 11th marched through Tunnel Hill to Dug Gap. It passed through the Gap on the 13th, skirmishing with the enemy. On the following day, while in advance, it lost in a skirmish, 1 killed and 3 wounded. The regiment constructed breastworks at Tilton on the 15th, but the next day it crossed the Coosa waters and continued the advance, arriving at Cassville Station on the 20th. On the 23d it forded the Etawah. In successive skirmishes it lost 2 men wounded on the 24th, 2 more on the 26th, and on the 27th it lost 1 wounded and 2 missing; 5 men were also wounded on the 28th. On the 2d and 5th the regiment skirmished with the enemy on the Ackworth and Dallas road, and on the 17th reached the summit of Lost Mountain. On the 29th of June the regiment moved by railroad to Franklin, Tenn., where it arrived on the 10th of July. It was here joined by the re-enlisted men who had returned to the State on veteran furlough. From the latter date to the 29th of August the regiment was employed in guarding the railroad from Nashville to Rutherford's Creek, whence it marched to Nashville, and on the 30th moved out on the Murfreesboro road in pursuit of the forces under the rebel General Wheeler. Meeting the enemy twelve miles from Nashville, it charged and drove them several miles. From this time to the 8th of September the regiment was engaged in the pursuit of Wheeler's forces, skirmishing with them near Campbellville on the 5th of September. On the 7th, the regiment arrived at Florence, Ala., and again returned to Franklin on the 12th. On the 25th it started from Franklin in pursuit of the forces of Gen. Forrest, who was then engaged in a raid through Tennessee, and on the 27th engaged them during the day. The command marched, *via.* Connersville, Shelbyville and Tullahoma, to Winchester, thence by Normandy, Lewisburg, Shelbyville, Mooresville and Tallerea, to Florence, Ala., where it arrived on the 5th of October. On the 7th, it engaged the enemy on Cypress River, losing 2 killed, 3 wounded and 1 taken prisoner. The regiment then marched by Pulaski, Rodgersville and Marmion, to Four Mile Creek, Ala., where it encamped from the 17th to the 29th, when the rebel army under Gen. Hood crossed the Tennessee. The regiment was engaged during the remainder of the month, with its brigade, in checking the rebel advances. On the 3d, it encountered the enemy, but was obliged to retire. On the 31st of October the regiment marched to Sugar Creek. During the year the regiment marched over 1,364 miles, exclusive of marches when on picket and patrol duty.

The regiment was in the 1st Brigade, 1st Cav. Div., Army of the Cumberland.

The regiment was serving in Tennessee, Oct. 31, 1864. On November 1st, it marched from Blue Waters towards Shoal Creek, Alabama, and was attacked by the enemy at that point on the 5th, and after a gallant defense was forced back to Four Mile Creek, sustaining a heavy loss. From the 9th to the 14th, it was in camp doing ordinary scouting and picket duty. On the 15th it broke camp, and made a reconnoissance to the right of its position, and encamped at Taylor's Springs, and remained there until the 20th, when it marched to Lexington, Tenn., and on the 21st to Lawrenceburg, where it was attacked by the enemy on the afternoon of that day, and fell back towards Campbellsville and near Columbia, skirmishing at both these points. The 25th, it crossed Duck River, and the 28th, was in line of battle near the Lewisburg Pike. On the 29th, it retired to Spring Hill, and was engaged in skirmishing during the day at that place and at Bethesda Church. On the 30th, it was engaged at Franklin, fighting all day, sustaining a loss of one killed, seventeen wounded and three missing. The regiment marched from near Franklin, December 1st, to within a few miles of Nashville, and was in line of battle during the night. On the 2d, passed through that city, crossing the Cumberland river, went into camp at Edgefield, and remained there until the 12th, when it recrossed the Cumberland, passing through Nashville, and encamped on the Charlotte Pike. On the 15th it advanced about two miles, dismounted and skirmished during that day and next; at sunset mounted and proceeded in the direction of the Harpeth River, swimming that stream, and thence marching to Spring Hill. Crossing Duck River on the 23d, and passing through Columbia, on the 24th it met the enemy at Richland Creek, and fought him all day, charging and driving him sixteen miles, losing one killed and six wounded; skirmishing at Pulaski on the 25th, and at Sugar Creek on the 26th, passing Taylor's Springs on the 28th, reaching Waterloo on the 31st, remaining there until the 17th January, 1865, when it broke camp, crossing the Tennessee River, and passing through Eastport, Iuka and Burnsville, Miss., taking six prisoners; thence proceeded to Corinth and Farmington on the 19th, and returning via Iuka, taking five prisoners; and thence via Eastport, crossing the Tennessee river, reached Waterloo on 21st, and remained there until March 11th, when breaking camp, it recrossed the Tennessee river, marched to Chickasaw, Ala., and was there in camp until the 22d, when it again broke camp, passing through Frankfort and Russellville on the 24th, crossed Big Ford Creek on the 25th, reaching Eldridge on the 26th, passed Jasper and crossed the Mulberry river on the 28th, and Black Warrior river on the 29th, and on the 30th reached Elyton. Crossed Black Warrior again on April 1st, at Johnston's Ferry, swimming the horses. Skirmished with the enemy on the 2d, at Trion, and on the 3d arrived at Tuscaloosa, surprising and taking prisoners the pickets, capturing the city, three cannon, and taking a large number of prisoners. After destroying a large number of buildings containing rebel stores, and burning the bridge, the regiment marched to Bridgeville, where it was attacked on the 6th, and after a brisk engagement, with a loss of three wounded, repulsed the enemy. Continuing the march towards Northport, passed it and Windham's Springs. On the 13th, crossed Wolf Creek; on the 14th, Lost Creek and Black Water; on the 19th, Black Warrior, and the Coosa at Luff's Ferry; on the 22d, reaching Talladaga. Skirmished with Gen. Hill's brigade on the 23d, losing two killed, and taking one piece of artillery. Crossed a branch of the Talladaga on the 24th, and the Tallapoosa on the 25th, passing through Bowden, Ga. Crossing the Chattahoochie on the 26th, and marching, via Neroman and Forsyth, arriving, May 1st, at Macon, where it remained in camp until July 17th, when the regiment was broken up into detachments, which were sent to garrison Perry, Thomaston, Barnsville, Forsyth and Milledgeville, two companies, with the headquarters, remaining at Macon. On the 17th of August it was mustered out of service, and arrived in the State August 26th, and was paid off and disbanded at Jackson.

BATTLES AND SKIRMISHES.

Point Pleasant, Mo., March 9, 1862.
Tiptonville, " " —, "
New Madrid, " " 13, "
Island No. 10, " March 14 to April 7th, 1862.
Pine Hill, Miss., May 2, 1862.
Monterey, " " 3, "
Farmington, " " 5, "
Siege of Corinth, Miss., May 10 to 30, 1862.
Boonville, Miss., June 1, 1862.
Blackland, " " 5, "
Baldwin, " " —, "
Boonville, " July 1, "
Reinzi, " Aug. –, "
Perryville, Ky., Oct. 8, 1862.
Harodsburg, " " 10, "
Lancaster, " " 12, "
Rocastle River, Ky., Oct. —, 1862.
Estillville, Va., 1862.
Blountsville, Tenn., 1862.
Zollicoffer, " "
Watanaga, " "
Jonesville, Va., 1862.
Bacon Creek, Ky,, Dec. 24, 1862.
Glasgow, " " —, "

Milton, Tenn., Feb. 18; 1863.
Cainesville, Tenn., Feb. 19, 1863.
Spring Hill, " " 29, "
Columbia, " March 4, 5, 1863.
Hillsboro, " " 12, "
Brentwood, " " 25, "
McGarvick's Ford, Tenn., April, 1863.
Triune, Tenn., June 4, 1863.
Rover, " " 23, "
Middletown, Tenn., June 24, 1863.
Shelbyville, " " 27, "
Elk River Fork, Tenn., July 2, 1863.
Dechard, Tenn., July 4, 1863.
Chickamauga, Tenn., Sept. 18, 19, 20, 1863.
Anderson X Roads, Tenn., Oct., 1863.
Sparta. Tenn., Dec. 1863.
Dandridge, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1863.
Mossy Creek, " " 29, "
Dandridge, " Jan. 17, 1864.
Pigeon River, " " 27, "
Dug Gap, Ga., May 13, 14, "
Red Clay, " " 1864.
Ettowa River, Ga., May 24, 27, 27, 28, 1864.
Ackworth, Tenn., June 2, 5, 1864.
Nashville, " Aug. 30, "
Campbellsville, Tenn., Sept. 5, 1864.
Franklin. " " 27, "
Cypress River, " Oct. 7, "
Raccoon Ford, " " 30, "
Shoal Creek, " Nov. 5, "
Lawrenceburg, " " 21, "
Campbellsville, " " 24, "
Columbia, " " 25,26,27, 1864.
Spring Hill, Tenn., Nov. 29, 1864.
Bethesda Church, Tenn., Nov. 29, 1864.
Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864.
Nashville, " Dec. 15, 16, 1864.
Richland Creek, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1864.
Pulaski, " " 25, "
Sugar Creek, " " 26, "
Priceton Yard, " Jan. 6, 1865.
Corinth, Miss., Feb., 1865.
Tuscaloosa, Ala., April 1, 1865.
Trion, " " 2, "
Bridgeville, " " 6, "
Talladaga " " 23, "

THIRD CAVALRY.

The Third Cavalry, recruited at the same time, and in rendezvous at the same place as the Second, left Grand Rapids November 28th, 1861, with 1,163 names on its muster-in rolls. It was at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, during the winter, and has since participated in engagements at New Madrid, March 13, 1862; Farmington, June 5; Iuka, September 19; Corinth, October 3 and 4; Hatchie, October 6; Spangler's Mills, July 26; Bay Springs, September 10; Holly Springs, November 7; Lumkin's Mills, November 29; Oxford, December 2; Coffeeville, December 5; and in the seiges of Island No. 10 and Corinth. Besides what have been taken while co-operating with other regiments, the 3d has captured 3 lieutenant-colonels, 2 majors, 13 captains, 19 lieutenants and 1,249 privates.

On the 30th of November, the strength of the regiment was 971. It was stationed on the 13th of December, at Water Valley, Mississippi. The officers are:

John K. Mizner, Colonel, March 7, 1862; —— ——, Lt. Colonel; Gilbert Moyers, Major, February 27, 1862; Thomas Saylor, Major, July 12, 1862. Lyman G. Wilcox, Major, October 1, 1862; —— ——, Chaplain.

This regiment has been actively engaged during the year in Western Tennessee and Northern Mississippi. Some of the principal battles and skirmishes in which the regiment has participated since November 1st, 1862, occurred at Hudsonville, Nov. 14, 1862; Holly Springs, Nov. 19th; Lumkin's Mills, Nov. 30th; Oxford, Dec. 2d; Coffeeville, Dec. 5th; Brownsville, January 14th, 1863; Clifton, Feb'y 20th; Panola, July 20th; Grenada, Aug. 14th; Byhalia, Oct 12th, and Wyatt's Ford, Tallahatchie River, Oct. 13th, 1863. In addition to these principal engagements, the regiment has participated in a large number of skirmishes of minor importance. In the affair at Grenada, the Third was in the advance. It gained possession of the town after a sharp engagement, and immediately commenced the destruction of the enemy's machinery and rolling stock, accumulated at this point. Over sixty locomotives, and more than four hundred cars were destroyed. At Byhalia and Wyatt's Ford, the regiment was warmly engaged. In these actions, the enemy was completely routed, with large loss. The Third Cavalry aided largely in driving the notorious rebels, Richardson, Dawson and Cushman from West Tennessee, together with numerous bands of guerrillas that infested that section, and who were destroyed or dispersed by it. "Since November 1st, 1862, the regiment has captured an aggregate of 1,100 prisoners, nearly 50 of whom were commissioned officers, making the number of 2,100 prisoners taken from the enemy by the Third, since it went into the field." "During the year, the regiment has marched a distance of 10,800 miles, exclusive of marches by separate companies and detachments." It is armed with Colt's five-shooting rifles and revolvers. A light battery of 12-pound howitzers, commanded by one of the officers of the Third, is attached to the regiment.

During November and December, 1863, this regiment was almost constantly engaged in scouting and in various expeditions through Northern Mississippi and Western Tennessee, visiting most of the important places in that section. It had frequent encounters with the enemy's forces under Generals Forrest and Chalmers. Engagements and skirmishes in which the regiment participated, occurred at Ripley, Miss., November 29th, Orizaba, Miss., November 30th, Ellistown, Miss., December 3d. Purdy, Tenn., December 22d, and Jack's Creek, Tenn., December 24th. During the period mentioned the regiment is reported to have marched over one thousand miles. On the 1st of January, 1864, the Third arrived at LaGrange. Tenn., where it commenced building winter quarters. On the 19th of January, the required number re-enlisted, and on the 27th were mustered in as veteran volunteers. On the 29th the regiment left LaGrange for Michigan. arriving at Detroit on the 7th of February. The regiment rendezvoused at Kalamazoo at the expiration of its furlough of thirty days, where it was joined by a large number of recruits. Leaving Kalamazoo, it proceeded to St. Louis, Mo. It remained there nearly two months awaiting the arrival of horses, arms and equipments. During the greater portion of this time it was employed on provost duty in the city. Although still dismounted, the regiment left St. Louis on the 18th of May, and proceeded to Little Rock, Ark., where it arrived on the 24th, and reported to Maj. Gen. Steele. It was mounted on the 1st of August, and soon thereafter became engaged in scouting through the State. It assisted in driving the rebel General Shelby beyond the Arkansas River, in dispersing the bands of guerrillas that infested the country, and captured over 800 head of cattle. The regiment is now armed with the Spencer repeating carbine, and on the 1st of November, 1864, was stationed at Brownsville, Ark.

The regiment is in the 4th Brigade, Cavalry Division, 7th Corps. John K. Mizner, Colonel, March 7, 1862.

THIRD CAVALRY.

During the months of November, 1864, and February, 1865, this regiment constituted the garrison of the post at Brownsville Station, on the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad, and was also occupied in scouting along the line of that road, making several expeditions as far south as Arkansas Post, on the Arkansas river, collecting large droves of cattle, and thereby furnishing nearly all the beef required for the supply of the entire army, then serving in the Department of Arkansas.

At Brownsville Station the regiment erected a complete set of winter quarters and stables, so neatly and tastefully arranged as to present the appearance of an important town, which attracted so much attention as to result in a change of its name from "Brownsville Station," to "Michigan City." The very active duty of the regiment at that time was so conducive to the health of the men, that 1,008 were daily reported present for duty, and less than three per cent. were on the sick list. Early in February the regiment was selected to constitute part of a division then being organized for active and important service in early spring, and was assigned to the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 7th Army Corps, and moved to Brownsville. On the 14th of March the brigade was transferred from the Department of Arkansas to the Military Division of West Mississippi, to join the troops under Major General Canby, designed to operate against Mobile, and the regiment proceeded by steamer to New Orleans, arriving at Carrolton, La., March 23d, and embarked for Mobile early in April. After the fall of Mobile, it was employed on outpost duty until the surrender of the Confederate forces east of the Mississippi river, when the regiment was selected as the escort of Major General Canby on the occasion of his receiving the formal surrender of the rebel General Taylor and his army. It left Mobile May 8, and marched across the country to Baton Rouge, La., reaching there on the 22d. When Major General Sheridan assumed the command of the Military Division of the Southwest, the regiment was selected and ordered to report to him for duty, and was immediately prepared to join the expedition to Texas, and left Baton Rouge for Shreveport, June 10th, and commenced its march into Texas from the latter place July 10th, traversing two-thirds the breadth of that State, arriving on the 2d of August at San Antonio. At that point the regiment was stationed, performing garrison duty and employed in the necessary scouting for the protection of the frontier as far as the Rio Grande, on the Mexican border, and in furnishing escorts for supply trains. The regiment comprised a part of the 1st Brigade, 1st Cavalry Division, Military Division of the Gulf, and had its head-quarters at San Antonio until February

15th, 1866, when it was dismounted, mustered out of service, and proceeded, *via* Victoria, to Indianola, on foot, and thence by steamer to New Orleans and Cairo, where it took rail for Jackson, Mich., arriving there March 10th, and on the 15th was paid off and disbanded.

BATTLES AND SKIRMISHES.

New Madrid, Mo., March 13, 1862.
Siege of Island No. 10, Mo., March 14 to April 7, 1862.
Farmington, Miss., May 5, 1862.
Siege of Corinth, " " 10, to 31, 1862.
Spangler's Mills, Miss., July 26, "
Bay Spring, " Sept. 10, "
Iuka, " " 19, "
Corinth, Miss., Oct. 3 and 4, "
Hatchie, " " 6, "
Holly Springs, Miss., Nov. 7, "
Hudsonville, " " 14, "
Lumkin's Mills, " " 29, "
Oxford, Mississippi, Dec. 2, 1862.
Coffeeville, " " 5, "
Brownsville, " Jan. 14, 1863.
Clifton, " Feb. 10, "
Panola, " July 20, "
Grenada, " Aug. 14, "
Byhalia, " Oct. 12, "
Wyatt's Ford, " " 13, "
Ripley, " Nov. 29, "
Orizaba, " " 30, "
Ellistown, " Dec. 3, "
Purdy, " " 22, "
Jack's Creek, " " 24, "

TENTH CAVALRY.

The tenth regiment of Michigan Cavalry has been raised during the year, under authority given by the War Department, to Hon. F. W. Kellogg. It was in rendezvous at Grand Rapids, and left its camp there on the first of December, for Lexington, Kentucky, with a force on its muster-in rolls of 912, and the following commissioned officers:

Thaddeus Foote, Colonel, Sept. 5, 1863; Major, 6th Cav., Oct. 3, 1862.

Luther S. Trowbridge, Lieut. Col., Aug. 25, 1863; Major, 5th Cav., Sept. 2, 1862.

Israel C. Smith, Major, Aug. 23. 1863; Capt., 3d Infantry, Jan. 1, 1862.

Cicero Newell, Major, Aug. 19, 1863; Capt., 3d Cav., April 1, 1862; 1st Lieut., Sept. 7, 1861.

The Tenth Cavalry left its rendezvous at Grand Rapids, on the 1st of December, 1863, for Lexington, Ky., whence it marched to Camp Nelson on the 13th. It here encamped until the 25th of January, 1864, when it moved to Burnside Point. It remained at this place from the 2d to the 29th of February, when it proceeded to Knoxville, and thence, March 16th, to Strawberry Plains. On the 24th of April, the regiment was ordered to proceed thence to Carter's Station, and destroy the railroad bridge over the Watauga River. Reaching Carter's Station on the 25th, after a severe engagement, it drove the enemy from a strong position occupied by them, but the rebels being posted in heavy force in fortifications on the opposite bank of the river, it was impossible to destroy the bridge without great loss of life, and the regiment was directed to retire. The casualties in this engagement were three killed, eight wounded and three missing.

On the 28th of May, 160 of the regiment engaged in a reconnoissance, proceeding to Bull's Gap and Greenville. Encountering a force of the enemy, the battalion engaged and routed them with severe loss, killing and wounding a large number, and capturing 26 prisoners and a number of horses and mules. During the month of July and the early part of August, detachments of the regiment were constantly engaged in scouting and pursuing small bands of the enemy in East Tennessee. On the 23d, the regiment took port in an engagement with a rebel brigade, at Blue Springs, and after a sharp fight, assisted in forcing the enemy from a strong position and in driving them in confusion through Greenville. The casualties of the regiment were six wounded, two of whom died of their wounds. Having moved through Rogersville, Bean's Station and Bull's Gap, the regiment returned to Strawberry Plains on the 31st. During its absence, on the 24th, the detachment, numbering 60 men, left in garrison, with about 150 from other commands, were attacked by the rebel cavalry corps under Wheeler, numbering from 6,000 to 8,000 men, with nine pieces of artillery. The Union troops made a successful defense against this force, and thus saved the post from capture, and the great railroad bridge from destruction. Eight men held the ford for three hours, and prevented a rebel brigade from crossing, and surrendered only after they were surrounded. Three men were wounded during the day. On the same day (24th), the detachment left at Knoxville, charged a rebel regiment (11th Texas), near Flat Creek Bridge, and routed it, capturing its colonel and other prisoners, but coming suddenly on one of the enemy's cavalry divisions in line of battle, it retired. The enemy pursued, and succeeded in recapturing their men and in taking a number of prisoners from the detachment. On the 4th of September the regiment participated in the surprising and routing of Gen. John H. Morgan's forces at Greenville. In this engagement. Gen. Morgan was killed and a large number of his men captured, among whom were Morgan's staff. On the 30th of September, the regiment assisted in driving the enemy from their position at Carter's Station. During this month it was constantly engaged in scouting and in pursuing the forces of Morgan and Wheeler. In October. it was employed in picket and in scouting.

The regiment is in the 2d Brigade, 4th Division, 23d Corps, Army of the Ohio. Its officers are as follows:

Luther S. Trowbridge, Colonel, July 25, 1864; Lt. Col., August 25, 1863; Major 5th Cav., September 2, 1862; ——— ——— Lieut. Colonel; Majors, Israel C. Smith, Cicero Newell, John H. Standish.

This regiment was stationed at Strawberry Plains, in East Tennessee, Nov. 1, 1864, engaged in fortifying that point and in the usual routine of camp duty and occasional scouting. On the 16th, Gen. Breckinridge, with a large rebel force. made his appearance in front of the garrison, and on the 17th commenced a vigorous attack with artillery from the opposite side of the Holston river, and at the same time threatening it in the rear with a heavy cavalry force. Constant skirmishing and occasional artillery firing was kept up for four days, the enemy being repulsed on the 24th, when he withdrew. During the remaining portion of the month and up to Dec. 6th, the regiment was employed in constructing fortifications at that point, when, on the receipt of orders, marched to Knoxville, and soon after made an expedition to Saltville, Va., and destroyed the salt works at that point, being engaged with the enemy at Kingsport, December 12th; at Bristol, December 14th, and at Saltville, December 20th. Returning to Knoxville, it had a skirmish at Chucky Bend, January 10th, 1865. Remaining at Knoxville until March 21st, the brigade to which it was attached marched to upper East Tennessee, under the command of Brevet Brig. Gen. Palmer. Joining the expedition under Gen. Stoneman, in his raid into North Carolina, the regiment was engaged with the enemy at Brobson's Mills on the 25th, and at Boonville, N. C., on the 27th. Proceeding via Wilkesboro, and thence down to Yadkin river, in the direction of Salisbury, reaching the Tennessee and Virginia railroad at Christiansburg, April 5th, it assisted in destroying over one hundred miles of that railroad, together with the bridges. This accomplished, the regiment made a rapid march of ninety-five miles to Henry Court House, making the distance in twenty-two hours. At that point it became engaged with a superior force of the enemy's cavalry and infantry on the 8th, which, after a brisk fight, retired, the regiment losing in the affair Lieut. Kenyon and three men, killed, and one officer and three men severely wounded, the loss of the enemy not being ascertained. Next morning the regiment moved southward, destroying the railroad and bridges north of Salisbury, at Abbott's creek, on the 10th, encountering a superior force at that point, consisting of cavalry and infantry, which, after a very obstinate contest of three hours, retired. It was also engaged at High Point on the same day. During the day the main body of the command captured Salisbury, and destroyed a large amount of stores. The regiment was then ordered to proceed along the Catawba river, and was employed in picking up bands of rebel cavalry while endeavoring to make their escape, and was engaged in skirmishes at Statesville on the 14th, and at Newton on the 17th. Information having been received of the surrender of Johnston, the regiment commenced a scout for the purpose of intercepting Jefferson Davis, who was then supposed to be making his escape in some direction; but soon after it was ordered to proceed via Stevenson, Ala., to Tennessee, where it served until November 11th, when it was mustered out of service, at Memphis, and returned to Michigan, arriving on the 15th at Jackson.

The reports of the operations of this regiment being very meagre and indefinite, it is presumed that much of the services rendered by it are not covered by the foregoing sketch, as it is known to have been very actively employed.

BATTLES AND SKIRMISHES.

House Mountain,	Tenn.,	Jan.,	1864.	Rheatown,	Tenn.,	Mar. 24,	1864.
Bean's Gap,	Tenn.,	Mar. 26,	1864.	Jonesboro,	"	" 25,	"

Johnsonville, Tenn., Mar. 25, 1864.
Watanga " " 26, "
Powder Spring Gap, Tenn.. Apr. 28, 1864.
Dandridge, Tenn., May 19, 1864.
Greenville, " " 30, "
White Horn, " " 31, "
Morristown, " June 2, "
Bean's Stat'n, " " 16, "
Rogersville, " " 17, "
Kingsport, " " 18, "
Cany Branch, " " 20, "
New Market, " " 21, "
Moseburg, " " 23, "
Will'ms Ford, " " 25, "
Dutch Bottom, " " 28, "
Sevierville, " July 5, "
Newport, " " 8, "
Morristown, " Aug. 3, "
Greenville, " " 4, "
Mossy Creek, " " 18, "
Bull Gap, " " 21, "
Blue Spring, " " 23, "
Greenville, " " 23, "
Strawberry Plains, Tenn., Aug. 24, 1864.
Flat Creek Bridge, Tenn., Aug. 24, 1864.
Rogersville, Tenn., Aug. 27, 1864.
Bull Gap, " " 29, "
Greenville, " Sept. 4, "
Sweet Water, " " 10, "
Thorn Hill, " " 10, "
Sevierville, " " 18, "
Jonesboro, " " 20, "
Johnson Station, Tenn., Oct. 1, 1864.
Watanga Bridge, Tenn., Oct. 1, 2, 1864.
Chucky Bend, Tenn., Oct. 10, 1864.
Newport, " " 18, "
Irish Bottoms, " " 25, "
Madisonville, " " 30, "
Morristown, " Nov. 20, "
Strawberry Plains, Tenn., Nov. 23, 24, 1864.
Kingsport, Tenn., Dec. 12, 1864.
Bristol, " " 14, "
Saltville, Va., Nov. 20, 1864.
Chucky Bend, Tenn., Jan. 10, 1865.
Brabson's Mills, " Mar. 25, "
Boonville, N. C., March 27, 1865.
Henry Ct. House, Va., April 8, 1865.
Abbott Creek, N. C., " 10, "
High Point, " " 10, "
Statesville, " " 14, "
Newton, " " 17, "

SECOND BATTERY (ROSS').

The Second Battery organized in this State, was raised at Grand Rapids, in connection with the Second Cavalry. It left the State on the 17th of December, 1861, clothed and mounted, but without guns. The battery was at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, April 6, and was cut off from its infantry support by the enemy's cavalry, losing four of its six pieces, and sixty officers and men taken prisoners. The remaining section has since been connected with a Missouri battery, but the company has recently recruited with good success, and has been ordered into the field again in Western Tennessee, where it will soon have, if it has not already been supplied with, a new battery of guns. Its officers are:

William H. Ross, Captain, January 26, 1862; Albert F. Arndt, 1st Lieut., January 26, 1862; Cuthbert W. Laing, 1st Lieut., July 4, 1862; Edward B. Wright, 2d Lieut., August 28, 1862; Bronson C. Meddaugh, 2d Lieut., August 28, 1862.

THIRD BATTERY (DEES').

This battery, raised in connection with the Third Cavalry, left its rendezvous at Grand Rapids, December 17th, 1861. It was engaged in the siege of Corinth, May, 1862, in the battles at Iuka, September 17th and 19th, and aided in the repulse of the enemy at Corinth, October 14. It has lost by deaths from disease, thirteen; death from wounds, one; discharges, fifteen; desertions, four; missing in action, three. Its force on the 30th of November, was 108. It is now in West Tennessee, and its officers are:

George Robinson, Captain, November 20, 1862; Carl A. Lamberg, 1st Lieut., Dec. 6, 1861; William H. Sinclair, 1st Lieut., July 15, 1862; —— ——, 2d Lieut.; —— ——, 2d Lieut.

BATTLES AND SKIRMISHES.

Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., April 6, 1862.
Siege of Corinth, Miss., May 10 to 31, 1862.
Corinth, Miss., October 3, 4, 1862.
Resaca, Ga., May 9. 1864.
Lay's Ferry, Ga., May 14, 1864.
Calhoun Ferry, Ga., May 15, 1864.
Rome X Roads, " " 16, "
Cave Springs, Ga., Oct. 13, 1864.
Turkey Ridge, Ala., Oct. 26, 1864.
Griswold, Ga., Nov. 22, 1864.
Ogeechee River, Ga., Dec. 8, 1864.
Savannah, Ga., Dec. 11 to 20, 1864.
Salkehatchie River, S. C., Feb. 6, 1865.
Columbia, S. C., Feb. 15, 1865.
Cox's Bridge, N. C., Mar. 20, 1865.
Bentonville, N. C., Mar. 21, 22; 1865.

THIRTEENTH BATTERY.

This battery was organized at Grand Rapids, and was mustered into the United States service on the 20th of January, 1864, with 160 names on its rolls. It left Grand Rapids February 3d, and arrived at Washington, D. C., on the 7th of that month. It went into camp near Washington, where it was employed in perfecting itself in drill until the 14th of May. It was then ordered to Fort Slemmer, D. C. During the remainder of the year the battery was stationed at Fort Slemmer, and in other fortifications in the neighborhood of Washington. On the 11th and 12th of July, 1864, it assisted in the defense of Fort Stevens against the attack of the rebel Gen. Early's forces. On the 1st of November, the battery was at Fort Sumner, Md.

The battery was in the 1st Brigade, Harden's Division, 22d Corps, Army of the Potomac. Captain, Charles Dupont.

In 1863, neither of the Grand River counties was subject to the draft, their quota being filled by volunteers.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY IN 1846.

We will now pass over ten years, and attempt a portraiture of the Grand River Valley in 1846. This will show the advance that had been made—that it had not been rapid.

The first years of flush excitement had brought several thousands into the Valley; the crash that followed had driven many of them away. Speculation *had* been rife; but land and lots had lost their fanciful value. Immigration had nearly ceased; and everything was stationary. 1846 was in that time, when hope had nearly died out, and when real estate was scarce considered property.

Improvements—and some of them great ones—had been made, but in almost every case they had ruined those who had invested their capital. The fact was, at the start there was too much enterprise—a throwing away of capital in works that should have awaited their demand. In attempting to do business where there was not the business to do, the capital was sunk. Abram S. Wadsworth had bankrupted himself in developing water-power; and Daniel Ball the same, by running good steamboats, when only the cheapest craft would pay. Lucius Lyon had sunk a fortune in developing various interests too soon. And the natural consequence of the whole was, a general abandonment of enterprises begun, and the beginning of no new ones. Discouraged, some of the leading spirits had withdrawn; and capital, seeking investment, was not to be found.

1846 is again selected as the time when expectation was at its lowest point, and values at a minimum. Those who had tried before to do business, had been ruined. If remaining, they were struggling to place themselves again on their feet. In the few following years, hope revived; business improved; immigration and settlement increased, and the dark days were over.

The attempts of the young State of Michigan to go too fast had ruined her credit at the East. Her name was in bad odor; her soil was decried, and she was passed by by those who sought homes for themselves, or for a chance to invest their money. Of late, the State had been taking more judicious measures to revive and sustain her credit as a State. The wild-cat system of banking had given place to a better system. The Eastern public had been disabused as to the worth of Michigan lands, and immigration was taking that direction. An examination of the census reports will show that from about this time, the course of the State has been steadily onward.

The Grand River Valley had its full share in this improved condition of things; and its progress since has been steady and great.

At this time the most of the towns in Ionia and Kent were organized, and several in Ottawa. A reference to the census of 1845 will show the strength of occupation—1,200 people in Ottawa Co.; 217 in Muskegon; 6,049 in Kent, and 5,101 in Ionia.

Comparing these census returns, and deducting the villages of Grand Rapids, Plainfield and Wyoming, from Kent; Ionia, Portland and Lyons from Ionia; and Grand Haven from Ottawa, it will be seen that the land was most occupied in Ionia county, and but sparsely settled in Ottawa.

Several of the towns in Ionia Co., had quite the air of thriving farming regions. North Plains, Otisco, Keene, Easton, and Berlin, easy to subdue, had in a great measure been subdued, and were largely represented by "farmers" in contradistinction from "settlers." Settlements had been pushed into every town.

In Kent county, there was more of a village population, and farmers were scarce. There were some farms in Wyoming, Paris, Grand Rapids, Walker and Plainfield, that had lost the air of newness. But in general, the occupants of the land were what were then called "settlers;" that is, men who own their land, and have made some improvement. These were pushing their clearings; and most of them were raising enough for themselves, and something to sell. A surplus of wheat was raised, and some wool. Saw mills were on a good many of the streams, and lumber was sent to Chicago and Wisconsin.

But there was absolutely nothing that could be done at a living profit. Lumber would sometimes pay expenses and sometimes not. That sold to settlers and at home would pay. That sent off was apt to be sold because the lumbermen must raise some money. Sent down the river to Grand Haven, it might bring $5 per M.—often less. Lumbering was poor business; and most of those engaged in it were doing business because they could not get out of it. As an illustration: in 1847, we passed a large lumber pile on the bank of the river, which a gang of men were putting on scows, to send down the river. The owner was superintending the work; and while so doing, his curses of the pile were loud and deep. We, with our blandest smile, offered to take the "cursed pile" off his hands. He said, "I will give you $3,000 to take it with its responsibilities." We did not then invest in lumber.

Wheat would sell for 50 cents a bushel; flour, for $2.75 or $3.00 a barrel; pork and beef, $2.50 to $3.00 per hundred. It can readily be seen that neither the lumberman nor the farmer could make money. They were trying to *live*, and were living on the hope of better times. Money was hard to compass. It was easy enough to get something to eat. Wages of laborers were fair, if something besides cash could be paid. Provisions were cheap and abundant; but to get a little money for taxes, groceries, etc., the settlers were obliged to sell wood. It was almost pitiable to go into the streets of Grand Rapids, and see the teams, standing there with loads of wood. One dollar a cord would be thankfully received for hickory wood, which had been drawn five or six miles. But we need not pity these men too much; they were not poor. They had their land, and every year was widening their clearings. Their cattle were multiplying, and they were getting rich. Then their labor went into permanent investment. They had but little for present use, but they were laying the foundation of the independence they now enjoy. They had the land which to-day, with their improvements, is wealth.

We will now look at Grand Rapids as it appeared in 1846; then, as now, the chief town in the Grand River Valley.

It was emphatically "a story and a-half village," with a population of 1,500, mostly on about fifty acres of land. Taking the region enclosed by Fulton street on the south, Division street on the east, Bridge street on the north, and the river on the west, we have all that had the appearance of a village. A few scattering houses were outside, on Bostwick's Addition, and on the west side of the river. Several very good residences were on Fulton street, east of the limits given; and far out of town, Mr. Bostwick had his cosy home, fitted up with admirable surroundings, at what always *should* be called, as now, the "Bostwick Place." The extreme house at the northeast was at the corner south of the Central School House. The buildings, with very few exceptions, were of wood; the residences, and a good part of the business places, a story and a-half high. The buildings, whether for residences or business, were simple structures, for use and not display. The exceptional buildings were five stone stores and two brick ones on Monroe street, two stone blocks or double stores up Canal street, near Bronson; two stone stores at the foot of Monroe street, where now is "Campau Place." To these we may add the wing of the Rathbun House, the residence of Mr. Turner, on the west side of the river; and the Alma House, on Bronson steet. There were besides, seven small brick or stone houses. The residences are still standing; the business blocks, with the exception of the Rathbun House and the store east of it, have either been destroyed by fire or pulled down, to give place to more pretentious structures.

The churches were the Congregational, the Methodist, the Episcopal, and the Dutch Reformed. The Congregational was the only one that had the air of a church. It stood at the head of Monroe street, between that and Fulton street. It was a pretty, modest structure, in good architectural proportions. When the society built their edifice at Park Place, they sold the old lot; the building was remodeled into stores, and soon went up in smoke. The Episcopal church stood at the corner of Division and Bronson streets. It was a mere temporary concern, until the society could afford to build. It afterwards did service for the Baptists in the same way, and finally was removed. The Methodist church was a better building, but still of modest size. It stood where their present building stands. The Dutch Reformed church was an unfinished stone building, which was afterwards sold for business purposes.

The Catholics had no church edifice. They had a house which was fitted up for a chapel at the corner of Monroe and Ottawa streets. In 1847 they built a stone church on the adjoining lot; and the same year the chapel, which was also the residence of the priests, was burned; two women—the mother and sister of one of the priests—perishing in the fire. This was really the most soul-harrowing event that ever transpired in Grand Rapids. The sting of it is, no effort was made to save them, it being supposed that they had got out, and were at a neighboring house. They could have been rescued unharmed, had it been known they were in the building.

The Baptists had an organization, but no place of worship. They held their meetings in the temporary court-house on the common.

The streets were none of them graded, and there were sidewalks only on Division, Monroe and Canal streets; those, with the exception of a part of Monroe street, simply a track the width of two planks. On Monroe street each had placed something for a sidewalk before his premises.

The business places were mostly on Monroe street and the south end of Canal street. Monroe street was generally occupied from Ottawa street. Business centered at what is now Campau Place—then "Grab Corners." The march of improvement has thrown open and made attractive, what was a nuisance and an eye-sore—the result of the rivalry of the original platters of Grand Rapids and Kent. To make the improvement, several buildings were torn down and the space left open. The store furthest up Monroe street was where Luce's block now stands. Turning into Canal street, on the east side were one story wooden buildings, about half way to Bronson street. Away up Canal street, at the foot of Bronson street, were on each side a double stone store, both of which have since been cremated.

A wing-dam, running half way across the river, served to divert some of the water into a canal of small capacity. The dam was built across the river and the canal enlarged, as at present, the next year. On this canal were three saw-mills, two large grist-mills—one still standing, the other gone up—two small machine shops, a tannery, clothing works and carding machines. On Cold brook was a larger tannery, and further up a turning shop. Lyon's salt works were in operation, doing a small business. They were given up as profitless after a year or two.

Two steamboats, as large as those now used on the river, were plying below the Rapids, and pole boats, soon replaced by small steamboats, were doing the carrying above, as far as Lyons.

As it regards the appearance of the village and its surroundings, there was a primitive air to the whole. Enterprise had been checked, and had not recovered from the shock. Capital was wofully lacking. The streets of the village were simply horrible. Canal street was little better than a quagmire. From Bridge street down it has been filled to the depth of from five to fifteen feet. It was not then much of a business street. West of Division street and north of Monroe street was a fine musical-frog pond, and between that and Canal street was the beautiful "Prospect Hill," both of which have disappeared.

A good open bridge was across the river at Bridge street, the one built by Scribner and Turner. A good one story school-house was on Fulton street (burned two years afterwards). There were two other school-houses—temporary concerns. There was nothing on the hill except along Fulton street.

At that time the medical profession was represented by Drs. Shepard, Platt, Bowman and Slocum. Drs. Winslow and Wilson had recently died, and Ellis had moved to Detroit. Dr. Slocum died in 1847, and the same year Dr. Hollister (since Prof. H. of Chicago), came in. Bowman died in 1859.

The lawyers were Messrs. Abel, Moore, Bement, Rathbone, Ball, Yale, Church, Martin, Withey, Holmes and Miller. To their credit be it said, they are all alive (1875) but Abel, Rathbone and Martin. One became chief justice of the State; another U. S. district judge; and a third, judge of the superior court. Abel died in 1872; Martin (chief justice) in 1868, and Rathbone in 1856. 1847 added three to the number—Messrs. Cole, Rood and Sargeant. Sargeant and Cole died young. They had just shown the material of which they were made: had fairly won their position, and proved their worth. Cole was a man of power; was second mayor of the city; a man of sterling honor; not brilliant, but deep. He died of small-pox, July 29th, 1855. Sargeant died in 1858—a man rising worthily to eminence.

The press, in 1846, was represented by the *Eagle* and *Enquirer*—both modest weeklies. The *Enquirer* was owned by Charles H. Taylor and Jacob Barnes. Their office was a single room; their circulation about 300. T. B. Church was editor; Barnes was principal manager. They had some government patronage, and Barnes, having "no incumbrances," managed to live, and save a few pennies. Taylor was in the clothing business; was an aspiring politician, whom the people delighted to honor. Barnes was a modest man, who never sought political distinction.

The *Eagle*, whig in politics, was run by another young man —Aaron B. Turner, who was his own editor. His circulation was somewhat larger than that of the *Enquirer*, but the concern would not pay; and he was often compelled to suspend for want of funds. He was also a political aspirant, but was then on the wrong side to win; so he was compelled to print or starve. Believing in the perseverance of the saints, he persevered. The political change in the State brought patronage to his paper—brought office and money to him. He has not now the cadaverous look that printers are supposed to have, but his fair rotundity seems to indicate that official standing, printing and roast turkey agree with him.

The hotel accommodations at the time were not only respectable, but decidedly good. The National (now Morton) had a wide reputation. The Rathbun House was popular, and so were the Eagle and the little Michigan.

Trade was a round-about concern. The mercantile interest was represented by about a dozen general merchants; one drug store, two hardware stores, and eight or ten groceries. The stocks of goods were small—from $3,000 to $5,000—generally bought and sold on credit. The Winsors and Roberts combined lumbering with their mercantile business. The other merchants—Kendall, Lyon, Lyman, Morrison, Finny, Pierce, Sinclair, Bemis, Evans, Noble, Rose & Covell, and Waring—did business as they could; getting some cash; trusting extensively, especially those who were carrying on such business as required the employment of others. As most of the business men had little capital, they were obliged to make arrangements with the merchants, to give orders on their stores, they themselves to pay when they got their returns. Of course, to do business in this way, goods must be sold at a high figure. "One per cent." was the ruling profit; that is one cent profit for one cent investment. Let us not censure the merchant for his high profits. It was the only way business could be done. It seems hard that the farmer must give that high price for his supplies, and pay in wheat at fifty cents a bushel. But it must be borne in mind that the merchant could not get his pay for a long time, with a fair chance of never receiving it at all. This way of doing business is seldom successful for the trader. All experience showed that, on the whole, it was slow accumulation, or, more likely, bankruptcy. The farmers who were trusted in this way are now thankful for the accommodation.

Grand Rapids *had* been a theatre of speculation. By reference to the communication of Mr. Ball, it will be seen what were the ideas about ten years before, when lots were held at about $50 per front foot. There was no such talk in 1846–7. During those years, some tranfers were made on Monroe and Canal streets. The two lots forming the corner, north of Lyon street, at its junction with Canal street, were sold for $400. A lot below Waterloo street, on Monroe street, with a a building on it, for $400; and a lot on the north side of Monroe street, nearly opposite, for $400. Lots on Division street, between Fulton and Bronson, were held at $200. Lots on the west side, from $10 to $25. On the hill, on Dexter Fraction, they were offered, but not sold, for $10. On Bostwick's Addition, they were sold for $25.

Outside of the village there was no fanciful value to the land. Kendall's Addition was bought for $47 per acre: and the lot east of it offered for $20. Three miles out of town the best land was considered worth from $3 to $4; held loosely at that.

The fact was, a great share of the property had non-resident owners. They had become sick of their investment, and were anxious to get rid of it, letting it be sold for taxes. If you had any "property" you could always sell it, if you would take land or lots for pay; these being hardly considered valuables. O, what offers we all refused in those days! It makes us look blue when we recollect them; when we see, if we had only been able to look ahead, we might now be rolling in our wealth. How sad is the thought, "*It might have been.*"

The village of Grand Rapids had three public and three private schools. School-house No. 1 was on Fulton street, on the north side, below Prospect street. It was a very respectable one-story building, which would accommodate two teachers and about 80 scholars. It was taught by W. W. Weatherby, assisted by a lady. The next year it was taught by a Mr. Marsh; an able man; a powerful writer, and skillful teacher. Mr. Marsh left his mark on Grand Rapids. He first broached the idea of a union school; and selected the site for it. It was the energetic representations of Marsh and of Mr. Wood, then a merchant, but afterwards a teacher in the Union School, that aroused the public to do something for their schools. John Ball fell in with the idea of Marsh and Wood; and the result was, an awakening of public sentiment and an accomplished fact. Marsh died soon after. The last teacher in No. 1 was Thomas Cumming, who had returned from the war in Mexico.

No. 2, "up in Kent," was in a hired building, and was kept by Zimri Burnham. There was also a small school on the west side. No. 1 was burned in 1849.

At that time the private schools completely overshadowed the public ones, and the teachers in the public schools had no enviable position in consequence. In the village there was little interest taken in the district schools, while the private schools were strong in the public sympathy.

The Academy was partly in the court house on the public square, and partly in the cottage building at its N. E. corner. It was under the charge of Franklin Everett, assisted by his wife, Thomas Cumming and Miss Elizabeth White. This Mr. Cumming was a recent graduate from Ann Arbor; a young man of the highest promise. A few years afterwards he was acting governor of Nebraska, where he was one of the dominant spirits. He died, still a young man.

The Catholics had an academic school at the corner of Monroe and Ottawa streets, under the charge of Mr. Cock.

A young ladies' school was on the opposite side of Monroe street, taught by a Miss Janes. This school was given up in the fall of 1846, Miss Janes having concluded she would rather be the wife of Mr. William Parks than the principal of a young ladies' school. Many are there now among the matrons of the Valley, who affectionately recollect their loving teacher, Miss Janes. She left her impress on hearts; and became an honored portion of the history of the Valley.

There were no facilities in the Grand River region for higher education, except what were afforded by the three above-mentioned schools at Grand Rapids; and of these the people liberally availed themselves. *Two* of these certainly were good ones. A reference to the title page of this book will show why an opinion is withheld as to the merits of the other.

Outside of the village of Grand Rapids, the schools were as good as could be expected. The people, in general, felt an interest in them, and supported them as well as they could. Most of the houses were cheap structures (they could afford no other); and from necessity, cheap teachers were employed. Schools were mostly maintained in the districts six or seven months in the year—generally taught by the students of the high schools.

On the whole, it is to be recorded as a fact, that about the first thing the settlers, then generally with very little means, taxed themselves for, was to build a school house. A few of these school houses remain; while most of them have given place to elegant and costly buildings. But it must be borne in mind that it was more of an undertaking to build the first than the second. Time brought capital, and capital puts up fine structures. The first houses were built when a dollar was a hard thing to get hold of.

The people of the Grand River Valley are two removes from old Massachusetts. Their fathers moved to Western New York, and they—the sons—to Michigan. The first thing the colonists of Massachusetts thought of, was to build a church, or "meeting-house;" settle a "minister," and employ, as an humble dependent on him, a school-master to teach the children *reading*, *writing*, *arithmetic* and the catechism. In the schools were the "spelling-book class, the Testament class, and the Bible class." All was secondary to the church, and had reference only to that; as it is with our Sabbath schools of the present day.

New York secularized those sons of Massachusetts; so that in their minds the schools were not an appendage to the churches, but a part of the *public*. *There*, churches, instead of being the *basis* of society, were an outgrowth from the wants and desires of the people. Those built them who chose; but the schools were for the public to take care of. These grandsons of New England, who came to the wilds of Michigan, brought with them the New York *idea*. "Build school-houses first," was the principle on which they acted. No dark corner was left where the school-house and school teacher were not. As a result, those raised in the Grand River Valley do not sign their names with a mark—no, not one of them.

The schools, at the time we are considering, it is true, were humble; but they were efficient. A view of the Valley will demonstrate the fact that the spirit of early times is the spirit of the present. In each city, village, hamlet or neighborhood the school-house and the school are the things dearest to the people. Go where you will, and look at the school-houses; you will not return and blush for the Grand River Valley.

GRAND RAPIDS.

For the early history of the city, the reader is referred to the articles that have preceded. The Grand Rapids that *was* has been spoken of. The Grand Rapids of the present will show what has been done—jumping 30 years.

TOPOGRAPHY OF GRAND RAPIDS.

As the original characteristics of the ground are fast disappearing, it is considered that it will not be without interest to show what *was* the contour of the ground before man made it over to suit his purposes.

The west side, from the river to the bluffs, was mostly a level plain, covered with granite boulders, and diversified only by a marsh north of Bridge street, about half way between the river and the bluffs, and extending far to the north; and a shallow ravine below Bridge street. Some half mile below Pearl street bridge, near the river, were some Indian burial mounds.

On the east side, near the river, the land was lower; along where are Canal and Kent streets, somewhat marshy, kept wet by the springs from the hills above. Below Pearl street, the ground was mostly dry, but low, and deeply covered by water in times of flood. It was cut by a small brook from the east, making a little ravine. Still further south was a ridge of land, rising steep from the river, and descending more gently towards the east. This ridge will probably always remain sufficiently to show its general character and direction; though its northern end is doomed to partly disappear.

An isolated hill began east of Canal street, about 150 feet north of Lyon street, and extended in a southeasterly direction nearly to the head of Monroe street, or about half way between Ottawa and Division streets. Into the southern slope of this hill Monroe street was dug. The general height of this ridge was not far from the level of Division street. East of this ridge, commencing at the corner of Division and Monroe streets, and running northward beyond Lyon street, was a musical frog-pond. The low land east of the river ridge, in the south part of the town, was a peat-bog—it has been filled several feet—from that bog eastward the ascent was gradual: and the general contour of the ground has not been essentially varied by man; neither is it likely to be.

Commencing at the Union School House, and running north to near Cold Brook, the sand bluff was as steep as the earth would lie. To obtain the grade of Lyon street, it was cut to the depth of thirty feet. Above the bluff was nearly a plain; broken at the north by a wide ravine from Bridge street, descending by nearly an uniform slope to Cold Brook. Through this ravine La Fayette street has its course. The northern part of the sand bluff, near and beyond the reservoir, was broken by ravines. The same bluff presented a bold front towards Cold Brook. North of the reservoir, the cutting of the D. & M. Railroad was fifty feet.

A string of three islands, scarcely separated, extended down the river from Pearl street bridge; a part of the river channel was east of them. This channel was used by the river craft until about 1852. Steamboats landed their freight at about the junction of Monroe and Pearl streets, or where the building stands that breaks the line. The land north, where stands the hotel and most of it north of Pearl street is made land, where Wadsworth's mill and dam once stood. The jail is on "Island No. 1." Canal street, at its present grade (which probably will not be changed), is filled from four to fifteen feet between Pearl and Bridge street. Its greatest filling is at its southern end, which was a little bay of the river.

The marsh on the west side was drained this year (1875), and takes its place as dry land, ready to be built upon. The region along Waterloo street, and up the southern lowlands east of the ridge, are raised; or in process of being raised. The Cold Brook region is much filled, further than what has been mentioned. The future observer will be able to see the general contour of the land occupied by the city, as it was before civilized man began his labors there.

GRAND RAPIDS STREETS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

The names of streets are often historical monuments. The persons who plat cities, or their additions, are allowed the privilege of giving names to the streets. With them, in most cases, the names have associations. It may be only their fancy for an euphonious word, or the well-known name of a street in some famous city. More commonly, the streets are named after some one whom it is intended to compliment, or whose memory it is intended to perpetuate. Again, a peculiarity in the situation of the street itself will give it a name. Grand Rapids has streets whose names belong to each of these classes.

Passing by those that are ostensibly imitative, or named from places or famous men, we will note those that have assotions connected with them, and where the association is not apparent.

Ferry—where the old Ferry was.

Fountain—from the fine spring by its side.

Spring—from its large spring.

College Avenue—When Geo. Kendall laid out his addition, there was the project of a college at Grand Rapids, and he devoted grounds to it. The charter of a college was obtained, and the college started, but died.

Island—from the island at the foot of it; island no longer. The time will come when it will be merely historical that there was a string of three islands below Pearl street bridge; that the steamboat channel was between those islands and the east bank of the river; and that the landing was where now are the blocks of stores east of Pearl street bridge; that the jail is on an island.

Lock—At the head of the first canal was a "guard lock." This "guard lock" has its romantic associations. "The course of true love never runs smooth," was suggested by the romance of the "guard lock." Tradition, and not history, will preserve that romance.

Kent—Louis Campau laid out a village, and called it "Grand Rapids." Soon after, Lucius Lyon platted the land north of it, and called it "Kent." Each was intent on fixing the name of the embryo city. The name of the county was Kent, given in honor of Chancellor Kent, of New York. For many years, the village was spoken of in two parts—"Grand Rapids" and "Kent." The failure of the Kent Company, and the troubles about the property there, caused Kent to sink to be a dependency of Grand Rapids, and it lost the name. Kent was the portion west of Division street, and between Lyon and Bridge streets.

Many names will be recognized as those of the persons who platted the additions to the city, and to many they gave the Christian names of their children. It is not necessary to specify these.

Almy—from Judge Almy.

Coit, Waldbridge, Grant, Ellsworth—from large owners of land in the region, but never citizens.

Bronson—tells us that such a man as Stephen Bronson once lived, who held that vexatious "mortgage" given by Lucius Lyon on the Kent plat. He was a large land owner in Michigan; laid out the village of Kalamazoo and called it Bronson.

Oaks—from Charles Oaks, of Grandville historic memory.

La Grave—When Daniels laid out his addition, he named a street after his father-in-law.

Lyon—from the Hon. Lucius Lyon.

Williams—from Henry R. Williams, the steamboat man.

Louis, Antoine—from Louis and Antoine Campau.

With certain knowledge with regard to a few of the streets with Christian names, we note:

Rose—from the fair daughter of Thomas Sheldon.

Jonathan—so named by the Hon. Wm. A. Richmond in honor of his father. (Good boy.)

Charlotte—name given by the Hon. E. B. Bostwick in compliment to his wife. (Gentlemanly husband.)

Wealthy—Given by Judge Morrison in compliment to his wife. (Do.)

In the absence of particular knowledge, we will suppose John street was named after John the Baptist, or another Baptist John, who came home from the army with a hole in his arm, and another in his cap.

Mary street—May mean Mary Magdalen, or any of the thousand pretty girls that bear that favorite name.

De Lony—Mr. De Lony Gunnison, it is to be hoped you will recollect whose son you are.

Gunnison—from Capt. Gunnison, of the U. S. Engineers. See biographical notice.

Penny—from Dr. Penny, a very learned clergyman, who for a time resided in the city.

Prescott—from the Rev. Francis Prescott.

To attach ones name to a street proves the desire to be remembered. To have ones name so placed by the *public* is a real compliment—a distinction. We seek immortality, and dread oblivion. O, this being forgotten! how it haunts us all. After all, there is but one way of living after we are dead. Something must be *done worthy of remembrance*. How many of us have done that something! *Oblivion*—how it engulphs us!

CITY GOVERNMENT.

Organized May 20th, 1850. Henry R. Williams, Mayor; Leonard Bement, Recorder; Aaron B. Turner, Clerk; Amos Roberts, Charles W. Taylor, Lovel Moore, Dr. Joseph Penny, Isaac Turner, Aldermen; Alfred X. Cary, Marshal.

1851—Ralph W. Cole, Mayor; Franklin Everett, Recorder; A. Hosford Smith, Clerk; Abram W. Pike, Marshal; Amos Roberts, Martin L. Sweet, George Kendall, Wm. C. Davidson, Loren M. Page, Aldermen; Wilder D. Foster, Treasurer.

1852—Wm. H. Withey, Mayor; Leonard Bement, Recorder; A. Hosford Smith, Clerk; Wm. C. Davidson, Marshal; W. D. Foster, Treasurer; Wilder D. Foster, David Caswell, Aaron Dikeman, Silas Hall, Jacob Woodward, Aldermen.

1853—Thomas B. Church, Mayor; John F. Godfroy, Recorder; P. R. L. Pierce, Clerk; Robert I. Shoemaker, Marshal; Charles Shepard, David Caswell, Noyes L. Avery, Eliphalet H. Turner, Ralph W. Cole, Aldermen.

1854—Wilder D. Foster, Mayor; Ebenezer S. Eggelson, Recorder; P. R. L. Pierce, Clerk; R. I. Shoemaker, Marshal; Charles Shepard, Martin L. Sweet, Benjamin B. Church, Eliphalet Turner, P. H. Bowman, Aldermen.

1855—Charles Shepard, Mayor; Lovell More, Recorder; P. R. L. Pierce, Clerk; Leonard Covell, Marshal; Edson Fuller, Treasurer; Alonzo Platt, Alexander McKenzie, Wm. N. Cook, Wm. K. Wheeler, Philander H. Bowman, Aldermen.

1856.—John M. Fox, Mayor; Stephen G. Champlin, Recorder; James Blair, Clerk; Ebenezer Anderson, Treasurer; Ira [illegible]. Hatch, Marshal: Thomson Sinclair, Harry H. Ives, Geo. W. Allen, James P. Littlefield, Lucius Pattison, Aldermen.

1857—Wm. T. Powers, Mayor; S. G. Champlin, Recorder; Charles B. Benedict, Clerk; Eb. Anderson, Treasurer; D. S. T. Weller, Marshal; Warren P. Mills, H. H. Ives, Amos Rathbun, Jonathan F. Chubb, James N. Davis, John Clancy, Robert Hilton, Ransom C. Luce, Leonard Covell, and Philander H. Bowman, Aldermen.

1858—Gilbert M. McCray, Mayor; S. G. Champlin, Recorder; Charles B. Benedict, Clerk; Francis Vogt, Treasuree; Geo. C. Evans, Marshal; John McConnell, John Almy, Noyes L. Avery, John N. Williams, James N. Davis, John Clancy, Robert Hilton, R. C. Luce, Leonard Covell, Philander H. Bowman, Aldermen.

1859—George K. Johnson, Mayor; Charles P. Calkins, Recorder; Evert M. Doubleday, Clerk; Adolphus F. Rau, Treasurer; Leonard Snyder, Marshal; Aldermen — John Clancy, Harry Ives, R. C. Luce, Wm. A. Hyde, Chester S. Morey, John McConnell, John Almy, Noyes L. Avery, John N. Williamson, James N. Davis.

1860—Martin L. Sweet, Mayor; E. M. Doubleday, Clerk; Paul Stickatee, Treasurer; James Cavenaugh, Marshal; Aldermen — Charles L. Henderson, Elijah D. Waters, Alfred X. Cary, Leonard Covell, Isaac Turner.

[The aldermen are now elected for two years, so half of the council will be those in the first list last year.]

1861—George H. White, Mayor; John P. Champlin, Recorder (2 years); Noah Stevens, Treasurer; Charles H. Eaton, Clerk; Leonard Snyder, Marshal; Wm. H. Godfroy, James F. Grove, Henry S. Smith, John T. Elliott, Martinus Ceator, Aldermen, with those elected last year.

1862—Geo. H. White, Mayor; Charles W. Eaton, Clerk; Noah Stevens, Treasurer; Leonard Snyder, Marshal; Israel L.

Crittenden, George M. Huntly, Ransom C. Luce, John R. Long, Newton T. Smith, Aldermen.

1863—Charles C. Comstock, Mayor; Charles P. Calkins, Recorder; Wm. A. Powers, Clerk; Noah Stevens, Treasurer; Francis Boxheimer, Marshall; Wm. H. Godfroy, Robert Davidson, Wm. H. Stewart, Alexander Milmine, Thomas Doran, Aldermen.

1864—Charles C. Comstock, Mayor; George W. Thayer, Clerk; J. Frederick Baris, Treasurer; Henry Bremer, Marshal; Julius Houseman, George C. Fitch, R. C. Luce, Lowell Hall, Geo. R. Pierce, Aldermen.

1865—Wilder D. Foster, Mayor; John T. Miller, Recorder; Buel H. Babcock, Marshall; J. F. Baars, Treasurer; Edwin Baxter, Clerk; Wm. Riordan, David P. Clay, Edward Mohl (to fill vacancy), Simeon L. Baldwin, Franklin B. Day, Isaac Turner (to fill vacancy), Charles G. Brinsmaid, Aldermen.

1866—W. D. Foster, Mayor; Buel H. Babcock, Marshal; Robert Wilson, Clerk; John F. Baars, Treasurer; Julius Houseman, Benton C. Saunders, R. C. Luce, Joseph Tompkins, Francillo Hall, Aldermen.

1867—John H. Champlin, Mayor; Birney G. Hoyt, Recorder; J. F. Barrs, Treasurer; Benj. F. Sliter, Clerk; Ebenezer Anderson, Marshal; Dennis W. Bryan, Simeon L. Baldwin, Harry H. Ives, William Widdecomb, Adolphus L. Skinner, Alderman.

1868—Moses V. Aldrich, Mayor; Miles S. Adams, Marshal; Charles W. Warrell, Clerk; J. F. Baars, Treasurer; Julius Houseman, Benton C. Saunders, Ransom C. Luce, Isaac Turner, Chester S. Morey, Aldermen.

1869—Moses V. Aldrich, Mayor; Birney Hoyt, Recorder; Allen P. Collar, Marshal; Charles Warrell, Clerk; James D. Lyon, Treasurer; Thomas Smith, Harry H. Ives, Simeon L. Baldwin, Alexander Milmine, Thomas Doran, Aldermen.

1870—Moses V. Aldrich, Mayor; John F. Baars, Treasurer; Charles Warrell, Clerk; Allen P. Collar, Marshal; John S. Farr, Henry Spring, Wm. Grenlich, Adolph Leitelt, Daniel E. Little, Aldermen.

1871—Leonard H. Randall, Mayor; G. Chase Godwin, Recorder; Charles Warrell, Clerk (2 years); J. F. Baars, Treasurer; A. P. Collar, Marshal; John Grady, Thomas Smith, Henry Miller,† Geo. G. Stickatee, John A. S. Verdier, Peter Granger, John Dale,† James R. Lameraux,† David Lemon, Alexander Milmine, Thomas Thomas Doran, Aldermen.

[The three marked with a † were for one year.]

1872—Julius Houseman, Mayor; J. F. Baars, Treasurer; James Lyon, Marshal; Dennis W. Bryan, John Kendall, Simeon L. Baldwin, Adolph Leitelt, Robert W. Woodcock, John French, Samuel O. Dishman, William H. Powers, Aldermen.

1873—P. R. L. Pierce, Mayor; J. F. Baars, Treasurer; C. W. Warrell, Clerk; John Grady, Thomas Smith, George G. Stickatee, John S. Verdier, Ichabod L. Quimby, Frederich J. Little. Alex. Milmine, Peter Weirich, Aldermen; Thomas Doran, Marshal.

1874—Julius Houseman, Mayor; J. F. Baars, Treasurer; Thomas Doran, Marshal; Patrick O'Niel, John Kendall, Wm. B. Remington, Frederick Leitelt, B. C. Sanders, John French, Samuel O. Dishman, Alfred Crawford.

1875—P. R. L. Pierce, Mayor; Charles W. Warrell, Clerk; Leonard H. Randall, Treasurer; Thomas Doran, Marshal; John Grady, Charles W. Caukin, Lewis W. Heath, Charles A. Hilton, Samuel A. Hogeboom; Isaiah Stewart, Alexander Milmine, Peter Weirich, Aldermen.

COMMUNICATION WITH THE WORLD.

At first Grand Rapids was isolated, being itself an advance post of civilization. In summer the people did not particularly feel their loneliness, as they had free communication by water. At an early day, steamboats were put on the river below, and pole boats plied above. Stages run on the road or trail from Battle Creek, and at a later day from Kalamazoo. These stages were not coaches, but mere covered wagons. At the opening of the plank road to Kalamazoo, coaches replaced the lumbering wagons. That road was felt to be a great thing for the place, though those who invested in it sunk all their capital. In winter the place for commercial purposes was practically "bottled-up." The first railroad was the Detroit & Milwaukee, which dates from 1853. Since then, communication has been opened in all directions.

Her railroads now (1876) are the D. & M., the Chicago & Lake Michigan, Grand Rapids & Indiana, G. R. & Newaygo, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, and Michigan Central; affording eight different ways of approaching or leaving the city, in addition to the steam navigation of the river. It should have been mentioned in place, that for a few years before the D. & M. railroad was made, small steamers plied above the Rapids to Lyons, and a line of stage wagons. These were then withdrawn.

Grand Rapids, which in 1850 was a kind of advanced picket on the frontier of civilization, has become a central city; for a part of the State metropolitan, with every facility for communication with the outside world that it can desire.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

As in many other new places, the people at first built and acted in utter disregard of danger from fire. The place had 2,000 inhabitants before it had a fire engine of any kind, or any fire organization. If a building got on fire, it burned down, of course. About 1848, the first fire companies were started. Two engines of small capacity were procured, one manned by *boys*. Some sad warnings that these were insufficient, caused others to be procured. Still, the spirit of *economy* rendered these inefficient. Much time would be lost in getting the engines into play, and then, in many parts of the city, the water supply was lacking.

In 1873, the people and authorities became thoroughly sensible that something more efficient must be done. The water-works were provided for, and there was about this time a thorough re-organization of the fire department. *Now*, with our paid men always ready, our water everywhere, and with the "Little General" at the head, we have little fears from fire. The new organization and water-works, costly as they have been, and are, have been found to be a good investment. Perhaps no city has a better fire organization.

OLD RESIDENTS' ASSOCIATIONS.

The isolation from general society, the privations and hardships of pioneer life, and the early community of thought and feeling, engendered a strong fraternal feeling among the early settlers. As, one by one, they pass over the Dark River, to be seen no more, the spirits of the survivors are drawn into closer alliance. Dear, doubly dear, are the associates of early days. As a token of their mutual interest, and to perpetuate the spirit of fraternity, the old residents have banded themselves into associations, that meet in the spirit of true fraternity, talk over the days "lang syne," living over again the years that are past. Associations of this kind are at Grand Rapids, Grand Haven, Ionia, Lowell and Rockford. The present work is an outgrowth of these fraternal unions; undertaken under their auspices, and carried on under their patronage. The following, expressive of the spirit of the fraternity, was read at their festival at Grand Rapids, Feb. 8th, 1876:

MYTHIC JOE'S ADDRESS.

BY F. EVERETT.

I wonder if I am the person,
And the region around is the same,
That it was forty years in past time
When first to this valley I came.
I hardly can think I'm the same one;
For he did not walk with a cane;
His beard was not grizzled, as mine is;
I've been changed for another, 'tis plain.
I should not be known by my mother,
Should she look through the starlight of heaven.
For the son, who, dark-eyed and lightsome,
Came here in the year thirty-seven.

I came with my blue eyed Mary;—
(O was she not beautiful, then!)
To hew out a home in this valley,
Away from all civilized men.
We had personal reasons for coming;
That is, my Mary and I:—
We had loved; run away, and got married;
Her father was mad; that is why
We chose to go into the wild-woods,
To give him a time to get over
His wrath, that his daughter had fooled him,
And slyly eloped with her lover.
I laughed at his rage; I had got her!
I now think he was not to blame,
Time often will alter opinion:—
My daughter has played me the same.

I now have a house that is painted;
And a farm, whose acres are wide;
And I look on my cattle and bank-book
With a little of something like pride;
My daughter plays on her piano;
And I sit in that parlor of mine,
My gray-haired Mary beside me,
And think of the days lang syne,
When our home was a little log cabin,
Surrounded by wide-spreading woods;
When our land, our steers, and a kettle
Were the sum of our earthly goods.
We extemporized chairs and a table;
(Of chairs we scarce needed but one,)
And bright was the fire in our cabin,
When the day's hard labor was done.
"Hard labor!" Lord bless you! 'twas fun then
To pitch into a big maple tree;
To see it tremble and totter,
And fall, in obeisance to me.
'Twas fun, too, when done with my chopping,
And the shadows of evening appear,
To shoulder my rifle, and bring home
A noble big turkey or deer.

I said, that now we have music
At home in our parlor fair;
But then the music of nature
Was free in the woodland air.
The frogs were peeping in concert;
The locusts were trilling their song;
The katy-dids scraped on their fiddles:
And the owls hooted mellow and strong.
We enjoyed the wolf's hoarse howling,
As through the forest it rung;
The soul-moving notes of the robin.
And the song that the whippoorwill sung.
The music of Nature was cheering,
Enjoyed by Mary and me.
As we sat outside of our cabin
Beneath a tall linden tree.

We welcome now in our parlor,
Young company, gay and fair;
And the gray-haired friends of old-time
Have a heart-whole welcome there.

We meet:—that is, veteran gray-beards;
  Talk politics, religion and stocks,
The prospects of wheat or lumber;
  Our cattle, our horses or flocks,
We talk of the coming election,
  And try to be wise or gay;
But I tell you, the mind has been wandering
  To scenes of an earlier day.
Recollection will master the present,
  With all its excitement and strife;
And we are soon in the midst of our stories
  Of old-time pioneer life.
One tells of his hunting adventures;
  Another his pipe will fill,
And recount his patient endurance
  In the dreadful journey to mill.
One tells of fording the river,
  With the anchor-ice running free;
Another remembers his shivering
  All night in a wolf-circled tree.
One tells of his adventure by moonlight;
  That a bear in his pig-pen he spied;
And how, after some desperate fighting,
  The poacher surrendered his hide.
But longest we are wont to linger,
  Most dearly we love to hear,
When the stories come up, revealing
  The soul of the old pioneer;
When man hailed man as a brother;
  And was ready his little to share;
When each woman was recognized sister;
  And each for his neighbor had care.
The glorious logging bee parties!—
  Hard work a holiday spree,
For the fair at the house were arranging
  For an evening of heartiest glee.
From the region around all had gathered;
  The logging was first to be done;
And then came the washing and supper,
  And the evening of rollicking fun.
Ellis was there with his fiddle;
  And the music he gave was prime;
Men danced in their frocks and stogas,
  In defiance of rule and time.
The dance had an inspiration
  Unfelt at cotillion or ball;
For intensified soul was in it,
  One spirit was moving us all.
Our children are much more graceful,
  But little they know, perchance,
Of the soul-felt, real enjoyment,
  When Nature inspires the dance.
To find where unfettered nature
  The most inspirits and cheers,
You must enter the rustic log-cabins
  Of the woodland pioneers.

Now we meet, are correct in deportment,
  Our airs have been learned in the schools;
And we are politely observant
  Of etiquette's stringent rules.
We are gentlemen now, and ladies,
  Repressing our warmest desires;
We are studying, watching and trying
  To learn what fashion requires.
We run into cliques and coteries;
  We are anxious to keep our place,
Cold art has supplanted nature,
  And soul has conceded to grace.
But, pioneer brother or sister,
  Reviewing the bygone years,
Having lived in Nature and fashion,
  Say, which the most lovely appears?
In the days when neighbor was brother
  And heart gave society tone,
Our world was indeed a small one:
  But that little world was our own.
Then etiquette did not rule us;
  We had no aristocracy then,
Heart-whole was our social enjoyment,
  For we met as women and men.
Warm sympathy bound us together,
  And one in another believed,
We rejoiced when another was happy,
  And grieved when another was grieved.

Yet think not, although we were happy,
  We were content this state should abide;
We then on our hopes were living,
  As now we are living on pride.
For the future we had an ideal;
  Both fancy and hope had play;
What then was anticipation,
  Is realization to-day.

Perhaps some of our civilized moderns
  Will turn up their noses in scorn,
At our shouting from cabin to cabin;
  "A baby! A baby is born!"
That we all must go over and see it,
  And feast our fond eyes with the sight;
That we talked all day of the baby,
  And dreamed of the baby at night;
That baby not ours, but a neighbor's;
  So short of these times did we come,
When babies are out of the fashion,
  And not welcomed, even at home;
But then each new soul had a welcome;
  In demonstrative style it was given,
And we greeted a soul now-born
  As not from New York, but Heaven.

We mean to be social and feeling,
  And genial with man to-day,
But, with joy and with sorrow familiar,
  We can't give the spirit its play.
A funeral cortege is passing;
  'Tis little for that we care;
This bearing one off to be buried
  Is an every-day, common affair;
Twas not so, as you well may remember,
  We *felt*, when a spirit had fled;
There was sadness and doleful heart-sinking
  When we learned that a settler was dead;
From far and from near all gathered,
  Each countenance clouded with gloom,
Subdued was the voice's expression
  In view of the opening tomb.
With heart-felt sorrow we buried
  The form that had yielded its breath,
And sadly we turned us homeward,
  O'erawed by the presence of death.

With our bays we ride in a phaeton;
  That is, my Mary and I,
Some say prosperity puffs us,
  That our notions are getting too high,
But I like my bays and phaeton;
  Who don't? I would like to know.
Myself, my girls and my Mary
  Delight in a little of show.
But still we have not forgotten
  That, ere fashion had come this way,
A sled drawn by Bright and Brindle,
  For us was a turnout gay.
With them we went on a visit,
  Or to meeting, when a preacher came;
This was nothing our pride to humble,
  For our neighbors all did the same.
My coat and my pants were seedy,
  Mary's dress was the worse for wear;
We had no fine clothes for our children,
  But little for these did we care;
Content, with but humble ambition,
  We were willing our life to begin,
Well off as the rest, we were happy—
  Madam Grundy had not yet come in.

But she came, as is always her custom,
  And she opened our back-woods eyes;
Her mission was that of the serpent
  To the settlers in Paradise.
We saw that our homes were outlandish;
  And she made every one of us feel
That we were barbarian rustics—
  In everything ungenteel.
The romance from life was taken;
  It lost all its primitive cheer;
To be was no more our ambition.
  The struggle was now to *appear.*
And here then began the hard labor,
  The charm of life faded away;
Thus far we had worked for a living,
  Henceforth we must live for display.

My Mary and I can do it,
  And we would not like to spare,
For the sake of primeval enjoyment,
  These many new sources of care.
If our object was just to be happy,
  We would live as the animals do—
Social, loving, unthinking,
  Simple and ignorant, too.
Now, Mary and I have a notion
  We would not be happy again;
That great is the power of Mrs. Grundy
  For developing women and men.

We came to the woods as we found them,
  The struggle of life to begin;
Contented and happy while striving
  A home and a fortune to win.
We have seen the forest receding,
  Farms and cities have taken its place;
Seen Nature give place to culture,
  And all wear a different face.
And we hope that we have expanded
  As fortune has given us chance:
That mental and moral improvement
  Keeps pace with the region's advance.
But still we will look back with pleasure;
  To-night we will not be wise.
We'll think not of present or future,
  Or of time, how quickly it flies;
We have met to enjoy and live over
  The days when our pleasures were few,
To foster the spirit fraternal,
  And the ties of past years to renew.

One by one our voices are failing;
  There is a summons that's waiting us all;
One by one our friends have responded;
  Who next will respond to the call?
'Tis the wish of myself and my Mary,
  That as long as existence shall last,
With mind and with fortune expanded,
  We may cling to the soul of the past.
That over our final departure
  A halo of light may appear,
That our record of life may be stainless,
  And our graves be bedewed by a tear.

SCHOOLS IN GRAND RAPIDS.

At first, the few settlers at what is now the city, availed themselves of the Mission School. Who first started any other school is so much in doubt and dispute that it will be passed by as unsettled. It is by some of the old residents confidently asserted that the first school, other than the Mission School, was taught by Sophia Page, daughter of Dea. Page, near where stands the Morton House. Her married name is Bacon. A school by Reed's Lake was started in the winter of 1834, by two young girls, Euphemia Davis, daughter of Ezekiel Davis, and Sophia Reed, daughter of Lewis Reed. This school, for the families immediately around there, was in the upper part of a log house; and was maintained by those girls for the most of a year. This Miss Davis is now the wife of Dr. Jewett, a missionary in India, among the Telegoos. Sophia Reed, as the wife of Dixon Davis, died Nov. 1863, leaving a large family.

The next year a school house was built (probably the first in the Valley), and a young man named Francis Prescott, taught during the winter. This Mr. Prescott came out as a carpenter and land-looker; while here, married a lady who was assisting Mr. Slater in the Mission School; returned to

New York, where he studied theology, and became a Baptist preacher. In 1854, he returned to Grand Rapids as pastor of the Baptist Church, which post he very acceptably filled for several years. He afterwards went to Laphamville—now Rockford—where he died of apoplexy, Jan. 7th, 1864, aged fifty years. He was a man of most sterling qualities, of good ability, and a very useful preacher.

Attention was very early given to higher education; and for many years the high schools eclipsed the others. The first High School was started by Mr. Henry Seymour (see biographical article). A charter for a academy was procured and his school became the Academy. Mr. Seymour was succeeded for about two years, by Addison Ballard. Mr. Ballard resigned to enter the ministry. In the fall of 1846, Mr. Ballard was succeeded in the Academy by Franklin Everett. Mr. Ballard was a man of fine culture, a gentleman and scholar. He is at present a popular Doctor of Divinity; has been a professor in colleges the greater part of the time. Mr. Everett was at first assisted by his wife and Thomas Cumming (afterwards acting Governor of Nebraska). Mr. E. and his wife kept up the school twenty-six years. There has been no other academic school which has had any permanency. The reason is, the Union School had an academic character, and being nearly free, rendered private schools nearly impossible. Of the temporary schools, those of Mrs. Janes and Mr. Cock are spoken of in the sketch of Grand Rapids in 1846. That was particularly the time of private schools, the Union School not having been started, and the common schools slighted. A few years later a charter for a college at Grand Rapids was obtained, and under the charter an academic school was started with the Rev. Mr. Taylor as principal, with an able corps of assistants. The school lasted but two or three years. A few years after, the Rev. Mr. Staples opened a female seminary which he maintained for a few years with much credit to himself. He gave it up for the ministry.

In 1848, a movement was started to organize a union school. A Mr. Marsh, a man of great ability, was teaching one of the district schools. The result of the movement begun by him was, that the two districts east of the river were united, and a stone building three stories high, capable of accommodating 300 scholars, was erected in 1849, and opened in November. It was a plain building, just west of the present central school-house.

The school was opened under the charge of a Mr. Johnson from Western New York, assisted by Miss Hollister (now Mrs. Wm. M. Ferry, of Grand Haven); Miss Webster (now Mrs. John Ball, of Grand Rapids); Miss Hinsdill (now Mrs. Jones, of Denver), and Miss White (now Mrs. Whipple, of Grand Rapids).

Mr. Johnson, though an able, and otherwise successful teacher, failed to satisfy himself at Grand Rapids, and left at the end of the first term. He was succeeded by the Rev. J. Ballard, who had charge for three years. He was succeeded by Professor Edward W. Cheesbro, who was in charge several years. He was a man exceedingly devoted to his work. He was stricken down in his school-room; and with intellect wasted to nothing, died in about two years, Jan. 31st, 1862, aged 43. The inscription on his monument in Oak Hill Cemetery, most justly characterizes him. This monument is the tribute of his pupils:

"His was a teacher's heart,
With zeal that never tired;
And thousand souls beat higher,
By his single soul inspired."

Prof. Danforth, with Prof. Strong as academic teacher, succeeded Cheesbro. Upon the retirement of Prof. D., Prof. Strong succeeded to the superintendency with Prof. Daniels as chief of the academic department. They have since changed places.

In the meantime, the school has been growing. The stone building was found to be insufficient, and ward school-houses were built for the younger scholars.

In 1853, a union school was established on the west side, and the Rev. J. Ballard was placed in charge.

By special act, the whole city was made one school district, under the control of a Board of Education. The Union

School on the West side became one of the secondary schools.

With a brief statement of the present status of the school, gathered from the Annual Report for 1876, this article will be closed:

SCHOOL HOUSES, WITH THEIR CAPACITY AND COST.

	No. rooms.	Cost.	Seats.
Central, on Lyon Street	21	$85,000	600
Union, " Turner "	21	65,000	600
Primary No. 1, Bridge	5	25,000	300
" " 2, S. Division	5	16,000	270
" " 3, Fountain	9	38,000	450
" " 4, Wealthy Av.	6	27,000	350
" " 5, Grandville	2	10,000	120
" " 6, Turner	5	6,000	230
" " 7, Ionia St.	8	26,000	370
" " 8, Jefferson	7	18,000	370
" " 9, Center	4	9,000	200
Spring St.	4	4,000	200
Cold Brook, Leonard St.	2	6,000	150
Leonard St.	2	5,000	150

Whole number of teachers, with the superintendent, 89; salaries to two teachers, $2,500; one teacher, $1,800; one teacher, $1,500; two teachers, $1,200; three teachers, $1,000; one teacher, $800; one teacher, $700; two teachers, $600. The other salaries are graded from $520 to $360 per year; aggregating $44,579. Expenses and outlay for schools and school-houses during the year, $107,687.58. Value of school property, 340,000. Number of children from five to twenty, $8,900. Bonded debt, 63,000. Library, 8,557 volumes.

The range of instruction is that of the best academies—fitting students for college or the counting-house. Latin, Greek, German and French are in the regular or special courses of the school. Beginning feebly in 1849, it has attained its present high condition by successive steps—each an advance. At first it had a slight hold on the confidence of the people, and had to make its way against the overshadowing influence of the private schools, and the opposition of tax-payers; in addition to the unwillingness of the people to submit to the strictness of rules, so indispensable in large concentrated schools. Now the

Union School is *the* school of the city, and the people are proud of it, as their noblest institution. Its influence is overshadowing; the people freely sustain it; and for making it a free school in all its departments, are willing to submit to severe taxation. The turning point in public sentiment in regard to the Union School, was during the time it was under the administration of Professor Cheesbro. He was not, in the common acceptation of the term, a great man. But for whole-souled devotion to his business, administrative talent, and the qualities that go to make up a good teacher, he had few equals. A man of the purest character, devoted to his business, untiring in labor, he *wore out* what was the finest constitution; killing himself, in fact, body and mind, by his exhausting labors. He rests in Oak Hill cemetery. No history of Grand Rapids would be complete, that did not recognize Prof. Cheesbro as one of the great powers instrumental in its development. His field was *mind*, and the effect of his life will be on future generations. Though short his life, it answered life's great end. His expressive epitaph, given above, tells but the simple truth. It is no poetic fancy.

KENT SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE.

Sometime (the particular date not preserved) in the year 1856, four men, the Hon. John Ball, James McKee, Wm. G. Henry, and A. O. Currier, chanced to meet in Mr. Ball's office and were talking on scientific subjects when Mr. Ball suggested the formation of a Lyceum of Natural History. Acting on the suggestion, a meeting was called and a society formed, under the name of "Lyceum of Natural History." The active members of which were A. O. Currier, John Ball, James McKee, Dr. Charles Shepard, Dr. Parker, Prof. F. Everett, Wright L. Coffinberry, Dr. DeCamp, and Wm. G. Henry.

The meetings were kept up with a good degree of interest until the breaking out of the war, when it apparently ceased to exist.

At the commencement of its operation, the society contemplated having a museum and library. Prof. Everett had a cabinet of minerals, geological specimens, and fossils, which he used in his academy, also an extensive botanical collection. These (without donating) he placed in the society's room. At the re-organization, they were given. Mr. Currier and Dr. De Camp in a similar way placed their collections. Others contributed, and soon the society had a respectable little museum. When the lyceum seemed to die, the contributors generally resumed possession of what was theirs.

In the meantime, a boy, J. Wickwire Smith, had rallied around him a number of youths in the Union School, and for several years they kept up a society called the Kent Institute. Of that band young Smith was the presiding genius. He infused his soul into the others, and their society was a brilliant youthful success.

In December, 1867, young Smith finding his health failing, and watching the slow progress of consumption, portending death, and knowing that his society would die with him, proposed to the members of the old Lyceum of Natural History, that the two societies should be combined. This was effected Jan. 12th, 1868. Smith lived but a few months after the union had been accomplished.

And here we will pause to pay a merited tribute to one of the noblest youths that ever lived. Although he died at the age of 19, he has left an impress behind him which never will be obliterated. With talents of the highest order, a character of angelic purity, and an enthusiasm for Nature which knew no limit, he had the rare faculty of transfusing his spirit into others. Wherever he went, his greatness was recognized at once. Yet he was a bashful, modest youth, simple, childlike, and loving. He went to Florida in the vain hope of improved health. There he rallied around him a similar circle, who recognized his genius. He sunk and died. When his agonized father asked where he chose to be buried, he said: "Bury me where there are the most butterflies." In his last days he wrote to the Kent Institute, and bequeathed to them his collections. Let the Kent Scientific Institute never forget J. Wickwire Smith; for, young as he was, he is the real father of that institution.

Briefly, it may be further stated, that an alliance was soon formed between the Society and the Board of Education, and it has maintained an active existence.

It has an extensive museum, and is known among the cultivators of natural science in other parts of the world. It promises to be one of the institutions of the West.

BANKING IN GRAND RAPIDS.

The following carefully digested article is from the pen of Harvey Hollister, Esq., cashier of the First National Bank. Associated at first with Daniel Ball as his confidential clerk and cashier, and ever afterwards with the banking interests of the city, he may be considered as speaking *ex cathedra:*

THE BANKING INTERESTS OF GRAND RAPIDS.

The history of the banking interests of this city is a remarkable one in many respects. Less than a quarter of century has developed the entire system, and we may say that the last fifteen years have witnessed the rise and progress of all the banking institutions that now fill so important a place in the prosperities of our city. The first bank or exchange office was started by Wm. J. Wells, now deceased, in 1852, in what was formerly known as the Rathbone block, or the "Wedge." With a very limited capital, Mr. Wells put out his modest sign, and offered to our merchants and business men his drafts on New York, Detroit, and Chicago, in exchange for the different sorts of currency then offered, most of which, however, was George Smith & Co.'s Georgia money, and South Western Plank Road currency. A few months later, Mr. Daniel Ball offered to the business men of the town his drafts on the different cities of the country, to procure which it was necessary to mount up into the old wooden warehouse by outside stairs—situated where now is the elegant office of the First National Bank.

From year to year, until 1861, these two banking institutions, with comparatively limited means, furnished all the banking facilities enjoyed by the good people, of a vigorous and growing town, and the country for many miles about. Indeed, had it not been for the aid thus furnished many of the enterprises then originating and now developed into wonderful prosperity and dimensions, would never have attained any prominence whatever. Banking from 1850 to 1860 was a very different business in this country from banking at the present time. During those years, no more hazardous business could be engaged in. What with a heterogeneous lot of irresponsible banks of issue scattered from Maine to Georgia (most of them in Georgia), beset with a class of impecunious adventurers desiring and pressing for accommodations—with but very meager facilities for obtaining intelligence, or of transmitting moneys—it is no wonder that those who were engaged in the business often felt that they received but poor return for all their risk and labor. The rate of exchange on New York was oftentimes enormous, at one time rising as high as ten per cent. on Illinois and Wisconsin Stock Bank Currency, and rarely running down to less than one-half per cent. on any kind of paper money or coin. These high rates, at that time, were due to two facts: 1st. The impossibility of converting the Western currency into Eastern currency—it not being current farther East than this State; and, 2d. The high rates of the express companies for transmitting from the East to the West and back again. It became necessary, many times, in order to keep the New York accounts good, to send special messengers to Chicago or Detroit, in order to convert the multifarious issues of paper money into New York drafts. With the incoming of the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad, in 1859, and the Plank Road to Kalamazoo, these difficulties of transmitting currency were in a measure obviated; but the business of banking, during the first ten years of its history,—surrounded by the uncertain values incident to an unorganized, unformed commercial community—was neither pleasant nor profitable. Nevertheless, both of the institutions were of great value to this new and rapidly growing section of the State, and would have undoubtedly continued in successful operation but for the losses attending the winding up and failure of the Illinois and Wisconsin banks, the currency of which, at the breaking out of the great rebellion, formed, together with the currency known as the "Daniel Ball currency," almost the entire circulation of the Grand River Valley. About the year 1860, Messrs. Ledyard & Aldrich opened a discount and exchange office in the office formerly occupied by Mr. Wm. J. Wells—he having built for his especial use a neat wooden office, about where the entrance to the Arcade now is, in Powers' Block, and opposite to the imposing edifice of the City National Bank. At this date, the aggregate banking capital of the city could hardly have been more than $50,000—certainly not more than $75,000. In May, 1861, Mr. Wm. J. Wells, owing to causes before referred to, was obliged to suspend operations; and in October, 1861, the Exchange Bank of Daniel Ball & Co. was also obliged to go into liquidation. It is only most proper here to record the facts, that both of these institutions yielded to the pressure of the times only after the most strenuous efforts to avert so great a calamity as it then seemed, both to themselves and to the community. And also to record the fact that, within a reasonable time, both Mr. Wells and Daniel Ball & Co. had the pleasure of liquidating in full their entire obligations, with interest.

Mr. William J. Wells, our first banker, was an early settler of our city. A man respected by all who knew him, and esteemed for his integrity, honorable and just dealings and blameless life. He died suddenly in 1874.

Mr. Daniel Ball, our other pioneer banker, was noted for his energy and business ability, combining many other enterprises with his banking establishment. He was a valuable part of a vigorous whole in the make-up of our early history, and his relinquishment of his business relations, and retirement from our city in 1866, left a large space which has not since been entirely filled. He died in New York in 1873.

I have thus far omitted to mention the name of one Mr. R. Wells, who for a brief time held forth as a private banker and custodian of other people's money. His career was so brief, and yet so painful to some of our older inhabitants, that I will only say, that after making many promises to pay large rates of interest, and obtaining several thousand dollars of the people's money, he suddenly left for parts unknown, finally turning up in California, or somewhere upon the Pacific Slope, where he now lives.

In December, 1861, Mr. M. L. Sweet opened the office formerly occupied by Messrs. Daniel Ball & Co., and he, together with Messrs. Ledyard and Fralic, who had succeeded, in 1860, Messrs. Ledyard & Aldrich, continued until March 10, 1864, to transact the general banking business of the city. At this date, under the direction of several of our prominent business men, the First National Bank was organized and commenced operations with Martin L. Sweet as president, and Harvey J. Hollister as cashier, with a capital paid in of $50,000. Even at this date, in the history of our city, this capital was deemed quite too large, and fears were entertained that it could not be safely invested in business paper.

In 1865, about one year later, the City National Bank was organized and commenced business with Mr. T. D. Gilbert as President,and Mr. J. F. Baars as Cashier, with a capital of $100,000. The impetus given to all kinds of business by the large issues of the Government, growing out of the war, had its effect on our city to an unusual degree, both in the accumulation of deposits, and also in the demand for banking accommodations, so that each year the two National banks found it necessary to increase their capacity in both capital and clerical force. In 1866, the First National Bank increased its capital to $100,000. In July, 1866, to $150,000. Again in 1868, it was increased to $200,000, and in 1871, to $400,000. Meantime, the City National Bank had increased its capital in 1867 to $200,000, in 1871 to $300,000, so that the present capital and undivided profits of the two banks amount to not less than $1,100,000. In 1869, the Banking House of E. P. & S. L. Fuller was opened and continued to do a prosperous and honorable business until 1876, when they were succeeded by Messrs. Graff, Dennis & Co., a firm comprised of young men who bid fair to retain the confidence reposed in their successors, being entirely reliable and responsible. In 1871, Mr. M. V. Aldrich, formerly of the banking firm of Ledyard & Aldrich, resumed the business of banking, and with an ample capital, succeeded rapidly to a lucrative business, his large line of deposits bearing testimony to the confidence reposed in his business capacity and financial ability, by the people. In 1874, Mr. L. H. Randall, associating with him Mr. Darragh, who had been for several years engaged in the business of banking in another section of the State, and the firm of Randall & Darragh was added to the list of sound Grand Rapids bankers. One more we must not fail to mention. The Grand Rapids Savings Bank, situated on the corner of Canal and Pearl streets, with a capital of $100,000, was organized about 1865. This institutition ought to be, and we trust will be, so managed that the savings of our laboring classes will be largely increased. The Savings Bank of this city should have not less than $500,000 deposits, and should confine itself strictly to the savings department of business. It is a safe, reliable institution, and its officers only need to keep before the people the advantages of the saving system as they do in the larger cities of this and other States. This completes the list of banks and bankers that have been a part of the history of Grand Rapids, if we except, as we ought to do, that merciless swindler, Lauterette, who in two short years, defrauded our people out of about $75,000. He came here from the eastern part of the State, with some reputation as a banker and capitalist, and with specious promises in the way of high rates of interest and low exchange, induced many of our citizens to do business with him. In a fit of insanity (?) he left us. The dividends on the investment thus thoughtlessly made by many worthy people, has been only nominal.

The theory of the originator of our present national banking system in this country was, that safety, both to the stockholder and depositor, might be obtained. The experience of the two thousand national banks scattered over the entire national domain, has fully sustained this theory—based, as it was, upon a careful system of inspection and supervision.

The object of all well organized and well directed banking institutions is two-fold: safety to all interested, and mutual profit—both to lender and borrower. The stockholder should have a fair return for his investment. The customer should be recognized as one receiving and conferring favors also. No bank can enjoy a high state of prosperity unless supported by a line of healthy commercial customers. No mercantile or commercial interests can thrive without ample banking capital at their command, on favorable terms. Both banker and customer are mutually dependent.

GRAND RAPIDS CHURCHES IN 1876.

CATHOLIC.

St. Andrews—corner Sheridan and Maple streets. Membership, 4,000. Church in process of erection, will cost $60,000. Father McManus, Pastor.

St. James—north side of Bridge street, between Broadway and Straight streets; west side. Membership, 3,000. Father Pulcher, Pastor.

St. Mary's (west side, German)—corner of First and Turner streets. Father Ehrenstrassen, Pastor.

BAPTIST.

S. Graves, D. D., Pastor. Corner of Fountain and Bostwick streets. Membership, 500. Cost of church edifice, $80,000.

CONGREGATIONAL.

First Cong. Church—corner of Park and East Park streets. I. Morgan Smith, Pastor. Membership, 700.

Second Cong. Church—corner of Grove and Plainfield avenues. E. C. Olney, Pastor. Membership, 85.

EPISCOPAL.

St. Mark's—east side of Division street, between Lyon and Fountain streets. Samuel Earp, Rector. Membership, 550.

St. Paul's—east side of Turner, between Third and Fourth streets; west side. Sidney Beckwith, Pastor. Membership, 180.

Good Shepherd—north-east College avenue and East Bridge street. W. K. Knowlton, Pastor in charge.

Grace Church—Northeast corner Wealthy Avenue and Prospect streets W. K. Knowlton, Rector.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Corner of Lyon and Division streets. S. E. Pierce, Pastor. Membership, seventy-five.

LUTHERAN.

German Lutheran—southeast corner of East Bridge and Division streets. Henry Koch, pastor. Membership, 400.

Swedish Lutheran—east side of Sinclair, between Bridge and Hastings streets. No pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Westminster—still occupying their old house on the U. S. lot by sufferance. Preparing to build. F. C. Kendall, Pastor. Membership 200.

First Presbyterian Church—corner 1st and Scribner streets; west side. W. A. Fleming, Pastor. Membership, 112.

METHODIST.

Division Street Church—corner of Division and Fountain streets. F. F. Hildreth, Pastor. Membership, 400.

2d Street Methodist Church—corner Turner and 2d streets, west side. Geo. D. Lee, Pastor. Membership, 250.

German M. E. Church—corner Bridge and Turner streets, west side, Henry Pullman, Pastor. Membership, 65.

Zion M. E. Church (colored)—north side, Withey, between Jefferson and Center streets. M. Butler, Pastor.

Wesleyan Methodist—corner Turner and Crosby streets. Obed Tapley, Pastor.

HEBREW.

Congregational Emanuel—place of worship, corner Ionia and Monroe streets, in Godfroy's Block. Emanuel Gerecter, Rabbi. Membership, 40.

REFORMED CHURCHES.

First English—North Division street. Peter Moerdyk, Pastor. Membership, 85.

Second Reformed (Holland)—corner of Bostwick and Lyon streets. N. H. Dosker, Pastor. Membership, 650.

Third Reformed (Dutch)—Fulton street, east of the city limits. Adrian Kriekaard, Pastor.

Fourth Reformed—Legrand, near Taylor street. No Pastor.

Christain Reformed—No. 200 North Division street. C. Cloppenbery, Pastor. Membership, 300.

True Dutch Reformed—Spring, near Island street. G. E. Boer, Pastor. Membership, 1,500.

SWEDENBORGIAN.

The society has scarcely an active existence. They own the building corner of Lyon and Division streets.

UNIVERSALIST.

First Universalist—Pearl street, between Ottawa and Ionia. Charles Fluker, Pastor.

SPIRITUALIST.

They have an association of about eighty members, but own no property, and have no regular place of meeting

A few of the Grand Rapids churches are properly historical, being in their several orders pioneers, and parent churches.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, GRAND RAPIDS.

As is noted elsewhere, 1836–7 brought many people to Grand Rapids; a mixture of all sorts. As like seeks like in crystalization, so people with religious opinions seek out those with whom they can sympathize. There was the Mission, which was for a time the nucleus of the Baptists. A few were Methodists, who banded themselves; a few had Episcopal proclivities; some were Catholic, and to them the sainted Vizoski was spiritual leader. There were some 25 or 30 whose preferences were Presbyterian or Congregational. These, headed by Deacon Page and Samuel Howland, took measures to organize a church. They agreed that it should be Presbyterian, as there were no Congregational churches anywhere near. The first preacher was James A. McCoy, who served them about a year, and came out Episcopalian. The meetings were held at first in the dining room of the Old National Hotel; afterwards in the Court House. In October, 1838, they invited the Rev. J. Ballard, then preaching at Grandville, to become their pastor. He held that position until the 1st of Jan., 1848. In the meantime, the church, following the predilections of most of its members, had become Congregational. This was done in 1839. In 1841, the society bought the Campau (Catholic) Church, paying about $3,500 for it. In the purchase they were greatly aided by people at the East. Mr. Ballard was followed by Rev. Thomas Jones, who stayed three years. He was succeeded by Rev. Henry L. Hammond, who stayed five years; left in 1857; succeeded by Rev. S. S. Greeley, who also ministered five years; a part of the time on furlough as chaplain in the army. The present incumbent, Rev. J. Morgan Smith, commenced his labors in 1863.

The first Church, in 1872, was sold; converted into stores, and soon went up in smoke. At the same time the present structure was built by Park Place; costing some $70,000. Membership about 500.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Among the earlier settlers were a few whose predilections were toward the Episcopal church—three or four who were members of the order. An effort was made to establish the nucleus of a church in the fall of 1836; seventeen men signing an article, by which they banded themselves, under the name of "The Parish of St. Mark's Church." Nothing, however, seems to have been done, further than electing a set of church officers.

Again, in the summer of 1838, by a similar article, signed by thirteen persons, a band, or "Association," as it was called, under the title of "St.

Mark's Church," made a preliminary organization. Their names were Geo. Coggershall, John Almy, C. I. Walker, George Martin, Charles Shepard, James Lyman, John Parnell, Wm. A. Richmond, Thomas B. Church, John P. Calder, Henry P. Bridge.

It seems that little was done, further than electing a board of officers, a year afterwards, Nov. 18th, 1839. That may be given as the date of the *active* existence of the church or society. At this time, a call was given to the Rev. Melanchthon Hoyt to become the pastor. A room was secured for public services in Mr. Bridge's store.

April 26th, 1840, measures were taken to obtain the recognition of the Association as a *church*. At the same date, preliminaries were arranged for erecting a church. A lot was given by Charles Carroll and Lucius Lyon, N. W. corner, at the crossing of Bronson and Division streets. The lot immediately west was purchased for $100, and on them a church 27x41 feet, 14 feet posts, was erected; and consecrated April 5th, 1841. There is no record of the date of the consecrating by the bishop. The date given is the date of the record of the deed of consecration.

Jan. 11th, 1842, Mr. Hoyt sent to the church the alternative—to install him as rector, or that he should resign his charge. The church accepted his resignation with expressions of esteem and regret.

May 24th, 1843, a call was extended to the Rev. (since Dr.) Francis Cumming, who soon commenced his labors. The precise date of his assuming the office is uncertain. On the records of December 25th, he is shown as rector. Dr. Cumming took hold with energy, and under his charge the church increased in numbers and strength. In 1848, November 18th, the second church was consecrated. This church was the front part—minus the towers—of the present edifice. The building has been twice enlarged, and modified—first in 1855, and afterwards in 1871.

May 21st, 1861. Dr. Cumming notified the church that he had accepted the position of chaplain of the Third Michigan Infantry; and leave of absence was given him. The 10th of the following September, he resigned. (See Biographical Article.)

Dr. Cumming was followed by Dr. I. P. Tustin, who came July 22d, 1863; and was the much beloved pastor until June 10th, 1870.

Oct. 25th, 1870, the Rev. Samuel Earp was called. He filled the place very acceptably until April 1st, 1877, when he resigned. The church has 600 communicants.

This church has branched into several; by opening mission Sabbath Schools in different parts of the city, the nucleus of churches has been established.

St. Paul's Memorial (west side)—April 20th, 1871, present number, 92 communicants; and Church of the Good Shepherd, corner of College Avenue and Bridge streets, Sept. 10th, 1873, with 60 communicants, are no longer dependent on St. Marks; and are under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Sydney Beckwith.

Grace Chapel, on Wealthy Avenue, with 51 communicants, is under the charge of the Rev. Wm. H. Knowlton.

Connected with the St. Marks Church, the St. Marks Home, a place of refuge for the destitute and a hospital for the sick, was opened Feb. 15th, 1875; which, during the first year of its existence admitted 148 persons: expending between two and three thousand dollars; mostly the contribution of those connected with St. Mark's Church. To this "Home" Dr. Platt contributes his daily attendance. It is also a free dispensary of medicines to the poor. The buildings are given rent free by Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Fuller.

It may be here remarked that Grand Rapids is the only town where the Episcopal denomination has secured a leading position. Most of the other churches are recent and at present comparatively feeble. The following condensed summary of them is from the Bishop's Report for the year 1876. The year against each church, is the date of its organization.

Cedar Springs—Kent county, 1875, mission; com. 2.

St. Mark's Mission—Coopersville, Ottawa county, 1874; com. 11.

St. Paul's—Courtland, 1860; com. 12.

St. John's—Grand Haven; 1874; Rev. Wm. Stone, Rector. com. 90.

Grace—Holland; 1867; Rev. I. Rice Taylor, Rector; com. 26.

St. Johns—Ionia, 1848; com. 93. No rector.

Holy Trinity—Mission—Lowell, 1875; com. 10.

St. Paul's—Muskegon, 1867; com. 58. Vacant.

Christ's—Plainfield, 1851; com. 4.

St. Paul's—Mission—Portland, 1872; com. 4.

Rockford—Mission—Kent county, 1874; com. 13.

Sand Lake Mission—Kent county, 1875; com. 4.

Trinity—Saranac, Ionia county, 1860; com. 55. Rev. L. L. Rogers, Rector.

Church of the Redeemer—Whitehall, Muskegon county, 1870; com. 12. Rev. Robert Wood, Rector.

It will be seen that St. John's, at Ionia, is the only one that is not recent, excepting the one at Plainfield, which can hardly be said to exist. The strong footing which the order has in Grand Rapids, is mainly attributable to the energetic action of the Rev. Dr. Cumming in early years, placing it at once among the leading churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

The special interest that historically attaches to a church, centers around its origin and early progress. This church is in the Grand River Valley, the Pioneer, originating in the Indian Mission, which ante-dated settlement.

On the removal of the Indians, in 1836, the few Baptists, viz: Dea. H. Stone, Capt. Thomas Davis, Ezekiel Davis, Abram Randall and wife, Zelotis Bemis and a Mr. Streeter, banded themselves, and under the pastoral guidance of Elder Wooster, held meetings in a room in the National Hotel. They afterwards had the services of the Rev. T. Z. R. Jones, an able man, who was partly sustained by the Missionary Society. They held their meetings in the little school house on Prospect Hill, about west of the U. S. Building. Additions were made to their number. But, unhappily, dissension marred their prosperity. Elder Jones left, and for many years they were like sheep without a shepherd. They had no stated supply until 1848, when having secured for themselves the house erected by the Episcopal church, and employed the Rev. C. A. Jennison, a man of fine culture, and of noble characteristics, the church seemed to spring into active life, and to prosper.

Failing health compelled the resignation of Elder Jennison, and he left, soon to die. He was succeeded by the Rev. A. J. Bingham, son of the Mackinaw Missionary; also a man of culture, and an able preacher. Mr. B. stayed about three years. He was followed by Rev. Francis Prescott, a most worthy man and efficient preacher, who left for missionary work in the northern towns of the county in 1856. The church then called the Rev. L. M. Woodruff, of Malone, N. J. Here commences a period over which history may as well draw a veil. The result was, the church was divided into two unfraternal bodies—the First and the Tabernacle churches, which division lasted until 1869, when the two churches were united. The First Church was dependent for a time on temporary supply. Afterwards for five years the Rev. Mr. Van Winkle was their pastor, who was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Butterfield. They built a small brick church, where the Baptist church now is.

The Second or Tabernacle Church was for a year or so under the ministration of the said Woodruff, followed for two or three years by C. B. Smith, D. D., who was followed by the Rev. Mr. Reed. They had a house of worship on Division street, south of the U. S. Building.

At the above date, 1869, the two noble-souled pastors, Butterfield and Reed, deeply regretting the divided state of the Baptists, both resigned, as a step preliminary to a harmonious union of the two churches. This union was soon effected. The Rev. Dr. Graves was called to take pastoral charge. Steps were taken to erect a church, which was completed in 1877—a building which speaks for itself, costing $75,000.

Since the union, the church has been prospered, now numbering 500 members, in harmonious action, under an able leader.

It may here be briefly said that the early history, before 1846, is one of missteps, by means of which they lost the vantage ground they had at the first, dissatisfying many who, in their days of struggle and feebleness, would have come in with them. Its onward progress commenced with the very acceptable labors of the noble Jennison. The dark day again commenced in 1856. The early pastors, Jennison, Bingham and Prescott, all of blessed memory, are dead. Two of them, Prescott and Bingham, rest in Fulton Street Cemetery. T. Z. R. James, at a good old age, after a life of usefulness, died in 1876, at or near Kalamazoo. The orignal members of the church are all also dead.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

This was one of the pioneer churches, started under the auspices of the Ohio Conference. By that conference, in August, 1835, a mission was formed, called the "Grand River Mission," extending all along the Grand River; to which Osband Monette was appointed; and the district was called "Ann Arbor." Henry Coldazer was Presiding Elder. Preaching was had in private houses at Grand Rapids, once in four weeks.

In May, 1836, the Michigan Conference was created. At its first session, held in September, Frederick A. Seaburn was appointed to the Grand River Mission. Seaburn's mission was less than a year; he being, by an indignant populace, rode out of town for lewd conduct, and expelled from the

Conference. It is to be hoped that in after years, he brought forth fruits meet for repentance. But after his inglorious expulsion from Grand Rapids and the Conference, he disappears from the Methodist horizon.

In 1837, one Mitchell, was appointed to the Grand River Mission. The district was called " Flint River." Samuel P. Shaw presiding.

The original class was started in 1835, consisting (as the record is lost, individual memory is relied upon) of Knowlton P. Pettibone and wife, Mehitabel Stone, Mrs. Chilson, Mrs. Van Amburg, Mrs. Sliter, Cornelia Hopkins and Mary E. Norton. There soon joined it: Mrs. J. Turner, Mrs. E. Turner, Wm. Anderson and wife, and James Ewing and wife.

From this small beginning its growth has been steady, not paroxysmal. It has always been a live body.

From the earliest times it had to compete with Catholic, Reformed, Congregational, Baptist and Episcopal churches, all organized at about the same time, and in a sparse population. Of course, all must be feeble, but none of the feeble ones died. With its intense inherent vitality, a Methodist society never dies.

Until 1842, its preaching was by those who rode (or walked) the circuit.

The first church (now used as part of a livery stable) was erected in 1843; was enlarged in 1851. It was originally about 30 by 40 feet; a very simple concern, built not for display, but for purposes of worship. The present edifice was dedicated in 1870; was erected at an expense of $50,000.

The church has twice swarmed, giving rise to the West Side and East Street churches.

The circuit or stationed preachers have been:

Circuit—Monette, Seaburn, Mitchell and Frieze, aforementioned; 1837, R. R. Richards and A. Staples; 1849, E. Crippin and Daniel Bush; 1841, Cook and Stanley.

Stationed—1842, Franklin Gage; 1844, A. M. Fitch; 1846, J. E. Parker; 1847, M. B. Camburn; 1848, R. Reynolds; 1849, J. Summerville; 1850, F. A. Blades; 1852, A. J. Eldred; 1854, R. Sapp; 1856, J. Boynton; 1857, H. Morgan; 1859, M. A. Daugherty; 1861, D. R. Latham; 1862, Wm. Rork; 1863, J. W. Robinson; 1865, J. Jennings; 1866, A. J. Eldred; 1869, Geo. W. Joslyn; 1871, Henry Spencer; 1874, T. F. Hildreth.

The present membership is about 450. The location of the church has been unchanged—the old edifice giving place to the new.

SOCIETIES IN GRAND RAPIDS.

Hebrew Benevolent Society, 1869.
Kent Scientific Institute, 1865.
Public Library, 1872.
St. Mark's Home, 1872.
Old Residents' Association, 1858.
Medical and Surgical Society, 1864.
Kent Sportsman's Club, 1875.
Ladies' Literary Society, 1873.
West Side Ladies' Literary Society, 1875.

MASONIC.

Grand Rapids Lodge, No. 34; instituted March 19th, 1849.
Valley City Lodge, No. 86, 1856.
Humboldt Lodge, No. 276, 1869.
Grand Rapids Chapter, No. 7; chartered 1851.
Tyre Council, R. & S. Masters, No. 10, 1876.
Masonic Mutual Benefit Association, 1875.
Knights Templar, De Molai Commandery, 1856.
A. A. Scottish Rite, Moriah Lodge of Perfection, 1869
Cyrus Council of Princes, 1869.

ODD FELLOWS.

The Pioneer Lodge was Irving Lodge, No. 11, of Michigan, chartered in 1846. It had an active existence for a number of years, when, owing to some unpleasant feeling, indifference to the lodge succeeded, and it ceased to be an acting body. In 1858, it was, under fairer auspices, re-organized as "Grand Rapids Lodge," and continues to be a live institution. Its present membership is 102.

Enterprise Lodge, No. 212. Organized 1873. Membership, 70.
Walhalla Lodge (German), No. 249. Members, 40. Organized, 1875.
West side Lodge, No. 250. Organized, 1875. Members, 60.
Grand Rapids Encampment.

BANKS IN GRAND RAPIDS.

First National Bank, 1865. Capital, $550,00.
City National Bank, 1865. Capital, $300,000.
Grand River Savings Bank, 1870. Capital, $100,000.

INCORPORATED COMPANIES.

Berkey & Gay, Furniture Company, 1873. Capital, $500,000.
Capon & Bertsch, Leather Company, 1875. Capital, $200,000.
Grand Rapids Boom Co., 1870. Capital, $50,000.
Grand Rapids Brush Co., 1873. Capital, $100,000.
Grand Rapids Gas Light Co., 1857.
Grand Rapids Chair Co., 1872. Capital, $300,000.
Grand Rapids Manufacturing Co. $84,000.
Grand Rapids Novelty Works, 1874. Capital, $100,000.
Grand Rapids Plaster Co., 1856. Capital, $500,000.
Michigan Barrel Co., 1875. Capital, $300,000.
Michigan and Ohio Plaster Co., 1875. Capital, $100,000.
Phœnix Furniture Co., 1872. Capital, $300,000.
Street Railway (first) from the head of Monroe street to the D. & M. Railroad, 1868.
Union Stave Co., 1874. Capital, $50,000.
Widicomb Furniture Co., 1865. Capital, $150,000.

OTTAWA AND MUSKEGON COUNTIES.

GRAND HAVEN.

The first occupation of Grand Haven was by Rix Robinson, who pre-empted a quarter section, where now is the water front of the city. He there established a trading post.

In the spring of 1834, Zenas G. Winsor, then a young man, came to Grand Haven, as Robinson's agent. Winsor was the first English speaking person, who stopped there. His place of business was near the "Ferry" warehouse.

The Rev. William M. Ferry is to be considered the first settler. He had been for some years a missionary teacher at Mackinaw. Broken in health, he left Mackinaw, and went East, where, in the summer of 1854, he encountered Robert Stewart, who induced him to enter into an arrangement, which caused him henceforth to become a man actively engaged in business.

Stewart had purchased of Robinson one-half of his interest in the pre-emption. He placed certain funds in the hands of Ferry, with which he was to operate, sharing the results, making Grand Haven his center. Ferry associated with him his brother-in-law, Nathan H. White, and came on from Detroit by land. They, Ferry and White, arrived September 15, 1834, in a canoe, with two Indians, furnished by Mr. Slater at Grand Rapids. They found Rix Robinson and his family, the only white persons. Louis Campau had an agent, a Frenchman, at the Lower Diggings, at the mouth, on the left bank of the river. Robinson was busy getting ready for his fall campaign, yet he spent several days showing Ferry his pre-emptions. The one-half of these had been purchased by the Grand Haven Company, consisting of Robinson, Ferry and White, as equal partners. Of this company, Mr. Ferry was constituted agent.

Business arrangements being concluded, Mr. Ferry started for his family at Mackinaw in a birch canoe, with two Indians. Returning, he brought with him a number of persons, mostly Indians and half-breeds. Robinson came back about the same time, bringing with him Mr. Lasley.

The same season, the Grand Haven Co. laid out the village of Grand Haven. The company built a mill, bought large tracts of land, bought two mills at Grandville, employed Nehemiah Hathaway and George and Dexter Ranney to get out logs at the mouth of Crockery Creek, to supply the mills. They engaged in building river boats. In 1838, they built a steamer called the Owashtenaw, a large stern-wheel boat, too large for the business, as it was then. This was not the first boat, the "Gov. Mason" having been built the year before. She run one or two years, at a loss to the owners, and was burned at the burning of the big mill.

The Grand Haven Company did business some five or six years, operating in land and lumber; managing to use up instead of making money. At one time a raft of 200,000 feet was lost in the lake; at another, 30,000 logs. On the whole, after spending some $100,000, the business proving unprofitable, the company disbanded; dividing the property by friendly arbitration, each pocketing heavy losses.

Having traced the Grand Haven Company to its final burial, we may as well go back to the time when Ferry returned, bringing with him his bosom friend, P. C. Duvernay, and family. They stopped with Rix Robinson during the winter. The building, in which twenty-one persons were quartered, was 16 by 22. The accommodations were not such as would be agreeable to those accustomed, as some of them were, to the refinements of civilization. A part of the twenty-one slept in the loft of the cabin, and a part in a vessel that wintered in the harbor. Nevertheless, they were buoyed by hope, and the voice of praise and thanksgiving went up among them. Ferry and his company arrived on Sunday morning, Nov. 22d. They landed none of their stores, but in Mr. Robinson's shanty, like the Pilgrims at Plymouth 214 years before, united in solemn worship, Mr. Ferry preaching from Zachariah, iv., 10: "Who hath despised the day of small things?" Thus, as it were, the first act was an act of prayer and praise; and thus they consecrated the future village and city to God.

At the time of Mr. Ferry's arrival, the nearest white neighbors were thirty miles distant. At the south, ten miles up the Kalamazoo River, lived a family named Butler. At the east there were a family or two, up Buck Creek, in Kent county. On the river there were a very few at Grandville and Grand Rapids; at the north, none nearer than Mackinaw.

In the spring of 1835, Nathan Troop and family arrived from Canada, descending the river from Grand Rapids in a canoe; Thomas W. White, Thomas D. Gilbert, Miss Mary A. White; also, forty-two Robinsons, kindred of the pioneer, Rix Robinson, who came in a schooner by way of Mackinaw. They settled at different points up the river. Dr. Timothy Eastman, from Maine, came during the summer. Wm. Hathaway and William Butts came from Canada, and commenced building a steam mill at Grand Haven. This mill was afterwards owned by Troop and Ferry. Mr. Troop built a warehouse for Campau, at the "Lower Diggings," which, with the land on which it stood, has disappeared, through the encroachments of the river. Mr. Troop was a carpenter. Capt. David Carver came to trade with Clark B. Albee, as his clerk. Carver failed in 1837; went to California with Fremont, and perished on that suffering expedition.

Robinson, White and Williams built a warehouse in 1835, and D. Carver another in 1837. The warehouse, long occupied by Albee, was built by John F. Stearns, who afterwards engaged in lumbering business on the Muskegon.

The "Lower Diggings" warehouses were first occupied by Thomas Lewis, of Grand Isle (a genius and a *colt*), and by Peter Andree, of Detroit.

In the fall of '35 came on Luke A. White, who stayed awhile; went back, and returned with Dr. Stephen Williams. Robinson, White and Williams formed a partnership for general business—the first regular mercantile firm at Grand Haven.

Col. Hathaway came in the fall of '36, and acted as lumber agent for the Grand Haven Company. He afterwards removed to Grandville. He was a man greatly esteemed, whole-souled and manly. About this time arrived James Clydesdell, with seven children, twelve shillings in money, and some portable effects. He did not remain poor, for industry and pluck are not permanent allies of poverty.

In the winter of 1835–6, starvation threatened the infant colony. All along the river the remembrance is of "short commons;" provisions, other than what was obtained by hunting, almost unattainable. The Grand Haven Company had money; and made ample arrangements for food for those in their employ. They had purchased a winter's supply in Detroit and Ohio, and shipped around the lakes. The vessel had the stores of merchandise and an abundant supply of pork, flour, &c., and was expected to arrive before the close of navigation; but was wrecked on one of the islands of Lake Michigan. Grand Haven looked blue when the news of the loss was reported. Supplies could not now be obtained by way of the lakes. Up the river they had none to spare, and not enough for themselves. There were no roads to the southern settlements. There were no bridges; and it must be a desperate effort that secures them from the horrors of famine. Ferry brooded over it for a few hours; then took White into his counsel; and the result was that White, with the means in his pocket, was the next day wending his way southward on the beach; feeling the importance of his mission, and determined to "do or die."

If you fellows at your ease, treading on your first-class rag carpets, and grumbling about your taxes, would know what it is to live in a new place, just catch Nathan White when he is at leisure, and get him to relate his adventures on that expedition. [Alas! White tells it no more.]

It was a cold stormy time, and the young man had a time of it—came near losing his life in crossing the Kalamazoo river; but, dripping and freezing, he got out and went to the farming settlements near Battle Creek. There he purchased 200 bushels of wheat, about 100 hogs, and a lot of corn for the hogs, and hired men and teams to bring his purchases to Grandville. And here it is well to record a rare act of scoundrelism on the part of the man who sold the wheat.

White bought and paid for 200 bushels, to be delivered at the mill some miles distant. The man delivered 160, and refused to furnish the rest or to refund the money, saying that it was good enough for him for being such a fool as to pay for the wheat before he got it. That man ought to have been talked to! His cool cussedness was certainly sublime. White, with his caravan of men, teams and hogs, wended his way through the snow to Grandville, where a part of the supplies were left for those dependent on the company there, the rest were taken on the ice to Grand Haven. The river had fallen, leaving the ice on the banks sloping, so that the hogs, once on, could not get off, and they had no discretion but to go to the knife at Grand Haven.

Having seen teams and hogs safely on the ice, White arranged for his own triumphant entry into Grand Haven. He made a collar and tugs for his horse, of hay, lashed a cross-pole to the bow of a canoe, placed his saddle in the stern; with a bed-cord, kindly furnished by Mrs. Oakes, for lines, he harnessed his horse with the hay-bands hitched to the cross-pole. He mounted the saddle, kissed his hand to the fair Mrs. Oakes, waved his hand to the by-standing crowd, and shouted "Git up!" Like an Esquimaux, he shot over the ice, passed the teams midway on the river, and was hailed at Grand Haven, not with the booming of cannon, for they had none, but with the hearty "God bless you" of the whole little community.

And here it may not be amiss to relate a little incident, to show the effect of short commons on the most cool and philosophical. Bread, venison and pork had been the course all winter, and the people, though blessing the Providence that kindly supplied these, still felt a starving desire for something vegetable to break the monotony. In the spring, Mr. Ferry procured of the Indians about a half a bushel of cranberries. Mrs. Ferry, with a light heart, picked them over, and on a furnace out of doors, cooked them with Indian sugar; thinking all the while of the treat she was preparing for the dear ones at home, and for those in their employ. Just as they were about done, an old grey-hound Michigan sow tipped over the furnace, spilling her lucious treat in the sand. That calm, self-poised woman was unnerved; she sat down and cried from sheer vexation. The nerves that nothing seemingly could shake, that had never failed when facing death or danger, failed her then. We will not blame the sainted woman. *You* or *I* would have been *mad*, and sprained our ankles kicking the old brute. From this we may see that trifles may be great things.

About this time, steamboats from Buffalo began to put in for wood, furnished by T. D. Gilbert from the bayous around.

The first school-house was erected in 1836. It long was the place for all public meetings, was chapel, court house and town house as well.

In 1837, Col. Amos Norton arrived, and commenced putting up a mill at Nortonville. In a few months came Jabez Barber and Richard Mason, who helped him to complete it. These three men left Canada during the disturbances in 1836–7. Barber perished in the ill-fated "Pacific," when coming home from England in 1854. Barber and Mason, in 1844, built the mill at Mill Point (Spring Lake).

Benjamin Hopkins, also from Canada, arrived in 1837, and purchased lands at Eastmanville, where he lived and died.

A specimen of primitive justice as administered by the people, may serve as an episode. A male specimen of humanity had stolen a pig. The proof was complete; but what to do with the scamp, was the question. In full council of the self-constituted regulators, he was solemnly sentenced to march through the streets with the pig on his back; and thenceforward to preserve perpetual absence. The sentence was carried out. The pig was strapped to the sinner's back, and all paraded the streets. When satisfied with the exhibition, it was emphatically hinted to him that he had better leave. Acting upon the hint, he incontinently gave them a specimen of tall walking.

We will here introduce a lively sketch of pioneer life, by the worthy ex-mayor Griffins:

"Instead of first-class railroads, as now, the mode of traveling along the Grand River was on snow-shoes, in Indian trails, or on skates on the ice, in the winter; or paddling an Indian canoe, in summer. A good canoe, bought of an Indian, cost $3. A pre-emption settler, in possession of one of these was all right in those days. He could load it up with vegetables; paddle down to Grand Haven; sell out very soon to the Indians, or the few white people there, get his tea, tobacco and whisky, and go back home again.

"If the settler wanted something more costly, as flour or pork, his only alternative was to get up a shingle shanty, and make shingles. The banks of the river, from the Rapids to Grand Haven, were dotted with these. I have known some parties take a load of shingles on a hand-sled, twenty miles on the ice; sell the load for provisions (or whisky, if not temperate), which would last them only one week; and then repeat the same operation.

"A soon as the pole-boats started to take freight to Grand Rapids, their condition was better to get to market; and when the Gov. Mason and other steamers followed, as population increased, our condition was vastly improved. One of these steamers was commanded by Capt. Sibley, now deceased, but well known to our earlier settlers. This Capt. Sibley was promoted from captain of a pole-boat to the steamer, and he deserved it. A more manly and accommodating captain could not be found. I recollect an incident, proving the truth of this assertion, being myself on board the boat at the time. A settler on the bank waved his hat violently for the boat to stop. The captain said, 'I do not see any freight to put on board, but I'll see what he wants.' He rang the bell, and the boat stopped. 'I say, captain, I want you to bring me half a pound of plug tobacco to-morrow, and a box of matches.' 'All right,' says the captain, rang the bell, and was off again."

We will also let our friend Griffin tell his story of going to mill in early times:

"Two families, first settlers at Eastmanville, were out of breadstuff in the month of January, 1838. Your correspondent, accompanied by J. V. Hopkins (now deceased), started on foot for Grandville, twenty miles up the river, to purchase a little wheat and corn; arrived there, and were informed that the only place to get it was at Howlett's farm. We purchased a load, got it to Ketchum's mill, with the promise to have it ready for us in one week. On our return home we were overtaken by a tremendous storm. Crossing the river on the ice was very difficult. It was accomplished by each of us providing two broad boards; getting on one, and sliding the other in front—creeping from board to board until the unsafe bridge of ice was passed.

"The storm increased, and having no road or marked trees to guide our course, we got lost in the wilderness of hills and valleys on the north side of the river, between Grandville and Sand Creek. After traveling all day, we fortunately found Sand Creek; followed the stream down to Talmadge post-office, kept by father Bethuel Church, whose hospitality was proverbial; his venerable old lady providing the best they had for the comfort of tired and hungry men. This was ten miles, and half way home, for that day's work. The third day we reached home; and waiting three days more, prepared an ox team, took our axes along to clear the way, and with a lunch of good sandwiches, set out for Grandville to get our grist. Two days more, and our team was at Grandville, but on the wrong side of the river; no bridge, and the ice still precarious. But in the emergency, with determination and pluck, we got the grist over, loaded it up and started for home, on the tenth day from the first movement to get these supplies—only twenty miles off."

For a long time Grand Haven was of slow growth, its business resting almost entirely on lumber and forwarding. In 1851, it had four merchants—Ferry, Albee, Gilbert and Griffin. Then its exports of lumber were 36½ millions; shingles, 3,200 M. In 1853, 41 millions of lumber; shingles, 13,000 M; staves, 320 M. In 1855, lumber, 45 millions; shingles, 37,000 M.

In April, 1853, the steamer Detroit, as an experiment, commenced making regular trips to Chicago. The same year, the road across the marsh, known as the "sawdust" road, was made to the ferry.

The population. in 1854, was 671. Spring Lake was then Mill Point, a mere lumber manufacturing place, with the usual rustic surroundings of such places.

At this time the village was quite compact, and the style of the place simple. The principal hotel was the Washington (since burned). There was no church edifice, but public worship was held in the old school-house. The second school-house was built at about this time.

As a little community they were very fraternal; social intercourse was hearty, simple and free. The tone of society was moral. Winter was a season of social enjoyment; summer of active business. There were no manufactories other than of lumber. At about this time Mr. Albee established a tannery, which he run until it required 100 hands to operate it. This to him eventually was no advantage, and it has ceased to exist.

Railroad communication and the development of the surrounding country have enabled Grand Haven to extend its business; and the census returns show a striking increase. To properly appreciate that increase the three places, Grand Haven, Spring Lake and Ferrysburg must be considered as one. To all intents and purposes they are one, and are so considered in all that has been written, or in what follows.

The present state of development may be seen in its extended limits, its magnificent hotels, its enlarged business, its schools, churches, manufactories, fisheries and extended commerce, and in the fact of its having become a place of popular summer resort. All things seem auspicious of greater prominence in the future.

The business of Grand Haven in 1873, was: Lumber 125,000,000; clearances, other than of river boats and the Goodrich line of steamers, 1,166; 15,000 persons visited the place on account of the springs; 120 men and 20 boats employed in fishing; pay roll of the mills and factories, $1,000,000.

GRAND HAVEN CITY.

The first charter election was held April 1st, 1867. Elected as City Council:

George Parks, Mayor; Charles J. Pagelson, Recorder;

Arend Vanderveer, James A. Rice, John W. Hopkins, William Wallace, Isaac H. Sandford, Peter Van Weelden, Henry S. Clubb, Harmon Bosch, Aldermen.

The first meeting of the Council was April 6th, when were appointed Charles I. Pfaff, Marshal; Robert W. Duncan, Attorney; John Bolt, Street Commissioner.

1868—R. W. Duncan, Mayor.
1869–70—Dwight C. Cutler, Mayor.
1871—Henry Griffin.
1872–3—Geo. E. Hubbard.
1874–5—John A. Leggatt.
1876—Wm. M. Ferry.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AT GRAND HAVEN.

Until 1852, the school, with the exception of a few months, was under the care of Miss Mary A. White. It was begun by her in the missionary spirit; kept up for years with little remuneration, other than the satisfaction of doing good, and the earnest love of all the young people, who recognized in her their ideal of goodness, and who considered her infallible. Miss White still survives, enshrined in the hearts of all, who remember her as their teacher. For nearly twenty years she was the teacher at Grand Haven. Her impress is on the place.

In 1861, the school was opened in the second school house; for a year under the charge of Miss White. The first man employed to take charge of the school was Franklin Everett, who conducted it six months, assisted by his wife. For several years the school was in charge of teachers engaged for short terms.

In 1860, Charles H. Cushman was employed as principal. In 1863, he was succeeded by Charles Chandler, Jr.

In 1865–6, the school was under the charge of Prof. A. W. Taylor.

July, 1867, Prof. A. J. Itsell was placed in charge. He remained two years—succeeded by Prof. D. B. Safford. He had ten assistants.

May 11th, 1870, the contract was let to build the new school house. The school was for a time under the charge of Prof. M. W. Darling.

July 3d, 1871, Prof. A. Hardy was engaged, and the school opened in the new building. He continued in charge until 1875, when superior inducements removed him to Milwaukee, much to the regret of Grand Haven. During his time the number of assistants was about sixteen.

Prof. Lindley Webb succeeded Hardy. He stayed one year, and also went to Milwaukee.

The superintendence was given, July, 1876, to Miss E. M. Beckwith, who had been long connected with the school.

Grand Haven has from the first been anxious to have a good school; has endeavored to provide the best teachers, and the best facilities. Her central school house is one of the best in the State; and it is safe to say that no town is more generous and earnest in the cause of education.

CUTLER HOUSE.

Cutler House.

This imposing structure, which illustrates the public spirit, pride, wealth, enterprise, and daring of Dwight C. Cutler, was formally opened July 4th, 1872.

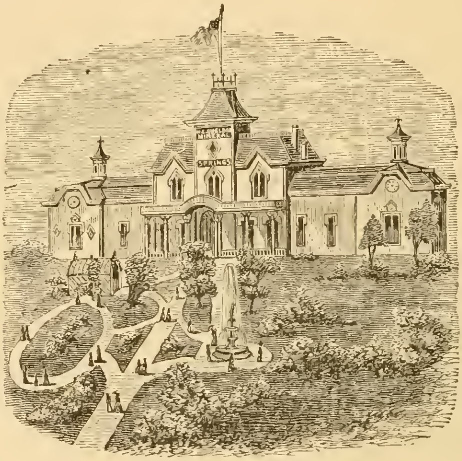
There is no need of describing it, as it is the one object that challenges the notice of every visitor to Grand Haven.

The mineral springs had already attracted attention; and the idea of making Grand Haven the "Saratoga of the West," brought into existence the Cutler House at Grand Haven, the "Pomonia" at Fruitport, and the hotel at Spring Lake. The mineral springs at the several places, are the basis on which they rest. Health and fashionable summer rustications have made Grand Haven and vicinity, places of resort. Should fashion, as is expected, and as past seasons indicate, give these places celebrity, these houses, the most pretentious of which is the Cutler House, will be mines of wealth to their owners; and the precursors of others more magnificent. If the springs lose their attractive power, the people will, with their thumbs on their noses say. "I told you so!"

The Cutler is finished and furnished in palatial style, at an expense of $200,000.

Great credit is due to Mr. Cutler for his enterprise, and the determined spirit which he showed in his attempt to develop what promises to be the greatest interest of Grand Haven. It was a venture, and a daring one. Whether he eventually realizes from it fortune or loss, he will have laid Grand Haven under obligations. The springs cannot be made popular places of resort unless near them are first-class hotels. The few years that have elapsed since heavy capital was thrown upon the mineral water, have rendered the rich return nearly a matter of certainty, and hope for the future is buoyant.

Spring Lake has also its mineral waters, and its great hotel, dividing the interest with Grand Haven.



Mineral Springs.

MANUFACTURES OF GRAND HAVEN AND VICINITY.

Exclusive of the general lumber manufacture, comparatively little is done in the way of manufacture. Formerly, C. B. Albee had a large tannery. But Albee and the tannery belong to the past. At present, foremost in the way of manufacturing, is the foundry and machine shop of the Hon. Wm. M. Ferry, at Ferrysburg, where a good business is done in mill work, steam engines, etc. This has been in successful operation for many years. A specialty with this concern is mill machinery, many improvements in which have originated in the practical mind of the proprietor.

WAITE MANUFACTURING CO.

J. B. Waite came to Grand Haven in 1870, and bought out the planing mill of C. D. Vleiger; and carried on the business of planing and jobbing, to which he soon added the making of hand rakes.

Previous to that, Waite & Schofield had been experimenting on a corn-planter.

In 1872, a company, with a paid in capital of $30,000, was formed of prominent business men of Grand Haven: Waite, President. They made ironing tables, horse rakes, hand rakes and corn planters. In 1875, they dropped ironing tables and added feed cutters.

Business of 1875, (the year ending in July): 250 corn planters; 50,000 hand rakes; 500 horse rakes; 500 ironing tables.

1876: 625 corn planters; 40,000 hand rakes; 300 horse rakes.

Hands employed, 50.

The corn planters are meeting with great favor, and are becoming introduced into the great corn States. It is their intention to push this machine.

Stearns' Planing Mill is engaged in fitting material to send off on contracts, employing about fifteen hands. In connection with it is an establishment for making staves and heading, making 30,000 sets per week.

Fletcher & Rose's establishment are engaged in making various small articles in wood, especially curtain rolls, 30,000 of which they turn out in a week. It is believed they intend to make anything which they see money in.

A tub and pail factory is just being started by W. Whitney, who is intending to do a large business.

Ship-building at Grand Haven is an important interest. Messrs. Squiers & White have a large dry-dock and extensive ship-yard, with facilities for building equal to any part of the lakes. Vessels, propellers and barges are being constantly built and repaired.

FISHERY.

On the right bank of the river, below Grand Haven, will be seen a shanty village on the sand-bank; but that represents no small interest; it is the landing place for the fisheries, and where the fish from the lake are prepared for the market.

The fish are caught by gill-nets, placed at various distances from the shore, even in 300 feet of water, 25 miles from shore. They are gathered into little steamers, sail-boats, and smaller craft. Often forty barrels a day are secured. The white fish are becoming scarce, and the fishermen are every year obliged to go a greater distance to obtain them. It is a well known fact that in general fish are a stay-at-home animal. In an inland lake of one-half a mile in width, one side may be fished out and the other be well supplied. In the winter of '75-6, a great number of young white fish were deposited at Grand Haven, to re-stock the over-fished waters.

CHURCHES OF GRAND HAVEN.

Public worship was established at Grand Haven at the time of the arrival of Mr. Ferry; he preaching in his own house until the erection of the school-house, in the fall of 1836. At that time a Presbyterian church was organized with nine members—the first in the Grand River Valley.

The original members were:

Rev. Wm. M. Ferry, Mrs. Amanda W. Ferry, Mary A. White, Pierre C. Duvernay, Mrs. Julia Duvernay, Caroline M. White, Nehemiah Hathaway, Mrs. Lucretia Hathaway, Charles Duvernay.

Pierre C. Duvernay was made Ruling Elder.

The school-house served as a place of worship until the church was built. The corner stone of that was laid September 19th, 1855. It was dedicated May 31st, 1857.

With the exception of a few months, Mr. Ferry was the preacher until April, 1857. Until October 18th, 1859, the church was served by temporary pastors—Rev. Joseph Anderson, A. D. Eddy, D. D., and Rev. Louis Mills. At this time, David M. Cooper was installed pastor. The pastoral office has been held in the following order: Rey. W. M. Ferry, from the commencement until 1857; Rev. Joseph Anderson, 1857–8; Rev. A. D. Eddy, D. D., 1858–9; Rev. D. M. Cooper, 1859 to 1864; Rev. J. N. Phelps, 1864 to 1866; Rev. David H. Evans, 1866 to 1869; Rev. J. M. Cross, 1869 to 1871; Rev. Henry S. Rose, 1871 to 1875; Rev. John B. Sutherland commenced November, 1875. The membership of the church has been;

Received in all, 268; dismissed, 70; died, 22; removed without letters, 7; present membership, 169.

The church has one of the best parsonages in the State, erected in 1873, and costing $6,000.

The Congregational church is an offshoot from the Presbyterian, resulting from a lack of harmony between the acting pastor—the Rev. J. Anderson—and the Rev Mr. Ferry, the particulars of which are not essential to history.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

On April 29th, 1868, a Congregational church of 16 members, was organized, and the Rev. Joseph Anderson, who had been supplying the Presbyterian church, was constituted pastor. As intimated above, this was a secession from the original Presbyterian church.

In May, 1859, a neat and commodious church edifice was dedidated, free of debt. This church was destroyed some years afterwards by fire, uninsured. It had been under the pastoral care of Mr. Anderson until he left as chaplain to go with one of the Michigan regiments. He was succeeded by the Rev. J. B. Fiske, who spent three years or so with the church.

Discouraged by the burning of their church, the society languished. On August 16th, 1871, the society re-organized. In 1872 they sold the old lot, and purchased another, on which, at this writing (1876), they are erecting a beautiful brick church edifice.

May 12th, 1874, church re-organized with 27 members.

March, 1875, the society extended a call to the Rev. J. V. Hickmot, who has since held the pastoral relation.

Present status: Membership, 56.

The church and society are confident that a bright future is before them. At present they labor in hope receiving aid from outside.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN—ST. JOHN'S CHURCH OF GRAND HAVEN.

The congregation is composed of German people, spread over a wide extent of the region round about Grand Haven. Services in the German language.

The organization dates from 1866, the first minister, the Rev. J. L. Daib, of Grand Rapids.

Their church was consecrated in the spring of 1868. The lot was the gift of Wm. M. Ferry, Sr.

It was a small organization at first—about a dozen. The names, as gathered from the memory of one of their number, were : Charles F. Paggelson, John Ziletlow, John Teitz, Henry Saul, Henry C. Bare, William Dehn, Henry Wasch, Christian Meinck.

The society has expended $6,000 on the church and parsonage. The second pastor (1871) was the Rev. F. W. Spindler, a German, still holding that relation.

The church is without debt; numbers 200 communicants; has a congregation of from 300 to 400; the audience room, 32x52, being generally crowded.

UNITARIAN CHURCH

This is a new society, and as they have no church edifice, or church property, it may be considered as experimental. It was organized in April, 1875. For three years it had had a provisional existence, and several liberal clergymen had preached there. In April, '75, the Rev. M. H. Houghton was called to the pastorate. He left in about eight months, and was succeeded by the Rev. Geo. W. Cook.

The meetings are held in the hall of the Cutler House, where assemble as good a congregation as in the churches. The Society is zealous and energetic; determined to go ahead, and establish "Liberal Christianity" in Grand Haven.

The present officials are: Dr. Cummings, T. D. Stickney, D. Cutler, J. B. Waite, W. G. Smith, D. Gale, W. C. Sheldon.

CATHOLIC.

This may be considered a Mission, with its center at Grand Haven, having in charge several minor churches.

St. Mary's Church, at Berlin, was organized about twenty years ago. Up to that time, the few Catholics who undertook the erection of the church, were poor, and scattered through a country which was nearly a wilderness. The present house is too small, and will, before another year, be replaced by a more commodious one; funds for which are already collected.

A large Catholic settlement at Dennison, Ottawa county, has a fair prospect of having a church edifice at no distant day.

St. Mary's at Spring Lake, was built in 1869; is a neat and comfortable building, having a membership of 300 souls.

St. Patrick's, at Grand Haven, was built in 1872–3; is a large and expensive building, and when completed according to the plans, will be one of the finest churches in the city, capable of accommodating about 1,000; cost about $12,000.

All these, and some minor outlying stations, have been for some time under the pastoral care of Father T. J. Murphy.

Catholic population of Grand Haven about 250.

Services are held at Grand Haven three Sundays in a month; the same at Spring Lake; at Berlin once a month; at Dennison six times a year; at Holland six times a year; at Saugatuck, in Allegan county, four times a year. At Holland are about twenty families.

Nationalities: Berlin—400 people; all Irish. Dennison—Irish. Spring Lake—German, Irish and French. Grand Haven—Irish, French, German, Hollander, Indian and African. Holland—Irish, French, German and Hollander. Saugatuck—Irish, French, German and Indian.

From the above facts, kindly communicated by Father Murphy, it will be seen that the Catholics have little but missionary operations in the lake region of Ottawa county. But the sincerity of Catholics, and the devoted zeal of their clergy, always render them a power wherever they have a foothold. Believing in their church, they are ready and willing to make all other interests secondary to it. Hence that church has an intense vitality, and is a power wherever it is.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL, AT SPRING LAKE.

Before the organization of any class, there had been occasional preaching. In 1862, a small class of twelve or fifteen was gathered by Elder Wm. M. Colby; some of the members of which were Daniel B. Thorpe, Mrs. H. A. Hopkins, Mrs. T. D. Dennison, Mrs. Wm. Flanders, Mrs. Wm. Britton, Loren O. Perham.

Services were held for two years in the school-house, with a slow increase of numbers.

The Presbyterian and Methodist societies bought a partly built church of the Hollanders; finished, and jointly occupied it. That house was so used five years, when it was burned down. During this time there was some increase. The Methodists bought the ground of the Union Church, and directly commenced to rebuild; were three or four years in completing it. It was dedicated in 1872. At this time the membership was about 60. The size of the church is 38x60, with basement. Cost, $7,500. The parsonage, built during the same time, cost $1,200. Present membership about 120.

Pastors—W. M. Colby, David Engle, James Roberts, James Cowan, J. R. A. Wrightman, James W. Reid, Levi Master.

The church has been harmonious and generally prospered.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The Presbytherian Church, at Spring Lake, was organized by Rev. H. Lucas, a missionary of the American Home Missionary Society, and the Rev Wm. M. Ferry, of Grand Haven, on Feb. 12th, 1853. There were five members when it was organized: George G. Lovell, L. M. S. Smith, Anna H. Smith, Miss Lydia Norton, and Harriet J. Franklin. G. G. Lovell, and L. M. S. Smith were elected ruling elders.

The Rev. H. Lucas supplied the church for a year after its organization; followed by Rev. Henry Redfield, one year.

The Rev. Joseph Anderson was afterwards minister, he at the same time, serving the church at Grand Haven. He was succeeded by Dr. A. P. Eddy, who commenced his labors in May, 1858; he also laboring at Grand Haven. He continued until some time in 1866, and was succeeded, as stated supply, by the Rev. Joseph Lud, who served the church for three years. He was followed by the Rev. A. G. Bebie, who stayed something less than two years.

The Rev. W. H. Blair, the present supply, commenced in July, 1872.

Since the organization of the church, 77 have been added by letter or profession. Present membership, 55; society membership, 154.

The first church edifice was destroyed by fire. The present building was dedicated Jan. 26, 1874. The cost was about $10,000.

From a feeble beginning, it has gone on until it takes respectable rank among the churches in the Valley; and its fine edifice is an honor to its enterprise. The missionary who first collected the little bands has just (1876) gone to his rest. Spring Lake is not the only place that cherishes his memory.

PRUSSIAN SETTLEMENT.

In the township of Grand Haven, five miles south of the city, on the Holland road is a German population of some 45 families. They have a Lutheran church, organized in 1870, of which John Bean, Henry Saul and Henry Boardman were the original elders, and Frederick Bean, William Bean, and Charles Ladewig were the deacons. The church was organized with 23 members. They have a small church edifice, and a congregation of from 100 to 200. Preaching in German. The name of the church, around which they cluster is the "German Lutheran Emanuel." The people are mostly Prussians.

MUSKEGON.

For the following valuable article the author and the public are indebted to the Hon. Henry H. Holt, Lieut. Governor, of the State of Michigan. As an old resident, and one whom the people there have delighted to honor, Mr. Holt familiarized himself with the history of the city, that he had chosen as his residence; and as a labor of love, prepared the following article, which he gave to the public, July 4, 1876. The author gladly avails himself of the consent kindly given to place it in this work, not doubting that an appreciating public will thank the honorable gentleman for his carefully prepared work.

MUSKEGON.

BY HENRY H. HOLT.

The history of Muskegon, so far as we have been able to learn any items in regard to it, has its origin in 1812, when John Baptiste Recollet began to occupy a trading post, which was situated about twenty rods west of the Ruddiman Flouring Mill, at the mouth of Bear Lake. This was the first trading post on Muskegon Lake, and was occupied for a number of years, the remains of the chimney still being visible as late as 1836. In the spring of 1812, it became necessary for Recollet to go to the military station at the mouth of St. Joseph River, and he made the trip in one day, having swam the Grand and Kalamazoo rivers, and forded the other streams.

Mr. Constant, the father of Mrs. William Lasley, built the next trading post, near the A. M. Allen & Co. Mill, at the mouth, left side, which he occupied in the winter for about thirty years. The next was built in 1830 by Joseph Daily, near the Rogers Foundry, between Market street and the lake, and was occupied by him until 1834, when he sold it to Louis B. Baddeau.

George Campau also built a trading post in 1833, near the present site of the White, Swan & Smith Mill (lower part of the city), and occupied it until 1835.

The territory embraced within the limits of the present townships of Norton, Fruitport, Ravenna, Chester, Moorland, Casinovia, Egleston, Muskegon, Laketon, Lakeside, and the city of Muskegon, was organized by a provision of section 11 of an act of the State Legislature, approved Dec. 30, 1837, into one township, and called Muskego. The act was passed at the first session after the State was admitted into the Union. This section was repealed in 1838, and the same territory was organized as the township of Muskegon, and the first town meeting was appointed to be held at the house of Newell & Wilcox. At this time, and for several years after, there was quite a diversity of opinion in regard to the correct spelling of the name, as will appear by reference to various acts of subsequent Legislatures. In 1841 an act was passed, by the provisions of which the unorganized county of Oceana was attached to township of Muskegon for judicial purposes; and in 1845 certain territory was detached from township of Muskego and organized into the township of Norton. This confusion in regard to the name ended at the establishment of Muskegon postoffice in 1848.

The first township meeting was held in 1838, when township officers were elected, among whom was Henry Penoyer, supervisor. But little was done in the way of township business for several years, often no taxes being assessed. Township meetings were often omitted entirely, the old officers holding over.

George Ruddiman held the office of supervisor several years during this time. In 1847, Geo. W. Walton was elected supervisor, and the township having increased somewhat in population, taxes were assessed and business regularly transacted after that time. The old township records were destroyed in the great fire of August 1st, 1874.

The land in this part of Michigan was brought into market in 1839. The first attempt that was made to claim and hold any of the land now embraced in the city limits, was made by a Mr. Taylor, in December, 1836, who built a shanty on lot one of section nineteen, near where the Washington House now stands. He retained possession for a few months and then sold his claim to Horace Wilcox, who afterwards entered the land. Theodore Newell soon became the owner, who platted a portion of it in 1849, which was the first plat of Muskegon. This plat embraces that part of the city lying east and north of a line running from the Chapin & Foss mill to the old cemetery, and thence east along the north line of Mills & Furlong's addition to H. D. Baker's residence.

Another tract of land that has since become very valuable, is lot two, section thirty, which was entered May 2, 1853, by Elias and Isaac D. Merrill, and Joseph P. Dana. This land is that part of the city lying south of a line running from the old cemetery to the Bigelow Bros.' mill (from the S. E. corner of lot two, section thirteen, township ten, north sixteen, west to Muskegon Lake), and between Mills & Furlong's adtion and Muskegon Lake. On this property at the present time are several of the most valuable mills in Muskegon. There were no frame buildings in Muskegon until 1837, when Theodore Newell and Erastus Wilcox erected a boarding house, (east of Rierson Creek, near bank of the lake), which stood near the C. Davis & Co.'s boarding house. Horace Wilcox put up a small dwelling the same year near where the Hofstra House now stands (near corner of Western avenue and Pine avenue). The first village plat was made in 1849, but nothing of any account was done for several years towards opening the streets, and the hill was so steep where Western avenue and Pine street now are that a man could not ride up on horseback. Village lots must have been at a discount, from the fact that two lots on which the Hofstra House now stands, were once sold for $45. Nothing was done towards opening the roads leading into the surrounding country, until 1846. At this time, Mr. Ryerson cut out the road to Ravenna, to connect with the road from that place to Grand Rapids, which had already been cut out and was in a condition to be traveled. Ravenna township was detached from Muskegon and organized in '49.

SAW MILLS.

The building of the first saw mill on Muskegon lake was commenced in January 1837, by Benj. H. Wheelock, the agent of the Muskegon Steam Mill Company, most of the stockholders of which resided at Detroit and Ann Arbor. The mill was built on the site now occupied by the White, Swan & Smith mill, upon which land Mr. Wheelock about that time had made a pre-emption claim. It was a steam mill, and was a large one for that time, having two upright saws. Before it was completed, the panic of 1837 occurred and money becoming scarce, it was not ready for operation until 1838, when the first lumber was sawed; that being also the first sawed on Muskegon lake. The adventure proved to be an unprofitable one for the company, and the next year after the mill was started the property went into the hands of John Lloyd, of Grand Rapids, and John P. Place, of Ionia, who owned and run the mill until 1841, when it burned and the machinery was taken to Grand Rapids.

In August 1837, Jonathan H. Ford, the agent of the Buffalo and Black Rock Company began building a water mill at the mouth of Bear Lake, on the site now occupied by the Ruddiman flouring mill. It was completed the next year, and the first cargo of lumber made at this mill was hauled to the mouth of Muskegon lake in February, 1839, and put on board of the Victor, Captain Jackson, a vessel that would carry about 40,000 feet. The vessel started for Chicago, but soon after got into a drift of ice, and it was ten days before she reached her destination; those on board having suffered severely from cold and hunger in that time. Hiram Judson & Co., bought the mill in 1840, and made very extensive repairs and improvements upon it, among which was the putting in of a new water wheel, which was done by George Ruddiman. The mill was valued at $20,000, dollars, and was the best one on the lake for several years; it was burned in 1853 and was never rebuilt.

Theodore Newell began to build a mill in the spring of 1838 and finished it in 1839 (on Western Avenue, West of Rierson Creek), on the site now occupied by the Ryerson, Hills & Co., mill; this was a small mill, with one upright saw, costing altogether about $4,000, and would saw about 6,000 feet of lumber in twenty-four hours. The engine was eight-inch bore and twenty-six inch stroke; the boiler was sixteen feet long and thirty-six inches in diameter, with one thirteen-inch flue; the engine not having sufficient power to saw a log and haul up another at the same time. The first lumber was shipped from this mill in the autumn of 1839. In September, 1845, Martin Ryerson and J. H. Knickerbocker bought the mill of Mr. Newell, and in the winter following removed the old mill and built a new one on the site, and had it ready to run within three months from the time of commencing operations. In 1847, Mr. Knickerbocker sold his interest in the mill to Robt. W. Morris, who continued a partner of Mr. Ryerson until the time of the sale of his interest in 1865 to the present firm of Ryerson, Hills & Co. The latter firm has made very extensive repairs and improvements until but little of the old mill remains, excepting the foundations.

Joseph Stromach built a small water mill in 1842, near the site of the McGraft & Montgomery mill, and run it until 1844, when he sold it to George and John Ruddiman. The latter afterwards put in a small engine, and used water and steam power at the same time. This double power not proving sufficient for hauling up logs at the same the saw was in operation, animal power was also produced and applied to mechanical purposes, an ancient white bull being used to haul up the logs; hence the origin of the name of the bull-wheel in a saw-mill.

One evening in the autumn of 1848, after a heavy rain, George Ruddiman heard the water escaping through the dam, and on returning to the house after examining it, told the men that in the morning they must cut some brush and stop the leak. About two hours afterwards, he visited the dam again, finding that the break had increased, and then said that it would be necessary to haul some sand in order to repair the break. On going out in the morning to begin work, there was nothing to be seen of the mill, the log slide or the dam; even the engine and machinery had been carried out into Muskegon Lake. The next winter a portion of the present steam saw-mill was built by George Ruddiman, on the site of the present mill. This has since been considerably enlarged and improved.

In 1847, S. J. Green built a water mill at the mouth of Green Creek, on the north side of Muskegon Lake. It was run for several years, but with rather indifferent success. At length it got out of repair, and finally went into decay, and has never been rebuilt.

The mill now known as the Chapin & Foss mill, was commenced in 1848, by Wm. Lasley and G. T. Woodbury, the latter having a quarter interest, and completed and started in the spring of 1849, Marshall W. Lloyd sawing the first lumber that was made in the mill, he being employed there at the time. Mr. Lasley sold the mill in 1852 to Chapin, Marsh & Foss; Mr. Marsh afterwards disposing of his interest to his partners.

In 1849, John Ruddiman built a steam saw-mill on the north side of Muskegon lake, on the site now occupied by the Torrent & Arms mill. He continued to run the mill until 1862, when it went into the hands of Anson Eldred, after a closely contested suit in regard to the title. The mill burned soon after, and was replaced by a large mill built by James Farr, Jr., under the superintendence of L. H. Foster. The property was sold in 1871, to Torrent & Arms, and the second mill on the site was burned in 1872. The mill now belonging to this firm was erected soon after. The mills built on this site seem to have been rather unfortunate in regard to fires and lawsuits, whose effects upon property are about equally destructive.

The foregoing includes all the saw-mills built on Muskegon lake prior to 1850. There were three mills on the lake in 1840, whose aggregate sawing capacity per day of twelve hours was about 13,000 feet.

In 1850, there were six mills now on the lake, having an aggregate sawing capacity of about 60,000 feet. During the next ten years, ten mills were put in operation on the lake, with the following capacity:

C. Davis & Co.	38,000	Trowbridge & Wing	22,000
Eldred, Way & Co.	20,000	J. C. Holmes & Co.	15,000
Ryerson & Morris (Bay mill)	36,000	Durkee, Truesdell & Co.	38,000
Smith, Fowler & Co.	20,000	L. G. Mason & Co.	36,000
Brown & Trowbridge	16,000	J. & H. Beidler	35,009

OLD MILLS STILL RUNNING.

Ryerson & Morris (Upper mill)	24,000	John Ruddiman	36,000
George Ruddiman	15,000		

Not only has the sawing capacity of the mills been increased, but the number of men required to perform the labor has been proportionately lessened. In 1860 it required a man for each 1,000 feet sawed per day, while at the present time the daily product is, on an average, something more than 2,000 feet for each man. This result is to a large extent due to the valuable improvements made in the machinery used in the mills.

There are twenty-six mills on the lake at the present time, with the capacity per day as follows:

Rutherford, Anderson & Co.	70,000	McGraft & Montgomery	40,000
Wilson & Boyce	75,000	E. Torrent	30,000
C. Davis & Co.	80,000	A. V. Mann & Co.	75,000
Ryerson, Hills & Co.	48,000	Alex. Rodgers	65,000
Chapin & Foss	40,000	Kelley, Wood & Co.	75,000
Mason Lumber Co.	130,000	E. Eldred & Co	80,000
Bigelow & Bros.	70,000	A. M. Allen & Co.	30,000
G. R. Roberts & Hull	130,000	C. D. Nelson & Co.	120,000
C. H. Hackley & Co.	150,000	Ryerson, Hills & Co.	90,000
Beidler Manufacturing Co.	130,000	Torrent & Ducey	30,000
White, Swan & Smith	80,000	Baudry, Vallicott & Co.	40,000
Bushnell, Walworth & Reed	60,000	Farr, Dutcher & Co.	40,000
Montague, Hamilton & Co.	120,000	Torrent & Arms	150,000

INFLATED CURRENCY.

The first attempt at running logs down the river, was made in 1839, by John A. Brooks; the logs having been cut a few miles above Croton. The "drive" finally reached Muskegon, but after a great outlay for clearing the river, and the men employed celebrated the event by buying and drinking a barrel of whisky, which then cost about sixteen cents per gallo... The whisky was common property, but in order to assume an appearance of "business," they fitted up a counter on a stump, and one of the number having a silver quarter dollar, commenced by treating the company, one of them tending bar; this bar-tender then took the money and came outside and treated the company, another taking his place as bar-tender. This was continued several days, until the whisky disappeared. There was an annual carousal for a few days on the arrival of the big "drive," until the village "lock-up" was erected in 1861, after which the officers became able to suppress it.

EARLY SETTLERS.

Until 1834, the Indian traders had been accustomed to come to Muskegon Lake, in the autumn, and buy furs and traffic with the Indians during the winter, and go away in the spring, taking with them all their movable effects. At the latter date, Lewis B. Baddean having secured the interest of Mr. Daily in his log building, established a trading post, and became a permanent settler of Muskegon. He was of French descent and was born at Three Rivers, near Montreal, in Canada. Mr. Baddeau afterwards made a pre-emption claim on lot two of section nineteen, on which his trading post stood, being that part of the city lying west and north of a line running from the Chapin & Foss Mill to the old cemetery, and thence to the Bigelow & Brother's Mill. And on the 31st of July, 1839, after the land came into market, he made a regular entry of the lot. He continued to trade with the Indians until 1840, and in 1845, having become embarrassed in business, and having lost most of his property, he went to Newaygo to live, and afterwards to the Dam, on Muskegon River, where he died soon after.

The second settler on Muskegon Lake was Joseph Troutier, who erected a building in 1835, of hewn timber, near the White, Swan & Smith mill, which he occupied as a trading post for several years. Mr. Troutier was born in Mackinac, August 9, 1812, where he resided until his settlement in Muskegon. He continued the Indian trade several years at this place, and then removed to the Dam, where he still resides. In 1836, Mr. Troutier went with the Indians to Washington, and assisted in forming the treaty by which the Indian title to the land in the part of Michigan lying north of Grand River was obtained. Mr. Troutier remembers many interesting incidents in the early history of Western Michigan, and often remarks that "me and my wife the first white man in Muskegon."

Wm. Lasley was of French origin; was born in Pennsylvania, but spent his early life in Mackinac, and settled in Muskegon in the autumn of 1835, having built a trading post near where is now the corner of Western avenue 'and Seventh street. He continued to trade with the Indians for several years, and eventually brought on goods suitable for the trade of the early settles, sometimes keeping a stock valued at $20,000. In 1852, he sold the mill that he had previously built, and retired from business, and died the next year.

Martin Ryerson was born on a farm near Patterson, New Jersey, January 6, 1818. In 1834, having become satisfied that the fortune that he had even then determined to acquire, was not to be easily and readily obtained at farming, he started for Michigan, which, at that time, was regarded as the Eldorado. When he reached Detroit, his funds were exhausted, and he was obliged to stop and obtain employment for a time before he could proceed. After a few months, he started again, and reached Grand Rapids in September of the same year, and soon after went into the employ of Richard Godfroy, at which place he remained until May, 1836, when he left and came to Muskegon. On his arrival at this place, he went into the employ of Joseph Troutier, and engaged in the Indian trade, which he continued three years; was then employed by T. Newell & Co., which firm then carried on the same business. In October, 1841, Mr. Ryerson and S. J. Green made a contract with T. Newell to run his mill for two years. After the expiration of this term, Mr. Ryerson made an arrangement to run the mill on a salary for another two years. In September, 1845, Mr. Ryerson, in company with J. H. Knickerbocker, bought Mr. Newell's interest in the mill, and became a mill owner. This fact, however, did not change his style of living, or lessen the amount of labor he performed. During the first year that he owned the interest in the mill, he often worked eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, filling any place where a vacancy might chance to occur, or where his services were the most needed. Mr. Ryerson's practical experience rendered him a competent judge of the men in his employ, and he "expected every man to do his duty." An incident that once occurred at his mill may not be uninteresting. One day a man who was employed in moving a pile of cull lumber, was carrying a few pieces and going and returning at a very slow pace. Mr. Ryerson observing this, called out to him to throw down his little load. The man stood a minute with a surprised look, without doing so. On Mr. Ryerson's repeating the order with increased emphasis, he threw it down. He then told him to go and sit in the shade and rest himself until he was able to take and carry a load as a man ought to carry it. It is useless to say that the rest was not required.

As an instance of the hardships and privations endured by the early settlers, Mr. Ryerson relates the following experience: In September, 1839, he started on foot to go to Grand Rapids to attend "Indian payment." The ordinary route at the time was by the beach of Lake Michigan to Grand Haven, thence up Grand River. Mr. Ryerson, however, went through what is since the township of Ravenna, although there was then no road or settlement on the way, excepting along the first five miles west of Grand Rapids. He kept his course by a pocket compass, crossed Crockery Creek somewhere near where is now the village of Ravenna, and stopped for the night about ten miles beyond. He made a brush tent, built a fire and roasted a coon that he had caught during the day and brought with him, and made his supper from it without salt or water, and then slept soundly on his brush bed. The remainder of the coon served for his breakfast in the morning, after which he pursued his journey, reaching Grand Rapids early in the day and without feeling any particular fatigue.

The following incident was related to the writer by Mr. R., and shows the manner of enforcing a rule of the early settlers requiring a uniformity in dress; a rule which prohibited the wearing of "stove-pipe" hats and white shirts. A young man from Grand Rapids, one day made his appearance on the "streets" of Muskegon wearing these contraband articles of dress, and who, by the way, was putting on numerous airs in consequence. A mock court was soon organized, a complaint was made against him for horse-stealing; he was arrested, examined, and bound over to Circuit Court. The constable started with him for the jail (a log stable) and on the way he was allowed to escape, as had been pre-arranged. The fellow ran for the woods at a rate of speed that would have astonished a deer, while the whole town followed him, yelling at the top of their voices, and pretending to try to overtake him. That hat was never seen in Muskegon again.

Mr. Ryerson removed to Chicago in 1851, where he has since resided, excepting about five years which he spent with his family in Europe.

Theodore Newell was a native of Connecticut, and settled in Mukegon in 1836. He lived here a few years and then removed to Chicago, and afterwards to Kenosha, Wis., and thence to Chicago again, where he died in 1869.

Henry Penoyer came from the East, and settled in 1836 at the mouth of Muskegon Lake, his object in locating at that place being to secure a claim to the land in that vicinity, as it was then supposed that the future city of Muskegon would be built on the sand hills near the mouth. He and his brother, Augustus Penoyer, built a mill the same year at Penoyer Creek, a few miles above Newaygo. Mr. P. left Muskegon soon after, and removed to Grand Haven. He now lives at Nunica.

Samuel Rose was born in Granville, Mass., in 1817, and came to Grand Rapids in 1836, where he met Augustus Penoyer, who was then getting ready to build a mill at Penoyer Creek, a few miles above Newaygo. He made an agreement to work for Mr. P., and started with some other men to go through the woods to the place where they were to work. There being no road, and not keeping the right direction, they got lost and were out five days before they reached Muskegon River. Then, thinking they were above Newaygo, they started down the stream, and after a time came to Muskegon Lake. After obtaining some provisions, they started up the river, and passing the site of the village of Newaygo (at which place there was then no settlement), reached their destination. Mr. Rose has continued to reside on Muskegon River; sometime at Muskegon, or at others up the river—his present residence is near Newaygo.

George W. Walton was born January 3, 1812, in Essex county, N. Y. In 1833, he removed to Chicago, and settled in Muskegon in May, 1837. During his early residence here, he was very active in public matters; was supervisor of the township for several years, having been first elected in 1847, and was also the first postmaster of Muskegon. Mr. Walton removed to 1855, where he remained several years, and went thence to Nevada, where he died, in 1874.

Jonathan H. Ford was born in the State of New York. He settled in Muskegon in 1837, and built the mill at the mouth of Bear Creek. During his residence here he was elected one of the associate judges of the Ottawa County Court. He left Muskegon in 1845, and now resides in Wisconsin.

Thomas W. Dill and his wife—now Mrs. Susan Bohne—came to Muskegon in 1837, stopping here a few days, and then went to Penoyer's Mill, a few miles above the present village of Newaygo, where they lived one year. They then came down the Muskegon River to Mill Iron Point, where Mr. Dill built a house and lived two years. Here Minerva Dill, now Mrs. John Curry, was born, June 10th, 1838; the first white child born in the present limits of Muskegon county. In the spring of 1840, Mr. Dill and his family moved into the house previously occupied by Mr. Baddeau, near where the Rodgers Foundry now stands, and occupied it as a hotel and boarding-house. This was known as the Muskegon House, and was the first attempt at hotel keeping in Muskegon. After the death of Mr. Dill, in 1854, Mrs. Dill married Mr. Bohne, who has since died. Mrs. Bohne is still living in Muskegon, and is the oldest settler in Muskegon county.

Isaac D. Merrill was born in 1809, and settled in Muskegon in 1839. He has continued to reside on Muskegon river since that time, his present residence being at Bridgeton.

George Ruddiman was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, Sept. 29, 1815, and came to America in 1833, stopping one year in Pa.; when he came to Michigan, and has since resided most of the time in this State. He settled in Muskegon in April, 1840, and engaged as a millwright in repairing the mill at the mouth of Bear Lake. In 1841, he took charge of this mill; and in 1844, in company with his brother, John Ruddiman, he bought the property where the McGraft & Montgomery Mill now stands.

In 1840, Mr. Ruddiman attended the election in Muskegon, and voted for Gen. Harrison for President of the United States. Geo. Ruddiman built the first boat used for towing logs and vessels in Muskegon Lake. It was a small side-wheel steamer, and was called The Peggy. He now resides in the township of Muskegon.

George B. Woodbury was born in Worcester, Mass., and in 1837, removed to Michigan City, where he remained until October, 1840, when he left and settled in Muskegon, coming all the distance along the shore of Lake Michigan in a small boat. Soon after reaching Muskegon he obtained employment as engineer in the T. Newell & Co. mill. He continued this for several years, at the same time carrying on a blacksmith shop, where he employed his leisure time in making traps for the Indians and in doing other blacksmith work. This was the first shop of the kind in Muskegon, and the only one at the time north of Grand River.

Mr. Woodbury in those days was rather fond of a practical joke, as were most of the early settlers. The following is remembered as one of them: A man from Monroe, who was rather inclined to put on airs, came to Muskegon with a quantity of wildcat money which at that time was not entirely worthless, but was considerably depreciated in value; and thinking he was off in the woods among ignorant men, he endeavored to buy lumber with it at its par value. Samuel Rose, who happened to be up the river at the time, had a raft of lumber lying in the water near where the flouring mill now stands, and Mr.

Woodbury sold the raft to the Monroe man, agreeing to wait for his pay until the lumber was hauled out, at the same time telling everybody to keep the joke quiet. The man worked three days in the water and got out about 25,000 feet, when Mr. Rose returned and exposed the joke, when the man left town a somewhat wiser man, taking his wildcat with him.

Another joke was to the following effect played upon a loud talking new-comer, who had failed to become popular with the settlers. Mr. Woodbury one day said to Mr. Ryerson that it was too bad that that stranger should be eaten up in that way; that Mr. Green ought to suffer for it. The loud talker, as was intended, heard the remark, and immediately inquired in regard to the particulars. Mr. Woodbury, in reply, said "that Mr. Green had sent a stranger upon the hill alone to cut logs, and that the hodags had killed and eaten him, leaving nothing but his boots." He started at once for Mr. Green's house, to give him a terrible lecture. Mr. G. said it was one of Ryerson and Woodbury's jokes, but he would not believe it, and continued to blame him for thus allowing a stranger to expose himself. Mrs. Green endeavored to corroborate her husband's statement, when the loud talker said "he did not want her to put in her clack; she could not make him believe that Mr. Green was not to blame." The man was so much afraid of the imaginary animals, that he soon after left the town. Hence the origin of the term Hodags.

Samuel J. Green was born in Ohio, and settled in Muskegon in 1840, He died in May, 1858.

John H. Knickerbocker was born in 1815, at Watertown, N. Y. He settled in Muskegon in 1840, and died Aug. 26, 1856.

Richard Ryerson was born in Paterson, N. J., Feb. 9th, 1812, where he lived till he was about twenty years of age, when he removed to Western New York, where he lived until 1843, when he came and settled in Muskegon. He was engaged during the first years of his residence here at logging, at prices that would not be considered very good at the present time; sometimes selling good logs at $2 per thousand feet. Mr. Ryerson for several years kept the Walton House, the first frame hotel in Muskegon. He still resides in this city.

Alfred A. Maxim was born in Chautauqua county, N. Y., Jan. 26, 1820. Coming West in 1843, he made Kenosha, Wis., his first stopping place. In November of that year he started from Chicago for Grand Haven on a schooner, with two yoke of oxen and some men that he had employed, to seek his fortune at lumbering. The next day after reaching Grand Haven he started along the beach of Lake Michigan for Muskegon, there being at the time no road through the woods. They had not proceeded far when they came to a place where the driftwood had filled up the narrow space between the water and a high bank; and not being able to drive around, they were obliged to unload the wagons—part of the load being barrels of pork—take apart the wagons, and carry them and the contents over the hill. They then led the oxen around, and having yoked them and put the wagon together, loaded up and started again.

Mr. Maxim was entirely unacquainted with quicksand, and when driving along on the smooth sand at the mouth of Little Black Lake, the oxen began to sink, and before he could get upon dry land they had sunk so that their heads alone were visible. After great exertion they finally succeeded in rescuing the animals alive from their perilous situation. They left the beach at the mouth of Black Lake and went through the woods, taking their course by compass, and reached Muskegon Lake near where the A. V. Mann & Co. Mill is now situated. From thence they followed along up the lake and stopped at the Muskegon House, then kept by Mr. Dill. These wagons were the first ever driven into Muskegon. Mr. Maxim has been engaged in lumbering most of the time since, and has continued to reside on Muskegon River, his present home being in this city.

John Ruddiman was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, March 20, 1814, and came to this country in 1831. He lived four years in Pennsylvania, when he came to Michigan and lived a year in Detroit. In 1839 he removed to Wisconsin, where he remained until 1843, when he settled in Muskegon, where he has since continued to reside. In 1849 he built a mill on the north side of Muskegon Lake, in which, in 1850, he put in the first siding mill in use on the lake. He built a flouring mill at the mouth of Bear Lake in 1862—the first in operation on Muskegon Lake.

Elias W. Merrill was born in Falmouth, Me., October 2, 1812; came to Michigan in 1837, and settled in Muskegon in June, 1844. He has continued to reside here, excepting one year when he lived at Bridgeton, and one year in his native State. Mr. Merrill was elected to the Lower House of the State Legislature in 1856; was postmaster in 1861, State Senator in 1865, and postmaster a second time in 1869, holding the office till 1875.

Robert W. Morris was born in 1813, in the State of New York, and settled on the Muskegon River in 1842, and a few years after came to Muskegon. For a number of years he was an active business man, but his health having failed he retired from business in 1865, and removed to Grand Rapids, where he died May 5, 1866.

Ashley B. Furman was born in Saratoga county, N. Y., in Jan., 1819, and settled in Muskegon in 1845. Although he saw very much of the early history and settlement of Muskegon, it is doubtful whether a reply that he once made to the question, "How long had he known Muskegon River?" was strictly true. He said "he had known the river ever since it was a small stream; in fact since it was first laid out." Mr. Furman died Oct. 4th, 1872.

The foregoing are sketches of all of those who settled in Muskegon during the first ten years after the first settlement was made, so far as the writer has been able to learn. Some of these sketches are not as perfect as would be desirable, the necessary information not being accessible.

SETTLERS PREVIOUS TO 1860.

The following is a list of the persons who settled in Muskegon prior to the year 1860, so far as the writer has been able to obtain their names:

1846—James Graham, P. Blake.

1847—Charles Morton, Frank Young.

1848—Ezra Stevens, Nich. Petrie, C. Davis, Chas. Carmichael, E. A. Partridge, Mrs. Julia Witherell, Mrs. Fanny Shepherd, John Witherell, Mrs. Albert Hodge.

1849—Mrs. W. Lloyd, Mrs. Ellen Boyd, John Cameron, C. P. McSherry, E. H. Wylie, Dennis Garvey, Theo. Wilson, Nich. Kempff, P. J. Connell.

1850—Julius Bosksch, A. Towbridge, F. John Hetz, Jonathan Boyce, Thomas Mills, Fred Drixelius, Kister Werner, John Carmichael.

1851—David Blake.

1852—A. J. McHenry, Hubert Stein, J. D. Davis, Jacob Hetz, Charles T. Hills, Lars Larson, Fred Bowles, Edward Boyce, Raymond O'Harrow, M. S. Burge, Dennis Reardon.

1853—J. H. Swan, Charles W. Root, Wm. Glue, Peter Grossman.

1854—Ira O. Smith, P. Dowd, Henry Van Bambus, Ole Oleson, Wm. Kotelman, Nich. Schuler, Henry Jacob, John Bronson, Andrew Olson, Edward Ford.

1855—Alex Cotie, John W. Kent, Martin Kochlin, Peter Muhl, Capt. Henry Dobson, J. H. Hacley, Matthew Wilson, Henry H. Getty.

1856—L. G. Mason, S. D. Murray, R. P. Easton, Luman Hamblin, Gideon Truesdell, A. B. Miner, S. R. Sanford, F. Eimer, H. Riehle, J. W. Moon, John Torrent, Chas. H. Hackley, S. H. Stevens, Dr. A. Maurer.

1857—A. A. Bullock, M. F. Rainer, P. Schnorbach, Lewis M. Haines, John T. Dibble, Chas. D. Nelson, E. Potter, W. F. Wood, A. V. Mann, W. L. Ryan, Thos. Wheeler, W. H. Lewis, Bennett Ripley, Wm. Rutherford, Chas. Graves.

1858—Henry H. Holt, Wm. Pickett, George Schwegler, A. Rodgers.

1859—S. B. Peck, Geo. Armes, A. Mulder, J. Mulder, Geo. F. Outhwaite.

THE SCHOOLS.

The first school in Muskegon was a private one, taught by Miss Clark in the winter of 1848–9, in a room in the dwelling of Charles Martin. Among those now living in this county, who attended this school, are Henry Lasley, of Montague; William, August and Joseph Baddeau, of Holton; and Mrs. Minerva Curry, of this city. The first school-house erected was built by private subscription, in the autumn of 1849, on the corner of Clay avenue and Terrace street, where the Smith, Henderson & Co. wagon shop now stands. It was 20x30 feet, one story, and cost about $300. It was afterwards considerably enlarged, and was for several years the only school-house and place for religious services in the village. It was finally sold, removed, and converted into Holt's hall, which was destroyed in the great fire, August 1st, 1874. Wm. D. Holt taught in this school-house the first winter. Miss Roberts (afterwards the wife of Frank Cole) taught during the second winter and the summer following.

The first union school building was erected in 1860, while Thomas Wheeler was director of the district, This was replaced by the present building in 1875, which cost $60,000.

Miss Margaret McIntyre has been engaged in the public schools in this city, either as principal or first assistant, for fifteen years prior to the close of the last term, having been employed continuously excepting one year.

THE CHURCHES.

The first priest of the Roman Catholic Church who officiated in Muskegon after the town was settled, was Father Vizoski, of Grand Rapids, who came here in 1835, and held services in Lasley's house. Services were held here occasionally after that time, but nothing was done towards building a church until 1856, when Father Van Pamel, of Grand Rapids, commenced the work. The original building was completed and the first services held in it in 1857. It was known as St. Mary's Church. Since that time several additions and improvements have been made. The first resident priest in Muskegon was Father Stonehouse, who settled here in 1857. Father Rievers has occupied his present position eleven years.

In 1843 Rev. Mr. Warring, of the Presbyterian Church, made a visit to Muskegon, when Mr. Ryerson, having fitted up seats in his boarding house, went around and notified the people of the proposed service. The settlers were all present, including an old man who was very much under the influence of liquor. The minister was preaching when the man went in, and was saying something in regard to the Jews; and as the old man passed along he chimed in, "and Gentiles, too."

No notice was taken of this intrusion, and he took his seat on the stairs that led to the floor above. He soon, however, began to respond very loudly, not with the word amen, but instead the Indian on-in-day. Mr. Woodbury, who was sitting near, after making repeated attempts to keep him quiet, took him by the collar and pulled him up stairs, and the services proceeded in an orderly manner. At the close, a collection was taken, amounting to $7.50. This was the first Protestant service held in Muskegon.

From this time until 1850, several ministers who were here on a visit or otherwise, held services, several of whom came at the request of Rev. Wm. M. Ferry, of Grand Haven. Among them was the Rev. Mr. Wheeler, who came a number of times in the winter of 1844–5, and held services in the boarding-house occupied by Mr. Maxim. In the spring of 1850, an agreement was made with Rev. Mr. Reynolds, of the Congregationalist church, who lived at Lamont, to preach each alternate Sunday. The services were held in the school-house, and the arrangement was continued through the summer and part of the following winter; he being the first minister who had a regular appointment. Sleighs were unknown in Muskegon in those days, but C. Davis had a one-horse sled on which was a wood-rack, which he used occasionally when the snow was deep, in taking the ladies to church, accommodating as many as could stand in the rack.

The first M. E. minister who preached here regularly was Rev. Mr. Bennet, in 1854–5.

Rev. J. M. Pratt, of the M. E. church, settled in Muskegon as a minister in 1856, and soon after began to make arrangements for building a church. The Methodist church was commenced in the spring of 1857, and was so far advanced that the basement was used in the spring of 1858; but it was not fully completed until the spring of 1859, when the dedication services were held on the 9th day of June, Rev. J. K. Gillett at that time being the pastor. The church, including the bell, cost, as appears by the report of the building committee, $11,600.

The first resident Congregationalist minister of Muskegon was Rev. Mr. Payson, who settled here in 1857, and remained until 1859. In March, 1859, Rev. A. St. Clair located here and began to preach, and the Congregationalist society was organized soon after; the services being held, until 1863, in the basement of the M. E. church, at the same time the Methodist services were being held in the room above. In 1863, the Congregationalist church was built, costing about $7,000.

The original Dutch Reform church was built in 1859. This was a small building, and was sold and removed for a schoolhouse. The large Dutch Reform church was built in 1865.

The Dutch Reform church on Terrace street was built in 1866.

The Universalist church was built in 1865.

The Baptist church was built in 1871.

The Scandinavian Lutheran church was built in 1865.

St. Paul's Episcopal church was built in 1873.

The Danish Lutheran church was built in 1874.

The Swedish Lutheran church was built in 1875.

The first Sunday school organized in Muskegon was in 1852, by Mrs. E. W. Merrill, Mrs. J. H. Knickerbocker, Mrs. E. Huginin and Mrs. Chas. Odell. This was discontinued after a time, and a school was re-organized in 1854, by Fred. Bowles; Mrs. Elizabeth Bowles and some others assisting, since which date a Sunday school has been continually in existence in Muskegon.

POST OFFICE AT MUSKEGON.

In 1837, a post-office was established at the mouth of Muskegon River, and Henry Penoyer was appointed postmaster. who was to keep the post-office and bring the mail once a week from Grand Haven, for the proceeds of the office. In 1839, Mr. Penoyer was elected sheriff of Ottawa county, and was obliged to give up the post office, and Christopher Fryzine was appointed in his place—Penoyer doing the business as deputy. 1841, the office was removed to the head of the lake, and Geo. W. Waldron became postmaster. For the four years that Penoyer run the concern, the postage amounted to from $12 to $24 per quarter. The mail was carried as it happened—sometimes by an Indian and sometimes in Penoyer's pocket. All north received their mail from Muskegon.

The post office was kept in the old Walton House for several years, when it was removed to the old warehouse building, now standing near the Chapin and Foss mill. Here it also remained for several years, until John B. Wheeler was appointed postmaster, who removed the office to the small building on Water street, the second building north of T. Merrill's livery stable. The receipts of the office for the first year amounted to about $36.00. Previous to the organization of the Muskegon post-office, the nearest office was Grand Haven, where the mail matter for the Muskegon people was received. There was no regular arrangement for getting the mail from Grand Haven, and it was brought here by persons who might chance to go there, and occasionally an Indian or some other person was sent for the mail. During the first few years after the post-office was established, the mail was received from Grand Rapids *via* Ravenna once each week. After a time, the mail service was increased to three times per week, which continued until 1860, when, the Detroit & Milwaukee R. R. being completed, a daily mail route was established to Perrysburg.

THE PRESS.

There was no newspaper published in Muskegon until the spring of 1857, when Charles Cowen started the Muskegon *Journal*. It was Republican in politics, was published weekly in a room in the old Walton House. After a short time, Mr. Cowen took in Thomas H. Hodder as a partner, and the firm continued the publication of the paper until the autumn of the same year, when it was discontinued.

The next newspaper was the Muskegon *Reporter*, which was started in April, 1859, by Fred B. Lee & Co. This was also a Republican weekly, and was published until October, 1864, when it was discontinued. August 20, 1864, John Bole started the Muskegon *News*, which he published a few months, and then sold to Wm. K. Gardner, who continued the publication until March, 1865, when he sold his interest to Ferdinand Weller. The latter soon after bought the press and type of the *Reporter* office, and revived that paper, publishing two papers. After a time they were united, and known as the

News and Reporter, which was published by Mr. Weller until December, 1869, when he sold the paper to Geo. C. Rice, who continued its publication as the Muskegon *Chronicle.* In August, 1870, Mr. Weller resumed the publication of the *News and Reporter.* The first Democratic paper started in Muskegon was the Muskegon *Telegraph*, which was succeeded by the Muskegon *Enterprise* and *Gazette and Bulletin*, the latter being discontinued Sept. 9, 1873. Charles S. Hilbourn established the Democratic *Lakeside Register* in the fall of 1873, and still continues its publication.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The first physician who settled in Muskegon was Dr. Chas. P. McSherry, in 1849.

The first attorney was Edwin Potter, in 1857; the second attorney was Henry H. Holt, in 1858. The latter was elected prosecuting attorney of Ottawa county, of which Muskegon then formed a part, the same year.

Samuel R. Sanford was elected sheriff of Ottawa county in 1858.

R. O'Harrow has been general manager in the mill of C. Davis & Co. since January, 1854, a length of time in one position not exceeded by that of any person in Muskegon.

The first banking office in Muskegon was started by Capt. T. J. Rand in 1859. He also erected the building in 1867 now occupied by the Lumberman's National Bank, which was the first brick building in Muskegon.

Muskegon county was organized in the winter of 1859, from territory detached from Ottawa county. C. Davis, E. W. Merrill, R. W. Morris were very active in securing the passage of the act, there being a very decided opposition to the measure. The first election of county officers was held on the fourth of April of that year, when James H. Lobdell was elected sheriff; E. H. Wylie, county clerk; J. D. Davis, county treasurer; C. D. Nelson, register of deeds; Jesse D. Pullman, judge of probate; Henry H. Holt, prosecuting attorney, and Edwin Potter, circuit court commissioner.

The officers entered on the discharge of the duties of their several offices on the first of June following, when the new county commenced its existence.

The first meeting of the board of supervisors was held in the office of Henry H. Holt, on the 18th of July, 1859, when E. W. Merrill represented the township of Muskegon; I. O. Smith, Norton; Nathan Whitney, Casnovia; and Thomas D. Smith, Ravenna. E. W. Merrill was elected chairman of the board. The first business transacted was the detaching of a part of Muskegon township and organizing the same into the township of Eggleston.

The supervisors of the townships of White River and Dalton refused to meet with the board, claiming that the organization of the county was illegal and void. I. E. Carleton, the supervisor from Oceana township, was afterwards prosecuted for neglect of official duty. A statement of facts was agreed upon and submitted to a jury, which found him guilty upon a special verdict; whereupon Judge Littlejohn, who was the first Judge of the county, imposed a small fine. Mr. Carleton then took the case to the Supreme Court—as it was understood that he would when a decision was rendered—which sustained the organization, the court being equally divided.

The first representative in the State Legislature in Muskegon was Chauncey Davis, who was elected in 1860 and was re-elected in 1862.

The village of Muskegon was incorporated in 1861, and the first election was held in the basement of the M. E. Church, on the 8th of July of that year, when Lyman G. Mason was elected president; E. Potter, R. W. Morris, C. P. Bigelow and Thos. Mills, trustees; Robt. McQueen, recorder; Luman Hamblin, marshal; C. D. Nelson, treasurer, and Henry H. Holt, village attorney.

An act was passed by the Legislature in 1869, incorporating the city of Muskegon, and the first election was held on the fourth day of April, 1870. The first officers of the city government were Chauncey Davis, mayor; C. C. Chamberlain, recorder; A. C. Truesdell, treasurer, and W. P. Odell and R. O'Harrow, aldermen of the first ward; J. H. Landreth and Alex. Rodgers, aldermen of the second ward; and Chas. Kreig and Dennis Riordan, aldermen of the third ward.

MUSKEGON HARBOR.

The harbor at the mouth of Muskegon River and Lake, remained in its natural condition until the year 1863, when the work of improving it was begun. Until this time, at the best stage of the water, there was scarcely ever more than six feet on the bar; oftener not more than four or five feet; and at times, after a strong wind from the southwest, the sand would be drifted in so that men have waded across. In 1863, a corporation called the Muskegon Harbor Company, was organized under the provisions of a law of this State, for the purpose of improving the channel. This company built a slab pier on each side of the channel, the south pier being 1,500 feet long, and the north pier about 500 feet. The first superintendent was J. H. Hackley. Afterwards, L. G. Mason was the superintendent and completed the work done by the company. Previous to the building of the piers there was no well-defined channel, the water of the river spreading in every direction on reaching Lake Michigan. As a consequence, whatever there was of a channel, was very changeable as well as crooked, and even after the piers were commenced the water did not flow directly into the lake. To obviate this difficulty, the superintendent resorted to the somewhat novel expedient of boring a channel through the sand. To accomplish this, he chartered the propeller Caldwell to force her way backwards from Lake Michigan into Muskegon Lake, agreeing to pay $1,500 for the job. The revolutions of the wheel cleared away the sand so that the propeller continually "advanced backwards," but so slowly that the Captain, at one time, was inclined to relinquish his undertaking; but on endeavoring to return into Lake Michigan, he found that so much of the sand that he had displaced, had settled behind the propeller that she could not move in that direction, and his only course was to go into Muskegon Lake, turn around and then bore out again. The result was that the current of the river was so strong that it afterwards kept the straight channel to Lake Michigan open.

This company was composed entirely of those interested in the Muskegon lumber business, and expended altogether about $40,000, all of which was donated towards this improvement.

Congress soon after began to make appropriations for the same purpose—the result of all which is, that this harbor is undoubtedly the best on Lake Michigan, there being at the present time sixteen feet of water on the bar.

The current of the river is so strong that the channel never freezes over. Even in the cold winter of 1874 it did not freeze, and had it not been for the ice on Lake Michigan, vessels could have entered at any time and run up to Muskegon Lake, a distance of nearly a mile.

CONCLUSION.

Among those who were born in Muskegon and are still residents of Muskegon county, are Mrs. John Curry, Mrs. Horatio Hovey, James and George Graham of Muskegon; and Mrs. A. G. Smith, of Lakeside; S. H. Lasley, of Montague; and William, Augustus, Michael and Joseph Baddeau, of Holton.

In closing this imperfect sketch of the early history of Muskegon, the writer wishes to express his obligations to Messrs. M. Ryerson, C. Davis, M. W. Lloyd, George B. Woodbury, R. O'Harrow, Geo. Ruddiman, A. A. Maxim, R. Ryerson, and Mrs. Susan Bohne, Mrs. Julia Witherell, Mrs. Fanny Shepherd and many others, for valuable assistance rendered in furnishing information.

GLEANINGS.

Thus far Mr. Holt is the historian of Muskegon. That his work has been well done the citizens of Muskegon attest. The gleanings after him are comparatively meager.

HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS AND SHIPPING.

Before the United States took the matter in hand, individuals built about 1,000 feet of slab pier on the south pier, and and about 500 feet on the north. The improvements made by the United States at the harbor consist in building about 500 feet of stone cribs and 300 feet of piling on the south pier, and about the same of each on the north.

The clearances from this port in 1875 were 2,577; aggregate tonnage, 526,194. Of these 250 were steamer, and 250 barges.

The first railroad, in 1869.

A lighthouse was built in 1855. That was torn down, and the present one erected in 1871.

SOCIETIES.

The Muskegon Chapter, No. 47, R. A. M.—Organized Jan. 8th, 1867, with 15 charter members.

Muskegon Commandery, No. 22—Instituted June 3d, 1868, with 12 members.

Muskegon Lodge, No. 92, of I. O. O. F.—Date of organization, April 16th, 1863; 20 charter members; first lodge organized.

Germania Lodge, No. 179—Organized Jan. 25th, 1872; 5 charter members.

Lovell Moore Lodge—Organized Jan. 18th, 1866; 10 members. Named in compliment to the Masonic Oracle, at Grand Rapids.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Organized Sunday evening, April 24th, 1870. Constituent members:

Samuel Ingham; Anson Clayton, Dudley D. Wheeler, Mrs. E. B. Wheeler, Mrs. Eliza E. Barnes, Mrs. Hannah Martin, Mrs. Carrie Burgess, Mrs. Jane Bartlett, Mrs. Mary Clayton, Mrs. Elvira Butterfield, Mrs. Carrie Nelson, Mrs. Elvira Benton, Mrs. Sarah A. Merrill, Miss Jennie E. Mason, Miss Ella L. Mason, Edward H. Wilson, Mrs. Jennie A. Wilson, Annie Blackmer, Hiram M. Beals, Augustus I. Loomis.

A. I. Loomis was chosen Clerk. Twenty members.

During the first year services were held in Holt's Hall and Leonard's Hall.

The present church edifice cost $2,000; was dedicated the 28th of May, 1871.

Rev. J. F. Hill became pastor the 1st of September, 1870, and has ever since held that relation.

Rev. J. R. Monroe, Rev. C. C. Miller and Rev. L. Parmelee had preached occasionally before the settlement of Mr. Miller.

Present membership, 88 (1876).

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Organized 1855. First members: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ainsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Bowles,—5.

Pastors, and dates: 1855, L. M. Bennett; 1856–7, Rev. Mr. Pratt; 1858, part of year, Rev. Mr. Kent; 1858–9, D. D. Gillett; 1860, part of year, J. N. Dayton; 1860–1, L. W. Earl; 1862, A. P. Moors; 1863, H. Caldwell; 1864–5, H. A. Pattison; 1866, W. W. Rork; 1867–8, G. D. Lee; 1869, J. L. Child; 1870, G. S. Hickey; 1871, W. W. Baldwin; 1872–3–4, J. Graham; 1875–6, C. L. Burnhart.

Building erected, 1857, at cost of about $12,000.

Present number of members, 123.

REFORMED CHURCH.

In 1856, five Dutch families began to meet on Sundays for worship. The number increased, and a church building, 30x60, was erected, the material of which was donated by Americans. In 1859, a church was organized. Rev. A. Honbolt became pastor in 1864; succeeded in 1872 by Rev. Jacob Vander Meuler, who still ministers to the church.

In 1865, a new church was built, which was enlarged in 1873. Value of church property, $12,000.

Numbers—209 families; 218 communicants; 230 catechumen; 220 Sabbath School children.

TRUE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH.

Date of organization—October 26, 1867.

Original members—Jacob Temple, E. N. Van Baalen, J. Medema, John Boersema, G. Heeres, Joe. Mulder, C. Knipers, D. Sherda, M. Alting, J. Pothof, W. Schnitema, Jac. Boogema, John Waaltens, O. Timmer, P. Kniper, W. Baker, S. Langeland, J. Pasma, E. Langeland.

Pastors—Rev. L. Rietdyk, arrived March 1, 1870, left February 29, 1872. Rev. D. J. Vander Werp, arrived Aug. 26, 1872, died April 1, 1876. No pastor at present.

The first year after their organization they built a little church on Apple street, but had to move it the next year, because the railroad company laid the track through the adjoining lot. It was moved to 263 and 265 Terrace street; in 1872 there was an addition built to it, and also a new house for the pastor. Value, about $3,500.

Four hundred, being in a fair condition, and constantly increasing.

By J. D. Vander Werp, Member.

Two documents are lying before the writer—the one, the commission of Christopher Fryzine, as postmaster at Muskegon, dated April 29th, 1839, with the signature of Amos Hendall; the other, the first tax-roll of Muskegon, then a part of Ottawa county. From it may be seen the taxable wealth of the county at that date, and who were the *solid men*.

TAX ROLL OF 1839.

Names and property taxed: Joachim Lansdak, $185; John Nait (or Nail), $60; James Banks, $105; John Jackson, $105; Henry Penoyer, $165; Wm. Bailey, $75; Joseph Trottier, $260; B. H. Wheelock, $3,000; Wm. Lasley, $1,910; Geo. Cown, $30; Joseph Stannock, $110; Louis B. Badeu, $1,850; T. Newell & Co., $1,683. Total, $8,938. Signed, E. Wilcox, J. K. Newcomb, C. Fryzine. Dated, May 20th, 1839.

THE BRANDED HAND.

There lives, six miles from Muskegon, an aged and respectable farmer, by the name of Jonathan Walker, who is known as the man with the *branded hand*—as he bears, burnt into the palm of his hand, the letters "S. S.," (slave stealer.) In 1843, he was arrested on the coast of Florida, while attempting to run off some slaves in a boat; was put in jail, tried, sentenced to pay a fine, be branded in the hand, and stand one hour in the pillory, where he was pelted with rotten eggs. His history was published by the Anti-Slavery Society, and was what gave the inspiration to Whittier's poem, "The Branded Hand."

> "Welcome home again, brave seaman,
> With thy thoughtful brow and gray."

Get the book and read it. It is too long to copy here. It *may* teach you to appreciate poetry and Whittier.

HOLLAND.

The colonization of the region around Black Lake by Hollanders, is an important item in the history of Michigan. Begun in the spirit of the old Puritans, its results so far have been felt in the Netherlands and in America.

Some account of the movement which resulted in the settlements in Michigan, is given, on the authority of the Rev. Vander Meuler, in connection with the sketch of the history of Zeeland. For the early history of Holland, we have availed ourselves of the laboriously prepared paper of G. Van Schelven, Esq., read July 4th, 1876. Mr. Van Schelven has zealously and carefully collected his information; it has stood the test of criticism, having been delivered to the public, and published in the papers. We are happy to state that he is preparing to publish a more full and circumstantial history. By what he has done, he has placed the colonists and history under obligations, and secured for himself perpetual remembrance as the historian of the Holland settlement. It is unnecessary to speak of the value of this paper—it speaks for itself, and will in future be *the* authority.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF HOLLAND CITY AND COLONY.

BY G. VAN SCHELVEN, ESQ.

In the winter of 1845–6 a meeting of the leading men, favoring emigration, was held in Amsterdam. The times were exceedingly hard, and growing more and more oppressive for the laboring classes, with little or no prospects of their improvement, and it was felt that something should be done for their relief. The meeting appointed a committee to wait upon the Government with a proposition to colonize in the Dutch East Indies, and locate upon the highlands of Java. The reply was that the Government had no authority to sanction such a movement upon the religious basis on which it was proposed. The Cape of Good Hope was the next point which received their attention, and lastly America was considered.

In the summer of 1846, the Rev. Thomas DeWitt, D. D., of New York, was sent by the General Synod of the Reformed (Dutch) Church of America, on an official mission to Holland. The extent to which this visit has been instrumental in turning the projected emigration toward America, is difficult to ascertain. Judging from subsequent events, however, it must have had a marked effect upon the inquiring minds of the leaders. In his report to the General Synod, in 1847, he says: "When in Holland, I received information of a rising spirit of emigration to America, and especially among the (*afgescheidenen*) seceders from the established church. * * Soon two important colonies from this class will be founded in the West."

During the spring of 1846, and before any organization or system of emigration had been perfected, two persons, Messrs. A. Hartgerink and J. Arnold, started for this country. Their friends fitted them out for the voyage, and the deacons of the church collected money and clothing for them. They were sent out to make a preliminary examination here and report to the brethren in the old country. Ds. Van Raalte gave them the necessary letters of introduction to Dr. De Witt and others. After their arrival they forwarded an extended account of their trip and observations here, which account was favorably received in Holland. It was a voluminous document, the postage on the same amounting to eleven guilders.

Emigration to America now began to be generally discussed and agitated, and the mind was permanently fixed upon "the West." Texas, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa were among the favorite localities.

On the 14th day of September, 1846, an American vessel, the "Southerner," of Boston, Capt. Crosby, weighed anchor at Rotterdam, and carried across the Atlantic the first emigrants destined for this settlement. As they constituted the first Holland pioneers of this colony, we have secured the names of nearly all of them:

Alberhus C. Van Raalte, Hendrick Oldemeyer, Frans Smit, Jan Laarman, Egbert Van Zee, Jan Karman, Jan Klaasen, Hendrick De Kruif, Bernardus Grootenhuis, J. Dunnewind, Willem Notting, — Van den Boogaart, Evert Zagers, Egbert Freriks, Hendrick Kok, Herman Lankheet.

Most of them were heads of families. After a voyage of forty-seven days they arrived at New York on the 4th day of November, 1846, from where they left by steamer for Albany; thence *via* Buffalo and Cleveland to Detroit. Here the party scattered for a time, in order to enable Ds. Van Raalte to decide upon his location.

In New York Ds. Van Raalte was welcomed by Rev. Dr. De Witt, Mr. Forrester and others, friendly to the Hollanders and their cause. The same can be said of many more in the different cities along his travels; Rev. Drs. Wyckoff and Bethune at Albany; Rev. Dr. Duffield, Hon. Theodore Romeyn, Rev. Mr. West, Gen. Cass and Hon. C. C. Trowbridge, at Detroit; Rev. Mr. Hoyt at Kalamazoo; Judge Kellogg at Allegan, and others.

Owing to the close of navigation, and satisfactory information obtained at Detroit, it was resolved to abandon the heretofore quite prevailing preference for Wisconsin and proceed to Western Michigan. The motives leading to this selection on the part of Ds. Van Raalte are perhaps best described by himself in a translated extract from his oration delivered in 1872, on the quarter-centennial celebration of the settlement of the colony

"Although the Americans recommended the localities near rivers, and in general deemed it too great a hazard to settle here; although the Hollanders avoided the forests, occasioning a great struggle to subject my family and myself to the inconviences of such pioneering; nevertheless, the combination of so many advantages, although at first they could be but slowly developed, left me no doubt as to what my duty was. I knew that the rich forest soil is better fitted for the dairy, and for winter wheat; that owing to the manufacturing interests and navigation, by far higher market prices could be obtained here than at any place in the West; and that the country near the shore of Lake Michigan was protected by the water from severe frosts, and pre-eminently a region adapted for fruit. I could find no place where similar to those regions along the inhabited rivers, lined with manufactories and mills, where the tens of thousands could find work without danger of being scattered, and where, at the same time, we were certain of an opportunity to continually secure land, without any interference, for a group of settlements. I chose this region, with much decision, on account of its great variety, being assured that if the Holland emigration should develop into a power, we ought to remain together for mutual support, and ought to have this variety for labor and capital, especially for future growth. *

"The object of my settling between the Kalamazoo and Grand Rivers was to secure the advantages of both these rivers—for we could not get along without the settled regions—and at the same time to establish a center for a united and spiritual life and labor for God's Kingdom."

In company with Judge Kellogg, of Allegan, and an Indian guide, following an Indian trail, Ds. Van Raalte arrived here for the first time in the latter part of December, 1846. They landed at the house of Rev. G. N. Smith, a Presbyterian missionary among the Indians, located upon section 3, of the township of Fillmore. At this time, the only white settlers in this entire neighborhood, besides Ds. Smith, were I. Fairbanks, Esq., and G. Cranmer. Their nearest neighbor was Mr. A. Shorno, on section 26, township of Fillmore. Mr. Fairbanks lived next to Ds. Smith, and Mr. Cranmer on the farm now owned by Mr. Geerlings, northeast of the "Nykerk" Church.

Having satisfied himself as to the exact location of lake, river and harbor, and having determined upon the site for the village, Ds. Van Raalte, in January, 1847, returned to Detroit, to collect his little band. During his absence he had procured work for the men at St. Clair, where a steamboat was being built. His own family had remained at Detroit. That same month they packed up and proceeded via Kalamazoo to Allegan, where they met with great hospitality, especially at the hands of Judge Kellogg. After remaining here for a few days making the necessary preparations for their outfit, the party started for Black Lake. The women and children remained at Allegan with the exception of Mrs. Grootenhuis, who volunteered to be the cook for the party. They were again accompanied by an Indian guide and Judge Kellogg. Mr. Geo. S. Harrington, Sr., also came down with them and drove the ox-team. The trip from Allegan to Rev. Smith's house was made in one day. Here they arrived, as near as we can ascertain, on the 12th of February, 1847. Rev. Smith received these men with the greatest of hospitality, and, together with Mr. Fairbanks, aided materially toward fitting these pioneers for the difficult and unknown task before them.

Arrangements had been made at Allegan through Judge Kellogg, whereby in a few days they were followed by a party of Americans, who were to remain a while, and learn them how to chop trees, build log houses, and make roads, many of them not even knowing how to connect the ax with the helve. The Indian church, located near Rev. Smith's house, served as lodging place.

The first work was the opening of a road from Mr. Fairbanks' place to the head of Black Lake. They followed a line running between sections 33 and 34, and 28 and 27, T. 5, N. 15 W. At the latter place they found that the cedar swamp was a serious obstacle in their way, and they resolved before proceeding any further to put up their first quarters on the hill near the house of Mrs. W. Van Der Haar, on section 28 of same town. Two log sheds were built 16x30 feet, with brush roofs. This hill is among the most interesting spots of our early history. Here they lost the first member of their little band; here the first child was born to the colonists, and for a long while afterwards these sheds served as receiving barracks for the new comers.

The women and children who had been left at Allegan, were now sent for, and they also took up their quarters in the log shanties. It is but proper and just to mention the favors and kindness bestowed upon these families during their stay at

Allegan, and it is not without regret that we have failed to ascertain their names.

During that same winter, another small party of immigrants had reached Albany, N. Y. They were advised to come on West, and reached here about the 10th of March, 1847. They numbered some fifteen strong, and among them we find the names of G. J. Hofman, W. Kremer, Plasman, Kolvoort and Slaghuis.

For weeks and months, now, the colonists applied themselves to the making of roads. From the log sheds, the road was continued along the farm of Ds. Van Raalte through the present city to the head of Black Lake and the "Indian Village," so-called.

The next arrival was also in the month of March. A party of immigrants, numbering nearly one hundred, had arrived at St. Louis, and were anxiously awaiting the development of the colonization schemes then pending in Michigan and in Iowa, and not only for their own guidance but also for the information of the hundreds who were to follow that year. This St. Louis party appointed a committee of three to come out here and prospect, and selected as such Messrs. T. Keppel, H. Van der Haar and J. Binnekant. They arrived here March 17, 1847, making their way via Peoria, Chicago, Niles and Allegan. Having become satisfied with the prospects, Mr. Keppel returned to St. Louis with a favorable report, and the party arrived here in the month of May, 1847. The season having far enough advanced, they made the trip via Chicago and Grand Haven, stopping for a while at Port Sheldon, in the old and deserted buildings of the Port Sheldon Company, until the men had put up the necessary sheds for shelter at the mouth and at the head of the lake.

In the spring of 1847, Ds. Van Raalte had his house built, and brought his family from Allegan.

The winter they had just passed was a severe one; the snow had averaged over two feet deep. The supplies during that time were principally brought in from Allegan. Towards spring, most of the colonists began to look up lands and locate for themselves.

Before we break off this part of our sketch, we will give the following incidents connected with that memorable winter which they passed in these log sheds: The first child was born in the family of Mr. Laarman. The second was born in the family of Mr. Jan Schaap. Both were baptized together, by Ds. Van Raalte, in the open air in front of his house. The first death was that of Mrs. Notting; seven others died that winter at the log sheds. They lie buried, as near as can be ascertained, near the barn on the farm of Mrs. W. Van den Haar. The first marriage was that of Lambert Floris with Jantjen Meyerink.

The spring and summer of 1847 brought hundreds of immigrants from the old country, and it was extremely difficult to keep supplied with necessaries of life. What few gold "Willems" were still scattered between them went but a short way to provide for the first wants. Lumber had to be rafted at Saugatuck, and floated down all the way along lake Michigan and Black Lake. Provisions were brought in and carried on the back for a distance of ten and twenty miles.

As early as the summer of 1847, the colonists commenced to build their log church and finished it in part, that same fall. The building was located in the southwest corner of the present cemetery. It was built of logs, with a shingled roof, and was 35x60 feet. Its location there, was in order to accommodate the people settling in the country and perhaps also owing to the old country idea of having the church in the cemetery. When a few years afterwards the present First Reform Church was built, it took considerable argument to have it located in the village, where it now stands. The log church was also used for school and public meetings.

From the very beginning the settlers organized a system of public meetings, and the latter constitute a prominent part in the history of the Holland Colony, partaking somewhat of the character of the historical town-meeting in the early history of New England. The proceedings of these meetings during the winter of 1848, form a very interesting chapter in this sketch. For, inasmuch as the first township organization did not take place until 1849, and whereas for want of citizenship and the right to vote, the Hollanders were excluded from all active participation in public matters until the spring of 1851, they relied upon these meetings for an expression of their views and a discussion of matters generally. They desired some kind of government in which the various interests represented by them would receive due consideration in the spirit of their immigration; hence, they resolved themselves, as it were, into a small democracy, governing according to what a majority of them deemed to be promotive of the greatest good to the greatest number. These meetings, known as "*Volksvergadering*," took cognizance of all the religious, educational, social and public interests of the colony and the people. Roads and bridges were built, church and school organized and provided for, personal grievances settled, labor and wages regulated, etc.

The proceedings of these meetings during the year, 1847 are supposed to be lost; at least they are not within my reach. Many incidents of historical interest must have been recorded in that year.

The majority of the colonists who arrived in 1847 and 1848 landed at the mouth of Black Lake. Many of them made the entire trip from the Old Country here, by water, leaving New York *via* the Hudson river and Erie Canal to Buffalo, and thence around the lakes by steamers or vessels. Of the very first lumber brought in, enough was appropiated at the harbor to put up a large building ordered by the "*Volksvergadering*," as a sort of receiving depot for the accommodation of the new comers. This building was put up just south of the "old channel," under the direction of Messrs. T. Keppel, Rensink and H. J. Hesselink. Mr. C. Van der Veere was appointed agent to receive them and forward them to town. Many of those who arrived then did not remain, but went to Wisconsin and other points.

It was soon evident to the colonists that what little ground had been cleared up during the spring would not begin to raise sufficient supplies for their support during the next winter. Hence every cleared spot and old Indian clearing within a range of 10 or 15 miles was explored, and at the public meetings details were organized, under some competent man to cultivate them. The Port Sheldon clearings were assigned to Mr. Geo. S. Harrington, and they were used in this way for two seasons, to raise potatoes, corn and buckwheat, the bulk of which was carried in on the back.

Dependent to a great extent upon outside assistance for almost everything in the way of information and instruction, the colonists availed themselves of every opportunity which was offered. Thus it was ordered by the "*Volksvergadering*," that Mr. R. Schilleman should go to Saugatuck to inform himself of the American way of fishing.

In June, 1847, word was sent from Albany that a large delegation from the province of Zeeland, under the leadership of Rev. C. Vander Meulen and Mr. J. Van de Luyster, Sr., had arrived, and that after long and serious meditation they had decided to locate in Michigan. Several long sheds for their reception were put up at the head of Black Lake. The numbered about four hundred, and arrived here in the month of July, coming all the way by water, and occupying the quarters assigned to them, where they remained during the balance of the season in tents and temporary sheds. After prospecting and examining the territory east of us, they concluded to locate in township 5, range 14. Thus were laid the foundations of what is now the prosperous village and township of Zeeland.

The arrivals during the summer began to increase. A sharp rivalry in recruiting had sprung up between this colony and other localities in Wisconsin and Iowa where the Hollanders were settling. And right here allow me to state that it can never be truthfully said that as far as the present development of this colony and of the Hollanders is concerned, it is in no wise to be accredited to either the wealth or the intellectual attainment of the masses whose lots were cast here; but, to the contrary, let it be recorded as history, that the material prosperity, the intellectual development, and social elevation which has transferred the immigrant of 1847 into the American citizen of 1876, is due largely to the energy, forethought and general leadership of the founder of this colony.

By this time there was quite a population scattered along the shores of Black Lake. The Indian village, near the southeastern limits of the city, was also a prominent landing-place. The log-houses, built by the Indians, were of great service to the newly arrived immigrants; and, as it appears, there never has been any trouble between the Red man and the Dutchman.

As the number of colonists increased, the demand for provisions and supplies became greater. In view of this fact and the coming winter, a public meeting of all the settlers, including the Zeelanders, was held, to devise ways and means in that direction. It was proposed to appoint a suitable committee to go East and buy a large stock of provisions, dry goods, groceries, hardware, stores, etc., etc. All the colonists were to contribute, according to what each had left, and thus organize a sort of apostolic stock company. The details how each was to be represented in this company and be secured for his investment, were all agreed upon, and quite a large sum of money was collected—enough to pay about fifty per cent. down on a stock of several thousand dollars, and have enough left for another object which we will mention below. All this was resolved upon, ordered to be carried out, and begun. Messrs. B. Grootenhuis, with Elder Young, of Grand Rapids, were selected to go to Albany and New York and buy the goods. A store was built near the Lake (south of Welton & Akeley's) to sell and disburse these goods. This was called the "colony-store." Mr. B. Grootenhuis was appointed general agent, and served as such for about a year. With the money received from sales, pork and flour was again bought at Allegan, through the agency of Mr. H. D. Post, who was there at that time also getting ready to locate here. Part of the goods bought East, remained on the way all winter, and did not reach here until the next spring. However, this was only a beginning of the disappointments.

In connection with this supply business and "colony-store," it was also resolved to buy a "colony-vessel." The object was not only that this vessel should carry on the trade between the new colony and other points, and bring in this stock of goods; but it should also be known abroad. and especially in the Old

Country, that the colonists had a vessel of their own, to carry immigrants from Buffalo, Chicago, Milwaukee and other points along the lakes. As far as we can learn, the purchase was made by J. Van De Luyster, Sr., Mr. Steginga and Capt. Clausen. The vessel was of one hundred tons burthen, called the *A. E. Knickerbocker*, and bought from Mr. Walton, of Chicago. About the career of this vessel we have not been able to ascertain much, only that it managed to bring over a part of this stock of goods from Chicago; also that it carried a few of the immigrants, who refused to pay for their passage on the broad and general grounds of its being a "colony-vessel." It failed to give satisfaction to those whose money had been invested in the enterprise, and she was subsequently sold to outside parties.

But to return to the store business, Mr. J. Van De Luyster, Jr., succeeded Mr. B. Grootenhuis as agent or manager of the "colony-store," and in the course of the year following, amidst all sorts of troubles, complaints, alleged irregularities of one kind and another, the "colony-store" was wound up, leaving the largest stockholders minus their investment.

The first year was in every respect a severe test of the courage and perseverance of the colonists. Sickness among them was fearful, and the death-rate became alarming. In some localities the small-pox had broken out, and for a while it occupied about all the time and attention of the able-bodied to attend to the wants of the sick and dying, and to the burial of the dead. Among the colonists was only one doctor—J. S. M. C. Van Nus. The services rendered by Ds. Van Raalte, as physician, in those dark days, and for years thereafter (until the arrival of the Doctors W. R. and C. P. Marsh in 1853), are among the many noble deeds clustering around his career as a leader.

And how could the condition of the people be otherwise? Think of the causes that led to diseases, and contributed to their misery. A strange climate, a malarious atmosphere, undrained marshes, unwholsome food, and insufficient shelter; want of experience in the nature of their diseases, as in everything else; no refreshments or delicacies for their sick; nothing but the coarsest of victuals, and that without the necessary facilities for preparation or cooking; quacks coming in from outside palming themselves off for doctors, throwing upon the hands of the few able-bodied, an army of convalescents, with poisoned systems, aching bones, and rattling teeth. We will let Ds. Van Raalte describe these trying days in his own words:

"The difficulties to contend with were many; still, the singing of Psalms in the huts and under the bushes was something inexplicable to the superficial beholder; with many there was a faith in God, and a consciousness of a noble purpose. * *

"In the latter part of that first summer our trials reached their climax, for the whole colony became one bed of sickness, and many died through the want of comfortable dwellings and well prepared and suitable food. Physicians were summoned from abroad, and paid out of the colony funds. The condition was heart-rending and discouraging, and required, in opposition to man's sensitive nature, a painful sternness. Never was I nearer to the point of despair than when I entered those crowded huts and saw the constant mingling of household duties amid sickness and death, and dressing of corpses in those huts where each family was forced to accommodate itself to a limited space of a few square feet. No wonder that we could notice an increase of despairing indifference in that hour of sore affliction. God granted a change! The sick were restored to health.

"The fall was a most beautiful one, and the winter was so extraordinarily mild, that everybody could build and perform out-door labors and even partake of their meals in the open air. The majority left for the country, and to a great extent the weak and needy remained near the landing place." * *

The great mortality of that season among the colonists, had left them with many orphans on their hands, who were promptly taken in by other families and cared for. Their constant increase, however, led to the building of the orphan house, a project in perfect keeping with the spirit in which they had started out. One Sunday morning, a few months after the partial completion and occupation of the log church, Ds. Van Raalte suggested to his people the necessity that something of this kind should be done, and that forthwith. He urged it with all the power and force of language at his command. The result was, not only the opening of a subscription list, and the pledging of money, labor and material, but with a commendable devotion, the jewelry of the wives of the colonists was freely contributed towards this object.

The building was begun in May, 1848. Mr. W. J. Mulder was principally charged with superintending its construction. It was not completed until the year following; owing to various reasons, it has never been, occupied for the purpose for which it was built. It was afterwards used for a parochial school, town-house, and Holland Academy, and at present as *De Hope* printing office.

During the fall of 1847, the village of Holland was platted. The first surveys were made by E. B. Bassett, County Surveyor or Allegan county. The administration and sale of the village lots was placed in charge of a board of trustees, elected by the people of the *Volksvergadering*, of which Ds. Van Raalte was the head. As members of said Board, we find the names of J. Schrader, J. Verhorst, J. Van Der Veen, O. D. Van Der Sluis and B. Grootenhuis. We cannot go into all the minute details of those early real estate transactions. In their character they partook of the mutual spirit in which all the business of those days was transacted. The price of the village lots was first fixed at $10 and $15, but was soon raised to $40 and $45. This was found necessary in order to obtain funds for the building of church and school, the opening of roads, payments on the lands, taxes, support of the poor, salaries of the domine, doctor and teachers, and divers other purposes.

In 1849, matters pertaining to these village lands, became quite complicated. There was a heavy indebtedness incurred, which had to be met—payments on the lands were due, an unpaid balance on that stock of goods of the "colony-store" was presented, and many other causes of a financial character led the people to resolve that the village lands should revert to Ds.

Van Raalte, coupled with the condition that he was to assume all the indebtedness incurred to date.

The opening of roads and the building of bridges across creeks and swamps, was a tremendous work in those early days, and it occupied about one-half of the time and attention of the settlers. Want of experience was a great draw-back.

In 1847, the State made an appropriation of four hundred acres of land for the building of a bridge across Black River, commonly termed the "Grand Haven Bridge." No contractors could be found to take the job, and so the colonists, as a body, concluded to take the job themselves. How this was done, and in what manner the work was regulated, will be seen from the proceedings of the *Volksvergadering.* The work was begun in the winter of 1848; but towards the last the work began to drag, when Ds. Van Raalte and J. Binnekant took the job of finishing it. In the building of this bridge, Hon. F. J. Littlejohn, of Allegan, represented the State.

The post-office was established in 1848, and named "Black River." Mr. H. D. Post was appointed postmaster. The first mail was a private route from Manlius, the nearest post-office, and was brought in once a week. Mr. William Notting was mail-carrier, and brought it on his back to his house, when his wife would carry it to town. Very soon routes were established to Allegan, Grand Rapids and Grand Haven. The first regular mail-carriers and stage-drivers were J. Trimpe, Jan van Dijk, P. F. Pfanstiehl and G. J. Haverkate.

The present cemetery was laid out, or rather designated as such, in 1848. Nevertheless, owing to the distances, and for want of roads and suitable burial arrangements, during the years 1847–1848 many were buried in other localities, as necessity dictated. Besides those buried on Van der Haar's farm, many were laid at the head of the lake between 3d and 4th streets, where the old man De Witt lived, who was the first sexton. A few are buried at Point Superior. Several were buried at the mouth of Black Lake, on the hills north of the present harbor. The winds, however, so shifted those hills that years ago these coffins became exposed, scattering the remains along the beach.

Much that is interesting is centered around the first attempts at manufacturing by the colonists; also in their harbor, the improvement of which they considered as of primary interest. The organization of the first churches and their formal joining with the "Reformed" denomination, the opening of schools, the Holland Academy and Hope College, the history of township and city government, the proceedings of the *Volksvergadering*, the settlement of Zeeland and surrounding townships, the early history of Point Superior and of the Indian settlements, the development of our commerce and shipping interests, and many other points of local interest, each constituting its part of the history of this city and colony, will all be touched in separate chapters.

What we wish to call the attention to now, as a sort of a key to the past, is the great extent to which the colonists combined all their interests—religious, educational, political and social—into one, and placed them under one supervision; and how to that same extent the church and its religious interests was secondary to none, but, if anything, was made to underlie the entire net-work of their existence.

Finally, as we dismiss from our minds the local events of those memorable years 1847 and 1848, let it be in the words of him to whom we have endeavored to do honor as the founder of this Holland Colony:

"And the sweet fruition of independence and full liberty which we so bountifully enjoyed, gave joy and strength to our hearts. Especially was it the pleasure of the Sabbath, the invigorating power of God's truth, the united prayer and associated labor of many neighboring settlements, which gave enjoyments, support and courage, and caused us to persevere in a great and difficult undertaking. God's temporal deliverances were many; each settlement and each family has a history of its own."

ADDITIONAL.

It is due to Mr. Van Schelven to say that what is here published as his, is a *selection* from his manuscripts, necessarily brought within certain bounds. From other sources, we gather what follows:

During the first years of trial, the colonists were held together by their strong religious sympathy. Van Raalte was their leader, spiritual and temporal. His preaching nerved them to do and endure. In 1848, they erected a church. The same year, Oswald Vanderhuis, a Hollander with property, put up a saw-mill at the head of the lake. About the same time, Wm. Flietstra erected the famous windmill to carry a gang of saws. The fault with that was, it would not go; and it caused the Hollanders to be very much laughed at. In Vanderhuis' mill, stones were put for grinding. Also a grist-mill was built between Holland and Zeeland.

During the first years, the troubles and trials were those depicted in speaking of the Zeeland colony. To particularize would be only repetition. During this time the colonists were under the highest obligations to Alfred Plugger, a noble-souled Hollander, who, having money, resigned his all in helping those in need; lending to the poor, to be repaid when they could; helping them to secure and improve their farms. He lived to realize the truth of the promise implied in the Scripture, often quoted by him, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," etc. He lost nothing by it; but found his property all repaid to him; and he died Nov. 1st, 1864, with the love and benedictions of all.

In 1847, the settlement in North Holland was begun. Van Raalte told William Tongerin he had learned from the Indians that good land lay at the north, and that he had better go and look. He, with Jan Van Dyke, followed an Indian trail about five miles, found as represented, returned, and reported. In the winter of 1849–50, Jan Vantongeren, Gerrett Van Dyke, his sons—Jan, Jacob, Albert and Otto—and his two daughters—all unmarried; Coenrad Smidt and family—Jan, Peter, Coenrad, William and Arent; Jan Stag, Sr., and Cars Weener came in, and put up log houses. They brought in one stove, four men drawing it on a hand-sled. They took up government land. The next year, Jan Spykerman and Jan Veldheer followed. They cut a road to Holland the first winter.

Enough were together to form a little community by themselves. They established public worship, held meetings in private houses and barns—anywhere. They met for devotion, not display. The first church building was a small frame structure, now part of the parsonage. In the fall of 1856 they had their first school, with Herman Grebel as the teacher. He now lives in Grand Rapids.

Arent Smith says he first came through with a team from Holland. It took two days. The first night he left the wagon stuck in the mud, and returned.

In 1860, the first church was built. The church had been organized in 1851. The first pastor was the Rev. E. C. Oggel, who assumed charge in 1866. He left in 1869, and was succeeded by the present pastor, Rev. B. Van Ness, March, 1870. Then the number of families was 80. At present (1875) the number is 120.

On the whole, the settlement was a success; the land was good, and thrift has rewarded labor.

HOLLAND FIRE.

At the same time that Chicago was in flames, the little city of Holland was made a desolation by the fire fiend. The night of terror, October 8–9th, 1871, left three-fourths of the people without houses—all went—swept by the besom of destruction.

The season had been remarkably without rain, everything was dry, the swamps without water, and fires were in the woods in all parts of Michigan and Wisconsin. A territory in Michigan larger than the State of Massachusetts was burned over; villages and houses were consumed. The gloom of night hung over all. The smoke of burning Chicago, and the fires in the villages and woods, filled the air with almost suffocating smoke. For some days a fire had been in a swamp a few miles from Holland. It was slowly approaching the city. Between it and the city was a piece of woods where the stand must be taken; for if it passed the woods, it came to a slashing, and the doom of the city was inevitable, as the wind was towards it. Sunday, the 8th, there was a rallying to meet the fire in the woods, and everything promised success. But too few realized the real danger. At the critical time some men deserted their post, and the fire got over—got into the slashings, and from that in a few minutes into the city.

The wind was high, and the fire leaped from one building to another; the air was filled with the burning boards and shingles, giving a perfect rain of fire. To escape with life was all that could be hoped for. Few saved any of their goods or animals, and many nothing but their night clothing. An hour did the work, and what a desolation did the morning exhibit! Houseless, homeless, half-naked, the people were contemplating the scene, stupified by the appalling desolation.

Two persons lost their lives—one an old woman *in* the fire, the other a young woman in consequence of it.

But did the Hollanders despair? The same spirit that built it at the first, rebuilt it. A Hollander does not die until death calls for him. The city is now regenerated—"improved," they say, by the fire.

FAILURES.

Two cities were laid out on the north side of the lake—the one in earnest, the other on paper.

A company of Eastern capitalists, called the Black River Company, with Capt. Macy at the head, in 1835, commenced in earnest to found a city on the north shore of Black Lake, at the spot now known as the Hope College Lands. They laid out a town and called it "Superior." They began work in earnest; made a road to Grand Haven, and another to the mouth of the Kalamazoo River; put up a steam mill; had a ship-yard, and made other improvements. They built a schooner, and Henry Knox put up a tannery. There a son was born to James C. Hale—the first white birth in the region of Black Lake.

Capt. Macy was killed at Kalamazoo, and the soul of Superior having departed, the town collapsed and died. The machinery was taken out of the mill, the residents departed, and Superior became a matter of recollection only.

This much may be said: the site was well chosen, and the enterprise *ought* to have succeeded.

What Yankees with capital and brains failed to do, the Dutchmen, without capital and without the credit of an overplus of the other article, accomplished on the other side of the lake a few years after. Religious unity and plodding perseverance did what talent and capital failed to do.

The other "city" deserves but a passing mention. It was laid out on the north side, at the mouth, and called Portsmouth. Nothing was done to develop it.

THE CITY.

Holland was organized as a city in 1867, with Dr. Bernardus Leedboer as Mayor, and H. D. Post, Recorder. Second Mayor, Isaac Cappen; third, Edward I. Harrington; fourth, Isaac Cappen; fifth, John Vanlandigham. The first Marshal was Tennis Keppel.

MANUFACTORIES.

Plow factory, agricultural implements, planing mill, sash and blind, small carriage shops, stave factory and flour barrels—a large concern; two large tanneries.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF CAPON & BERTSCH'S LEATHER COMPANY.

It commenced operation in 1857 on small scale. At the time of the fire its capacity was 15,000 hides. It now employs fifty men; uses 33,000 hides, and 3,000 cords of bark annually; and makes all kinds of leather.

Smith's Tannery, across the bay; employs twenty-five men; capacity, 20,000 hides. At this establishment finishing is not done.

NEWSPAPERS AT HOLLAND.

DE HOPE.

This is a religious paper, in the interest of the Reformed Church; printed in the Holland language; and is the organ of that church. It was established in 1866 by the council of Hope College; at first edited by Prof. P. G. Oggell; now by an editorial committee, with Prof. C. Doesburg as managing editor. Its circulation is about 2,000.

THE HOLLANDER.

The publication of this paper was begun in the fall of 1850. H. D. Post was editor of the English part, and G. Vander Wall of the Dutch. It was published by Hawkes and Bassett. In 1851, Hermanns Doesburg bought the office and the paper was edited by Doesburg and Vander Wall. Two years afterward Doesburg became sole editor; Vander Wall left, went to Kalamazoo, and published the "Nederlander"; afterwards finished his studies at Brunswick College, became a preacher and Professor in Hope College. He is now a preacher in South Africa. He is a man of talent.

Mr. Doesburg still continues proprietor of the paper. It is edited by Wm. Benjaminse.

HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

Started in the spring of 1872. by Dr. S. L. Morris, as editor and proprietor, who run it for a year as a Republican paper. It then fell into the hands of Van Schelven, who has kept it up as independent Circulation, 600.

DE GRONDWEET (DUTCH).

Established in 1859, by Roost & Hoogesteger. Republican in politics. Circulation, 1,500. Now published by Hoogesteger & Mulder.

The Ottawa Register was published five years by H. D. Post. "De Wachter" was begun at Holland, and removed to Grand Rapids. "De Paarl" also had a transient existence at Holland.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The first class was organized in 1866. The full list of the members cannot be given, as the records were destroyed by the fire that burned up the city. The names of some of them were:

Isaac Fairbanks, John Roost. John Bakker, Jacob Flieman, Francis Hall, Martin Clark, James L. Fairbanks, Robert Symonds, Andrew Anderson and Richard K. Heald.

The persons most prominent in starting the church were Michael J. Clappen. Isaac Fairbanks and Richard K. Heald.

Three churches have been built. First, about the year 1868; size 22 by 30, cost about $700. Second, in 1871; size 33 by 60; cost $1,500; was not completed when destroyed by the fire in 1871. Third, built in 1872; size 33 by 70, cost $2,200; now used.

The pastors have been: 1st, Rev. P. Gilbert; 2d, Daniel S. Bacon; 3d, G. E. Hollister; 4th, J. R. Wilkinson, 5th, Wm. A. Bronson; 6th, B. F. Doughty; 7th, Francis Glass; 8th, Wm. M. Coplin.

Present number about 60. Congregation from 50 to 100.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Organized in the fall of 1867, with very few communicants. Those who originated it are M. D. Howard and Heber Walsh.

The first Episcopal services at Holland were by the Rev. Robert Wood, who in 1866 officiated twice, and baptized eight or ten persons, part of them adults. Occasional services were held until 1868 by J. R. Taylor, in the school-house built by American residents. This building became the property of the church at the time of its organization. It was destroyed in the great fire.

In 1868, Mr. Taylor was called from Grand Haven. He remained pastor until 1874, when he resigned, and went to New York. After a year, Mr. Taylor returned, and still remains.

New church built in 1872; cost $5,500. Communicants, 26; congregation, 75.

HOPE COLLEGE.

The incipient movement which has resulted in the establishment of this college, was the starting of a Latin class in the public school at Holland, then under the charge of Walter T. Taylor. At the same time there was a manifest desire on the part of the Dutch Reformed church at the East to bring about close relations with the Holland emigrants, and to found an academic school at the West, which should be a feeder of Rutgers' College. Prof. Taylor began the classical department of the public school. This school was developed, in 1855, into what became known as the Holland Academy. In

1862. the first Freshman class of the new college was formed out of the Academy. Previous to that the students had gone to Rutgers' College. The General Synod, in 1863, approved the collegiate department and appointed a board of superintendents. In 1865, the four classes were complete. The college was incorporated May 14th, 1866; the first president inaugurated on the 14th of the following July. The first class graduated the 17th of the same month.

Resuming—Professor Taylor resigned his position in the preliminary school in 1854, and was temporarily followed by Rev. F. P. Bielder. The Academy was, in 1855, placed under the charge of Rev. John Van Vleck, who, in 1859, was succeeded by Rev. Philip Phelps, Jr. Assisting them were Abraham Thompson, A. B., and Giles Vander Wall, A. M. The catalogue of the graduates from the Academy, 1857–62, inclusive, shows that 25 became clergymen, being a great majority of the whole.

In 1859, the principal building was erected; five acres were given by Ds. Van Raalte, and 11 more purchased. The premises are owned by the General Synod.

Hope College, as now developed, consists of three schools—an academy and general school, the college, and the theological school, each with its particular head or president. Over the whole Philip Phelps, D.D., is president. The classes in the college and theological departments are still small. The patrons of the institution gave it the name of "Hope," realizing that for a long time it must be a creature of hope, rather than a present reality. It is their hope to develop it into "Hope Haven University." This idea is dear to the church, under which it arose, and "Dutch perseverance" is proverbial.

The following is a list of teachers. The star denotes that they are now dead:

PIONEER SCHOOL.

Walter T. Taylor,* 1851–4.

Rev. F. P. Bielder, pro tem, 1854–5.

Assistants—Hugh W. Taylor, 1851–4; Miss Margaret W. Taylor,* 1851–2; Miss Anna B. Taylor, 1851–4.

HOLLAND ACADEMY.

Rev. John Van Vleek, A. M.* 1855–9.
Rev. Philip Phelps, Jr. 1859–62.
Professors:
Abraham Thompson, A. B. 1857–8.
Rev. Giles Vander Wall, A. M., 1858–61.

HOPE COLLEGE.

Rev. Philip Phelps, Jr., D. D. Since 1862.
Rev. Peter Oggell, A. M.* 1865–9.
Rev. T. Romeyn Beck, A. M. Since 1863.
Rev. I. M. Ferris, D. D. 1864–5.
Rev. Charles Scott, D. D. Since 1866.
Rev. Cornelius Crispel, D. D. Since 1866.

Cornelius Doesburg, A. M. Since 1866.
William A. Shields, A. M. Since 1867.
Rev. Abel Stewart, D. D. 1870–3.
Rev. Peter Moerdyk, A. M. 1871–3.
Rev. Garritt I. Kollen, A. M. Since 1871.
Rev. Henry Uiterwigh, A. M. 1874–5.

The college is the chief attraction in the scenery of Holland. Though an infant institution, it is enshrined in the hearts of the people, for whom it was intended; and we cannot but wish it God speed. What is here given is condensed from the circular of Hope College, issued in 1876. In that is a full expose of its history, trials and present status. To that the particular friends of the institution will look for more full information.

ODD FELLOWS.

UNITY LODGE, NO. 119, I. O. OF O. F.

Organized Feb. 14th, 1866. The constituent members were—Geo. Lander, Geo. G. Stickatee, O. Breyman, J. A. Grey, J. O. Doesburg, G. Nilson Smith, G. Van Schelven, Wm. L. Hopkins, I. Myrick, Wm. K. Jocelyn and B. R. Platt.

Lander was Master. Present number, 67. Four deaths have occurred.

The lodge has prospered in the face of very strong opposition, the religious prejudices of the people of Holland being strong against secret societies.

HOLLAND CITY LODGE, 192, I. O. OF O. F.

In the summer of 1871, there were three brothers of the Scarlet Degree residing in Holland, viz: A. J. Clark, S. F. Morris and M. Harrington. They determined to have a Lodge. They called a meeting of all Odd Fellows, and found several more. However, the great fire rendered starting a Lodge at that time impracticable.

Afterwards, in the winter of 1872, a charter was obtained, and the Lodge instituted.

First officers: S. T. Morris, N. G.; A. J. Clark, V. G.; M. Harrington, R. S.; I. Bramer, K.; C. Vanlandegand, C.; R. K. Heald, W. Present number, 33.

The Lodge has had to contend with much opposition.

ZEELAND.

The settlement of Zeeland was due to the dissatisfaction of certain Hollanders with the laws of Holland concerning religious worship. Although the heart of Holland, or its higher intellect, is inclined to rationalism, or unbelief, the common people are most fully imbued with the religious idea; and rank amongst the most truly religious. They are very scrupulous in their religious observances, and tenacious of their creed. With them their religion is *the* one great thing; and to interfere with the free exercise of their observances, is the greatest indignity—they cannot brook it. The people who constituted the Holland and Zeeland settlements were of this kind—people conscientiously religious, and willing, for religion, to leave their country, and to endure the hardships incident to a new settlement, to living among those speaking another language, to subduing the land and forcing from it a living.

They were buoyed by the hope that, after a few years of trial and labor, they might establish a colony—a fraternal, God-fearing community, which should center itself around the church. They contemplated a theocratic community, of which God should be ruler supreme, and the church its visible center.

With these feelings they left Holland, and settled themselves at Zeeland.

They were in a strange country. All was different from the land they left. They had been accustomed to the open field; here all was wood. To combat with that wood—to clear the ground—was labor entirely new. No one of them knew how to use that pioneer tool, the ax. It was sport to the Yankees to see the Dutchmen cut down a tree. By hacking all around they would finally get it down. Their cutting was more like beavers' work than the work of woodmen.

But with all their lack of skill, they went to work to clear the land, in winter; piling and burning brush on the snow. The amount of labor they put forth to clear a small piece of land almost exceeds belief. To learn to chop was the one great thing. Van Raalte gave them the solemn warning—"*You must learn to chop, or die!*"

In the general settlement, settlers come straggling in, and each new comer is aided in the start by those who have got a footing. Again, the woodland settler understands his ax, and is prepared to dispute possession with the forest. Not so with these Hollanders. A community of them sat down in the woods together. All had their shelter to secure; all were to begin together, and all were unskilled in woodland labor. It is no wonder they suffered; it is no wonder that many, discouraged, dispersed themselves among the other people, and sought employment that was immediately remunerative. They went to Grand Rapids, Grand Haven, and all other places where work could be found. The girls sought employment in the houses, and soon were found to be the best and most trusty servants.

The sawing of wood was soon monopolized by the men, as also the loading and unloading of vessels at the wharves. The Dutchman became a digger on the railroads. He worked for small wages for the farmer, for his lack of skill made him at first but poor help. In all these ways they were living, and learning to live, in America.

One thing was soon proverbial—if a Dutchman got hold of a dollar, no one got the whole of it away from him; and that with which he parted, was compelled to do full service. It was a mystery how a Dutchman, earning seventy-five cents a day, would contrive to support a family, and in two or three years, have a house and lot of his own; yet it was notorious they did. True, lots in Grand Haven and Grand Rapids then were cheap—could be bought for from $25 to $50; but *how* from their scanty earnings, before they had acquired the skill and wages of American laborers, was a mystery. Nevertheless, the number of Dutchmen were few who in four years did not live in their own houses; and houses, too, earned since they came to America. It was no mystery to the Dutchman, but the Yankee could not solve it.

But we have digressed from Zeeland, following those who did not stay, as members of the sacred colony.

To be a little more particular, the persecution complained of, was what naturally arises from a State religion. Holland has its State religion; its preachers are commissioned by the State, and paid from the public revenues. Dissent is not a crime; neither does it involve any political or civil disability. No man was allowed to *preach* without State authority, under penalty of one hundred guilders for every sermon so delivered.

A movement began in 1834, among those who were dissatisfied with the dictations of the State in matters of religion. Seven clergymen revolted; preached independent of State dictation; were dropped by the State church, and started an independent denomination or church. Their names were H. Decock, H. P. Scholte, S. Van Velzen, H. Buddengk, E. Brumelkemp, F. Meerburg and —— Leedboer. These were cast out in 1835. They banded themselves, and held their first Synod at Amsterdam, in March, 1836. By that Synod, Van Raalte was ordained at that meeting. He, at the time of the dropping of the aforementioned clergymen, was a candidate awaiting orders. He was cast out for his well-known sympathy with the seceders.

The seceders began in earnest to propagate their principles. The result is, that at the present day they are a strong body in Holland. But that is little to our purpose.

The seceders were almost at the first joined by Carnelius Vander Meuler, not then a clergyman, but a man looking forward to that office. He made himself active in establishing seceding churches, and in 1839 was ordained; became pastor of a church at Rotterdam, and afterwards at Zeeland.

These active propagandists were at first under severe penalties. A 100 guilders was exacted for every sermon preached. These fines were paid by the people. But penalties only increased their zeal, and their success. After a time the State relented somewhat. Upon petition, a special license was given to each church, with the condition that it should support itself and its own poor. They still had to do their share in supporting the State church, and the poor of the country. This discrimination against them they thought oppressive. The spirit of many became restless. Beyond the sea they knew there was a land where religion was free. One and another, partly from religious discontent and partly with the hope of improved fortune, came to America.

In the minds of two of the leading spirits in the movement—Messrs. Scholte and Van Raalte—there was conceived the idea of gathering these expatriated people into colonies, where, centered around the churches, should be communities of Hollanders, where their cherished religion should be the great bond of union. With them the basal idea was a theocratic community.

With this idea, they came to America, to select locations for the colonies which they wished to establish. Van Raalte selected the location where now is the city of Holland, by Black Lake. This was in the winter 1846–7. He then, by correspondence with people in Europe and America, rallied people around him, who in the spring and summer of 1847 settled there.

An impulse was thus given. Much was said of the Holland Colony, and it became a central idea. Hollanders flocked to Michigan. Some banded themselves under leaders, and settled in the vicinity of Holland. Others came to Grand Rapids, or Grand Haven, and settled there. With all the central thought was the church. Wherever they located, whether in the villages or in the wilderness, they banded under spiritual leaders.

In 1847, about 400, under the spiritual leadership of the Rev. Mr. Vander Meuler, planted themselves in the forest at Zeeland.

Another colony of 200, under the Rev. Yupena established themselves at Vriesland.

South two miles from Vriesland, 150, without any one special head; but under the special leadership of Elders Opholt and Wiggers, began the colony of Drenthe.

Three hundred, led by the Rev. Mr. Bolks, started the colony of Overheisel, five miles south of Drenthe.

Draafschap, with 300 people, was planted, with Elder Nierke as leader.

These colonies were all established in the year 1847. As a whole combined, they were called by the world outside, the "Holland Settlement."

It has been before said that religion was the central idea in these colonies; that each rallied around a church.

Planted in the wilderness, their first thought was the services of the Sabbath; but still, in the sheltering wood they assembled to worship God. At Zeeland, in the fall of their first arrival, they erected a log house of worship; a building 26x40 feet. There, with rude benches for seats, they worshiped for a year. They then, in the fall of 1848, put up a block-house, 40x60, which served them until increasing wealth enabled them to build their present edifice.

That is the way people do, who *believe* in the religion they profess. These Hollanders believed with a simple faith, which to them was reality. Their spiritual leader was the Rev. Mr. Vander Meuler. It was his to speak words of cheer, and inspire their souls with hope. As "the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang with their anthems," they joined with him in their prayers of faith; and listened to his fatherly counsels.

When the hours to them looked dark, he showed them brilliant beams of light, and sustained their fainting souls. Ah. Dominie Vander Meuler, although you are now treading on the borders of the spirit land, and the monitions of age ominous of passing from time, your closing days are cheered by the results of the mission of your years of prime; the benedictions of thousands are on you, and your memory will not be lost.

The colonists at first, as soon as they could, put up houses, mostly of logs; some, however, erected buildings of boards, bringing them from Grand Haven by water.

Some had money; such kindly helped the others in securing their land. Among such is prominently to be noted Mr. E. Vander Leuser; one of those men who feel they have a mission—and that to help those who need help, and diffuse happiness. There a few such in the world. He left a splendid farm in Holland, where his mansion was always as open as his heart; and came to Zeeland, casting his lot with the humble class that formed the settlement. Coming, he brought from Holland seven or eight poor families with him; paid all their expenses, gave each twenty acres of land (to be paid for when they could). He distributed liberally to the poor; giving thousands; never thinking of self. To sum it up, he was a man who had a big soul. "God bless him," they all say. He died in 1870; his wife in 1873. He is still alive in hearts he left behind; then, is it right to say he died?

Another whole-souled man, who had some of that article, the *love* of which is called the root of all evil, was Mr. G. Van Hees, who bought 800 acres of land in his own name, and sold it in small farms to those who could not otherwise buy, giving them time at 7 per cent. He had the satisfaction of seeing all but one become full owners. He also bought cattle and distributed them, *and got his pay*. It would be hazardous among Americans to throw one's property around so loosely, but the Dutchman *pays* his debts, or at least *did*. It was safe to give credit to one, who had used his last dollar. The simple *honesty* of the Dutch emigrants was proverbial. If one owed two cents he would surely come around and pay it. They not only paid what was advanced them, but they soon began to have money of their own. Dominie Vander Meuler says: "Some of these poor men that were thus helped to their 20 or 40 acres of land, have piles of greenbacks *so* thick." (He put his hands full nine inches apart.)

During the fall of 1847, Mr. Roberts erected a small saw-mill; Mr. K. Smith opened a store, and Mr. Isaac Naayen put up a tavern. They had also this fall erected comfortable houses, and, as said before, a church. They sought work, and obtained it where they could—at Kalamazoo, Grand Haven and Grand Rapids. Their wages were small, as they were unskilled; but with their wages, what they had left, and the general kindly aid they gave each other, they got through the the winter without suffering. Their greatest trouble was transporting provisions and supplies from Grand Rapids. The winter was peculiar—the mildest ever known, absolutely *no* snow, a good deal of rain, and no frost in the ground. Besides there was the long swamp to be crossed, and its crossing was terrible. Too long (15 miles) to get around, they must cross it. That swamp is no terror now; but, civilized, is the best land known. Historically, to the colonists it was a horror; to-day it is full of greenbacks, instead of massasaugas and fathomless mud.

The American people found out that the Hollanders had money—the genuine gold. Of course they wanted some of it, and brought provisions and necessaries there to sell, and they always were supplied. The first winter, which is generally the time of trial with the pioneer, was not such to them. But their little store of gold was wasting day by day; the hard time came afterwards.

In 1848, they got in such crops as they could; corn, potatoes, beans, and garden vegetables in their scanty clearings. They had good crops of these. New comers brought some money; they earned some, and were tolerably well off—comfortable and hopeful, some pinching, but no absolute want.

The *hard* times were in 1849. They had increased in numbers; had enlarged their clearings, and had got in wheat and other crops. But an unfavorable summer otherwise, and a myriad of squirrels, left them without provisions, and they were without money. Some money was realized by selling land to new comers; but on the whole they had short commons, and were at times on the verge of starvation. People outside were liberal; brought provisions; some two or three times the supply seemed providential. *Their money had run out.* But the next year (1850), they had abundant crops; numerous persons came in who had means, and they got along well.

From this time the dark days of Zeeland were over. By this time the men had learned to use the ax, and to clear land. They had enough cleared to supply them with abundance of food. The roads to them, though not good, were passable. They felt, as a general thing, no hard times.

Here, with some six hundred people, we drop the pioneer history of Zeeland.

In 1849, Mr. Elias Young was employed by the colony as an English teacher. He stayed with them several years, making himself generally useful; was the first supervisor, justice of the peace, etc.

In 1848, Mr. Vander Leuser laid out eighty acres in village lots, and sold them to the settlers for from $6 to $10 per acre. This was the starting of the village.

The prosperity of the Dutch colonies at Zeeland. Vriesland, etc., has been almost unexampled; and taking into consideration all the circumstances, it is a marvel; commencing with those whose early life had given them no apprenticeship fitting them for pioneer enterprises—the humble peasantry of Holland, having with them but few men of property or leading intelligence—people, poor and unskilled. Twenty-five years changed the wilderness into a region of noble farms and thriving villages; and a community of poor emigrants into one noted for their wealth and independence.

The basis of the whole of this unexampled prosperity is: their patient industry, their rigid economy, and their personal morality. Whether the Hollander settled himself in the "colony," or took up his residence in other places, the character given above was his, and the result has been the same; he has prospered. In Grand Rapids, Grand Haven or Kalamazoo, a *poor* Hollander is seldom seen. They have ever shown themselves a temperate and *moral* people, not disposed to be *leading*, but always a *valuable* class of citizens. Crimes and immoralities among them have been rare. Few have sought high culture, unless they had the Gospel ministry in view. They have taken advantage of the means for common education where they have located; or have provided them for themselves where they were the controlling people.

They early employed English teachers. In the Holland settlement the schools have been entirely English. The result is, the Holland language is becoming disused. The two languages are spoken by all, but the English is the exclusive language of the younger people in their intercourse with each other.

The dream, the fond aspiration of the ardent Van Raalte, has not its seconding reality. An unmixed community, an unity in associations and religion, centering around one harmonious church, has not been realized. Their own dear cherished church has been divided by a schism, which has ranged the Holland people in two unsympathizing and unfraternal parties. They have not only the "Reformed," but the "True Reformed" churches. The differences between them to outsiders seem trivial; but all observation on the religious world shows that the smaller the difference, the greater the zeal with which it is maintained.

It is nothing to the purpose of this history to point out what is *the* difference between Reformed and True Reformed. The schism commenced in 1856 or '7, with the Rev. Mr. Klyne, then pastor at Grand Rapids. He was dealt with for some notions or practices different from the orthodox standards of the church, and his connection severed. He set up independent, leading with him a portion of the people. The comparative force of the two denominations will be seen in another place.

At Holland, where Van Raalte first planted his colony, the breach in unity is still greater. The American element has become predominant in a great degree. Other Christian denominations have secured a strong foothold, in addition to the division of their own church. But Van Raalte's name will live as one whose noble zeal had noble results.

In Zeeland, the church which was planted in the wilderness has thriven under the successive pastorates of its original pastors—C. Vander Meuler, S. Bolks, and W. Moordyk.

The True Reformed started in 1854. They have a respectable church edifice, and are under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Coelyuk. Preaching in the Dutch language.

Zeeland was organized as a town, July 14, 1851, having been before a part of Holland. The first meeting was at the church. Number of voters, 93. Elected:

Elias J. Young, Supervisor; Robertus M. De Bruyn, Clerk; Johannus C. Van Hees, E. G. Young, Johannus Nieunnandorf, Justices. This town clerk was school teacher for several years.

The second meeting was April 2d, 1852. Voted, $200 for repairs on roads; $20, for books, and $20, for scrapers.

OLIVE.

The early history of Olive is particularly interesting. The town had a two-fold occupation—the one by the Port Sheldon Company, and the other at a later day.

The history of the Port Sheldon Company is an episode in the settlement of Michigan, of more than usual interest. There was at about 1836, a mania for locating cities and villages. Men fancied they could see in the wilderness where these must arise. The points were secured; villages platted and mapped; and many were those who paid their money for lots in those paper cities.

In 1836, a number of capitalists in New York and Philadelphia formed a joint stock company, the Port Sheldon Company, with the design of founding a city on the western coast of Michigan. They had abundant capital at their command, and in good faith set themselves earnestly to work.

The design was to start a city, and by developing the country around, give it a metropolitan character. Detroit was the center of trade for Eastern Michigan, and was likely to continue such. Chicago was but a place in embryo, and its growth and development problematical. It was but common sagacity which foresaw that a town must arise which should be what Chicago now is. And it was sure, even if the great metropolis could not be secured to Western Michigan, that a town or towns, of no small dimensions, must grow up at the mouths of the rivers or by the indenting bays.

The company, having matured its design, and secured the necessary capital, proceeded to select a location for their city. They selected the mouth of Grand River, but that was already in the possession of the Grand Haven Company, who, well realizing that they had the place where the principal port must be, rejected the overtures of the Port Sheldon Company. Although well aware that the Grand Haven Company had the desirable point, they determined, by getting the start in development, to crush out Grand Haven, and secure the ends they aimed at.

They selected for their location, the north side of Pigeon Lake; and in the fall of 1837, commenced operations in earnest. They came on with a vessel loaded with provisions and stores; bringing their houses ready to set up, and about 40 men consisting of directors, superintendents, surveyors, engineers, etc., with every equipment for laying out the place; and everything necessary for their comfort and enjoyment during the winter.

The company had for a general superintendent, Saunders Coates, who afterwards became a manufacturer of gas-works in New York. He was for four years editor of the Mobile Register. He was one of those men who live to diffuse happiness and to win friends. While in this region, he was much esteemed as a gentleman. The other resident superintendents were Alexander H. Judon and E. P. Deacon. Judon was last heard from in New York; Deacon died in Cuba. George M. Barker, well known at Grand Rapids, was with them as a surveyor. Abraham Pike, since famous as the one who first ennunciated the subordinate position of office-holders, was with them in the capacity of clerk. There were also about thirty agents, clerks, etc

They proceeded to lay out a city; to survey the harbor and improve the entrance. An elegant map of the harbor and plat was engraved. A careful study of this map shows that they were either decidedly in earnest, or were projecting a mighty humbug. The latter it certainly was not intended to be, as subsequent events most fully demonstrated. The city was most carefully laid out, and makes a beautiful display *on paper*. There are 142 blocks; generally 24 lots in a block. It needs but one thing to make it perfect—a central park. Seven lots are reserved for churches; one for a fish market; two for markets; four for a railroad depot; four for a city hall, and one for a school-house. A railroad is laid through the city, and piers from Pigeon Lake to Lake Michigan. The soundings of the harbor are on the map, and all indicates that if there is not a city there, the projectors mean there shall be.

The company laid out and made roads to Grandville and Grand Haven—good roads, too,—at an expense of from five to ten thousand dollars. They built a light-house, and maintained it at their own expense for two years. They owned a beautiful little yacht, the Memee (Indian for pigeon); had their fancy boats and boat club, who used to disport themselves in full regalia. They built a splendid hotel, at an expense of from thirty to forty thousand dollars; finished and furnished it in superb style. It was 60 by 120 feet—a hotel in the wilderness, where a traveler did not come once a month! They built an office which cost $10,000, and a store of the same value; no country around to supply, and their city on paper. They put up a steam mill, the best in the Western country, costing $20,000; and erected about 15 small dwellings.

In 1838, there were there about 300 people, mostly in the employ of the company. To some of these lots were sold at a moderate price. These formed a community, in true fraternity, and enjoyed themselves extensively. The same bell that now calls from Butterworth & Lowe's foundry, in Grand Rapids, called the happy company to their luxurious dinners. Pike, from whom these facts are obtained, now sighs when he thinks of Port Sheldon; and it is with tearful eyes he revolves in his mind the scenes of those happy days.

Among the company was a lawyer—Edward Badger—a man who liked to "raize Cain" better than to study Chitty on Pleading. In fact, he was a fellow whose character will be understood at once, if we say he was a "colt." He stayed there two years, went off, turned play-actor, and became somewhat distinguished. He probably did no law business among the denizens of Port Sheldon. For a time they had a physician—Dr. Scranton—who won hearts while he cared for human infirmities. He left, went South, and was succeeded by Dr. Coxe, who is now believed to be in Detroit.

The company obtained a charter for a railroad from Port Sarnia across the State, to Port Sheldon, and made a beginning, by grubbing several miles of the road. They had their railroad office, whose beautiful gilded sign is the memorial the writer has secured of the great city that was to be. It was presented by Mr. Pike, who, in giving the facts, confirmed them by a "sign."

Alas! must the whole be told! *Port Sheldon is not.* The commercial crisis that followed, and the discovery of the fact that the entrance to the harbor could not be kept open, *obliterated the city.* The company abandoned the project; *bought off those that had made investments;* paid *for their improvements, assuming to themselves all the loss;* dismantled their mill; moved off everything movable; abandoned the places, leaving Mr. Pike sole occupant and sole agent. There he lived several years, endeavoring to sell the land, hotel, etc., for something. He sold the hotel and thirty lots for less than the cost of the paint and glass. The rest of the land has since been sold for the sake of the hemlock bark that was on it. The result of the whole is, one man is there, trying to fight starvation, by doing the work of a whole city. It is to be hoped he does not own much of the land thereabout; for if he does, the Lord pity him!

The whole scheme was a mighty bubble. Yet, wild, romantic and visionary as it now seems, in the light of results, it was one which involved an immense amount of capital; and which was carried on with a noble comprehensiveness of design, worthy of crowning success. In its active life, and in its failure, the company displayed a regard for honorable principle that may well defy comparison.

This was a beautiful folly; a wild scheme which seems like the dream of a child. But who would mistrust a bubble was not solid, if he did not see it burst!

A man in New Jersey invented an *improved* steam engine. When he had got his working model nearly completed, he invited a learned professor from New York to examine it. The professor scanned it closely, and was profuse in his expressions of delight. "Beautiful workmanship," "Very ingenious," "Only one fault about it." Delighted with the encomiums, the inventor inquired "What is that?" "*It won't go!* otherwise it is perfect," was the cheering reply. So with the Port Sheldon scheme. There was but one fault about it. Any good hydrographer could have told them *the entrance to the harbor could not be kept open;* and of course the city "couldn't go."

Pigeon Lake, which was to be the harbor, is an inlet of Lake Michigan, connected by a narrow strait. The influx of water from the land is too small to keep that strait open. If opened by dredging, the first storm on the lake will silt it up. When the company had demonstrated this fact, they wisely abandoned their project. Their folly was, that they did not prove there could be an entrance to the harbor before they incurred the great expense. It is easy to see why they failed, but sometimes lessons of wisdom cost a great deal; and men are not to be reproached for their folly when they have acted according to their best judgment. Whose ways have always shown wisdom? Not yours or mine.

When Port Sheldon was abandoned, Olive was once more an abandoned wild—uninviting to the settler and entirely neglected. It was finally settled upon the principle that causes all poor land to be taken. When the good land has all been bought in the region around, somebody will give something for the poor, and will occupy it. The land of Olive had long been in the market as U. S. Government land, and found no purchasers. When land has been for a series of years in market it is sold at a reduced price—a mere nominal sum. Under the graduation act, land was taken in this town, and settlement progressed. Hemlock bark had become a thing of value, and a considerable portion of the town was hemlock land. But it is not necessary to speculate on the various reasons that induced people to come in. They came in—at a late day, to be sure; but they came; good, staunch men, who, taking hold at the right end, have made for themselves homes and fortunes; and they ask no sympathy.

The settlement is, in a measure, identified with that of the south part of Robinson and Allendale, and of the Holland colony. The early history of Olive places it as an off-shoot or expansion of the Holland settlement. It remained a part of Holland until 1857, when it was set off.

As the settlement of the town was at a late day, and then only by spreading out a little, who were the first to occupy, is of little importance, and there is uncertainty about it. Our gleanings are:

Augustus Names, formerly from Saxony, came from Ohio in 1856. At that time there were no settlers in the north part of the town. James Eastway and his three sons—William, Samuel, Alfred—and Gale Burchess, Joel M. Fellows (son-in-law of Eastway), and Thomas S. Finch, came at the same time. Most of these had families. All were poor men. Some had teams and a little property. The Eastways were Edwin, Elias, and Egbert (their father liked his "E's"). All of these persons, with the exception of Gale Burchess and Egbert Eastway, took land under the graduation act, paying 50 cents an acre for it. At the time time Names and the others came into the north part of the town, there were a few Hollanders in the southern part.

It is not deemed expedient to enlarge upon the early occupation of Olive, as it was part and parcel of the Holland settlement, which is more fully treated of in another place.

The town was set off from Holland, and organized April 6th, 1857. The first meeting was held at the house of Wm. P. Bakker, at Port Sheldon. Its first officers were:

G. C. Jones, Supervisor; J. M. Fellows, Clerk; K. Warner, Treasurer; James B. Eastway, Warner Semple, James L. Fletcher, C. Smith, Justices.

Number of voters, 55. $100 raised for town expenses.

It was a good while before the settlers leaned much on the soil for a support. They made shingles and carried them to Lamont and Eastmanville, where they got their supplies.

They had no schools or school-houses until 1863. Then two were built, one of which is standing and occupied still. The first school in No. 2 was kept by Miss Tate, of Georgetown.

In 1861, a great part of the town was burnt over, doing a good deal of damage.

James Eastway, spoken of above as one of the first, was a valuable citizen; a well-educated man; looked up to by the people. He moved to Robinson, in 1860, where he died, in 1870.

Nature was not very liberal to Olive, but Dutch frugality and hard work have proved that where there is the will, man need not despair. A Dutchman will support a family and lay up money, if you will give him a chance to *work*. *That* he is not afraid of. He will make money where that class who pride themselves on their smartness would be sure to see themselves seated on a stump, and sighing, with poverty enough and to spare. You don't see a poor Hollander, nor very often a rich one. The property they have, they worked for; it was not got by speculations. When they have earned a dollar, they will make it do full service, and not part with it without full and valuable consideration. In time, the old stocking is full of bright, shining dollars; and Knickerbocker and his good vrouw, too old to work, can smoke their pipes, smiling in calm content on their good home and numerous progeny. For you may be assured, that in their prime they have devoutly sung the 127th Psalm, and have drank in its inspiration. They have read and devoutly pondered Proverbs, xiii., 4th; and the consequences are independence and self-respect. Let alone a Hollander for getting a living. By patient perseverance the obelisks of Egypt were wrought out of porphyry. So patient perseverance soon changes the poor emigrant into a thriving farmer, or well-to-do shopkeeper. It don't fill poor-houses, or clothe in rags. Well would it be for some of our young men, who cannot support themselves on a $500 salary, to take a few lessons from the Hollanders, who, earning far less than that, have brought up families, laid up a snug little fortune, and own their houses, shops or farms; just because when they got money they knew how to keep it. Thirty cents a day for cigars! Twenty for whisky! Young man, your mother did not receive a prize the day you was born. Go to the Dutchman, thou spendthrift, and learn the secret of human thrift. Proverbs vi., 6.

The part of Olive, now Port Sheldon, is one of the great "Pigeon Roosts" of Michigan. These birds are to the last degree gregarious; in countless millions occupying the same region in the breeding season. Their numbers at these roosts defy competition; loading the trees with their nests, darkening the air in their flight, and drowning all other sounds in the confused din of the coming and going flocks. Their feeding grounds may be 100 miles away. At all times, day and night, flocks are going and coming, the size of which staggers belief. About 1870, the writer was in Grand Haven, and witnessed the return of a flock. It could not have been less than 100 miles in length —a continued uninterrupted stream of life, which was two and a half hours in passing.

The feeding of pigeons is systematic. A flock alights in a field or wood, and then each pigeon examines the little space around it, and having exhausted it, flies forward, alights just in front. At first sight all would appear to be on the wing, so constant is the rising and alighting in advance. There is nothing left when they have done their work.

The killing of pigeons has been an extensive business at Olive. They are sent by the car-load to New York and other places.

The pigeon is a queer bird. It hatches one brood, and then always keeps an egg in the nest for the young ones to hatch; this is kept up during the whole summer. Thus brood after brood is filling up the flocks decimated by man and all the predaceous birds. Defenseless, their existence is in their fecundity. As to whether they are a nuisance or not, opinion is divided; but certainly they are an interesting feature of Olive.

ROBINSON.

This town takes its name from its first settlers. It is elsewhere noted in this book, that a large number of the relatives of Rix Robinson came into the Grand River region in 1835. Six brothers—Nathan, John, Rodney, Edward, Lucus, and Ira —came in the vessel, "St. Joseph," from Detroit to Grand Haven. They, aided by the judgment of their brother, had come to the conclusion that this Valley was the place to build a fortune. So, with their wives and children, 42 in number, they came on together

Four of the brothers—Rodney, Lucus, John and Ira located in this town. About three years afterwards, Rodney and Lucus removed to Flat River, leaving the other two.

They took up land in the fall of 1835. They raised a few potatoes the next season; but spent most of their time lumbering. Like most of the operators in lumber at the time, they failed to make money by it. The fact is very noticeable, that lumber was manufactured before it was demanded; and in quantity in excess of the demand. Therefore it was a poor business. The person who reads this history, or one who in any way familiarizes himself with the doings in early times, will be surprised at the calculations that were based on pine—at the investment in mills, in advance of the real prospect in sales. Probably ten dollars were lost on mills and lumber, where one was gained. It seems that there was a kind of mania for saw-mills. Instead of putting up the cheap concerns that were really needed, expensive mills were erected; and failed to remunerate, of course.

As an instance of early times lumbering, the first winter Ira Robinson cut with an ax, and put by the river, 996 logs which had been contracted to the Grand Haven Company, at 50 cents a log. The Company did not buy them. They lay by the river several years; and were then sold for a barrel of pork and two barrels of flour! Robinson found that getting rich by cutting logs was rather doubtful.

The growth of the town was slow; most of the land was owned by non-residents; bought on account of its pine. The town had little to attract those who were seeking places for farms. No settler in his senses would choose his location in a forest of pine. That pine will not then find a sale; the labor of clearing is immense; and then the stumps! Time rolls on; the openings and timbered lands have invited occupation; a demand has arisen for lumber; it has been cut and carried from the land. It is now easy to be cleared. The filling up of the region has given a value to the land; and the process of turning pine land into farms is going on. The stump 'machine' is civilizing the land in Robinson.

As said before, the occupation by settlers was slow. The town was not organized until 1856. The first meeting was at the house of Ira Robinson, when eighteen voters were present.

Its first officers were: John W. Barnard, Supervisor; Edward G. Robinson. Clerk; Willard Furgerson, Treasurer; Jonathan Hazard, Wm. H. Wood, Alfred Robinson, Fred. T. Ranney, Justices.

The settlers who came soon after the Robinsons, were: Wm. F. Wood, Jared and Harrison Conner, Alva Trumbull, James Black, Joseph Lemon, Dexter Ranney and —— Hartenburg—all within three or four years.

It will be perceived that the town was not organized until twenty-one years after its first occupation. The number of its inhabitants at the time we have no means of ascertaining. The small vote at the first meeting has been given. In 1857, the vote was thirty-six. The first census. that of 1860, showed one hundred and twenty-eight. Four years after it was one hundred and twenty-six. So it seems that as late as 1864. there was but a very partial occupancy. In 1870, there were four hundred and six; showing quite an increase. This is in harmony with the experience of other pine townships. People began to see that a good use could be made of this land, and went to work to subdue it. At present the population is over five hundred.

There is in the town, the little village of Robinson, where Mr. Eastman has a mill. Around the mill some other business has clustered. There are two stores and a church.

As a matter of course, the town has but little history, other than its lumbering operations—all of which went to enrich or impoverish, as the case might be, the residents of other places. Robinson had to begin its history, and its development after it had been sacked and its primitive resources exhausted by others.

Its few pioneers were in during the time that tried the souls and the endurance of men. They suffered during the often mentioned "starvation winter," when $20 was the price for a barrel of flour, and $50 for a barrel of pork; and when, for the last, $100 was refused. Mr. Robinson paid $20 at Grand Rapids for a barrel of flour, and drew it home on a hand-sled. During that winter a team with flour got stuck by Bass River, and they were obliged to leave it. The people, recognizing the rights of dread necessity, took forcible possession—not as robbers, but as citizens, facing the responsibility of their deed. It was carefully weighed out to the needy, and charged to those receiving it. The whole was afterwards paid for. Before censuring, reflect on the great principle that necessity knows no law. If your children must starve, or you commit a trespass, how would you act? Those with a full stomach can moralize on *principles* and *rights*; but it is hard to be a saint or moralist when hunger is gnawing the vitals. "Lead us not into temptation," is about equivalent to "Don't let us be hungry."

Situated as the town is, it is easy to see what it will be. But at present it has the air of newness, and it is but imperfectly developed. Its beautiful river prospects will be appreciated. It bides its time.

GEORGETOWN.

Georgetown, consisting of four townships—5 and 6 N., Rs. 13 and 14 W.,—was authorized by the Legislature to organize as a town in 1839. But it seems that they failed to organize; for we find that, in 1840, the Legislature enacted that Georgetown is attached to Ottawa, if she does not organize.

At first, almost every year witnessed some change in the limits of the town. These may be traced by reference to the summary of the legislative history, given in another place. First limits are understood to be temporary arrangements. By simple reference to the map, it will be seen that many surveyed townships are divided by the river; and that the towns bordering on the river are composed of fractions of townships.

Georgetown, in its settlement, may be considered an extension of Grandville; and measurably, at the present time, they are identified; as the two villages—Grandville, in Wyoming, and Jennisonville, in Georgetown—are scarcely anything but divisions of the same village, for many years constituting one school district. They are one settlement, with simply the misfortune of being in two towns and in two counties. The history of Grandville is given in its proper place, and in giving it, there was no intentional separation of it from its neighbor, Georgetown. A town line near Grandville was not observed. Now, stepping over that line, and eliminating Georgetown from the Grandville settlement, we note that the first settler was an old bachelor, Lorenzo French, who located in 1835.

The first family was that of Lemuel Jennison, who came on with his wife and four children, the same year. Jennison, Sr., lived but a short time, being killed by a tree in 1837. His wife died in 1840. The family, at the present writing (1875), are still all living. Altha, formerly Mrs. Bliss, now Mrs. Johnson, is near Jennisonville; Betsy, as Mrs. B. S. Hanchett, is at Grand Rapids; and the brothers—Hiram and Luman—whose business has ever been, and is, the center and foundation of Jennisonville, are still in the town, and carrying on business at the village, that bears their name.

The early history of Georgetown is about all of lumbering operations. The principal operators were the Jennisons. John Haire, Galen Eastman and the Messrs. Weatherwax. Haire commenced in 1851; built a steam mill in 1856. But little was done in the further part of the town, except stealing the lumber. The land, considered worthless for settlement, was sold in large tracts for the pine that was on it. It was a late idea that the land was valuable. When stripped of its pine, it was a public common, resorted to in the season for blackberries. Then Georgetown was alive with those who came from Grand Rapids and other places, to pick the delicious fruit. As the blackberry pickers began to see log houses going up in the blackberry region, they pitied the persons who condemned themselves to perpetual poverty. But the next year showed heavy crops of corn, where it was supposed only blackberries would flourish. And soon were visible the fine fields of wheat and clover. Opening their eyes, and raising their hands, the exclamation was: "Well, who would have thought it!"

Mr. Haire was one of the first to develop the land. He built the first large house and pulled the first stumps in 1855. Having fixed upon a beautiful location, his ambition was to have a model farm. It is now not a little interesting to see what work can do, and to witness the philosophical coolness of those who have grappled with the difficulties, despised and overcome them. A ride through the town is interesting. The virgin forest has mostly disappeared. A tract will be passed where the valueless pine is standing, blackened by the fires; the ground covered with what was left after the logs had been taken away—a picture of poverty and desert desolation. Soon we come to a field enclosed, and in crops among the stumps. On the other side of the road stands a "stump machine;" and there, half covering the ground, are the extracted stumps, in all their hateful ugliness. A little further along the road some men are at work drawing these stumps to the side of the fields, and arranging them in a hideous row; and the complacent owner is standing near, with his hands in his pockets, serenely contemplating the scene, and soliloquizing after this fashion: "There's a fence made for all time! None of your flimsy board concerns that an ox of any spirit would walk right through, and that cost as much as my stump fence. None of you rotting rail fences to be forever repaired, and that must be rebuilt in fifteen years. No, thank God, I have stumps on my farm, enough to fence it; and fenced, it is done for all time; and my fields and cattle are safe. Let them turn up their noses, if they please, at its lack of beauty, just as they do at my wife—say she is homely. Lord! don't I know her worth? I wouldn't swap her, homely as she is, for a dozen of your delicate, fancy wives. No! no! give me the substantial and enduring. Give me a good stump fence!"

That old fellow is not so green after all. The real value of these pine lands is just beginning to be realized, and the owners of them ask no commiseration.

Above it is said that the first operations were in the line of lumber. There was for a long time but a very sparse population. In 1845, we find but 133 persons in the large territory then called Georgetown. In 1650, 196, which would sufficiently show that people were in no haste to establish homes in that place.

There is little credit in being among the early settlers. It was not to go into distant wilds. Civilization had already a strong hold in the Valley, and the river gave easy communication.

In 1843, we find the Jennisons, Freeman Burton, Charles Corey, Mr. E. F. Bosworth, and Stephen Lowing. There were at that time two houses at Jennisonville. Mr. Lowing had a mature family, who have made their mark as prominent citizens in Ottawa county. Lumber brought Lowing.

Soon after 1843, came Seymour Cunningham, Francis Spear, Booth Perry, Jonathan Scott (father of Sheriff Scott), and Andrew Rowles. There is little use in further giving names, for reasons given above.

The first school was No. 1 on Sec. 8. It was organized Sept., 1845; a frame house built at an expense of $112. Miss Ann Evarts (at present Mrs. Angell, of Grand Haven,) was the first teacher. The second school was organized about the same time, and was taught by Miss Bemis (now Mrs. Avery Brittain, of Grandville).

In 1838, Geo. Ketchum built the first mills at Jennisonville —a gang saw-mill and a grist-mill. He bought much land, and set out to do a big business; but his grist-mill burned. He failed and went to California. The Jennisons bought the water power, and 1,200 acres of land.

Hiram Jennison run the first raft of lumber down the Grand River.

ALLENDALE.

The history of Allendale is very brief. It was a late day before it was settled at all; and its subsequent history is that of most other towns where lumbering is the chief interest. The land was, the most of it, purchased for its pine, and held for that by speculators and non-residents. Again, about 1836, the spirit of speculation was rife in the Eastern States; and there was a rage for purchasing Western lands. The man who had a little spare cash, came to Michigan or some other Western State; hunted the wilds for land; selected the best, and went off; leaving only the undesirable lots for the one who came to locate a home.

Until as late as 1855, a great proportion of the best farming lands was so held—at first with an iron grip; afterwards, from a disrelish of paying taxes—with a looser hand. Most of the really desirable land on the Grand River was so held. This was one of the reasons why townships, one or two removes from the river, were settled before those along its side. Back from the river was land that could be bought at Government price, or with State scrip. Near the river, the land was owned by, no one knew who; and was not open to occupation. Allendale, unfortunately, was in this category, and long remained a place for cutting logs and hunting deer.

In June, 1843, Richard Roberts took up the first one hundred and sixty acres that was occupied by an actual settler. For several years he kept a place of entertainment for travelers. He sold out and moved to the place where he spent the rest of his life. In 1843–4, came Thomas Jones, John Hanna, and Ephraim Pierson. In 1844, Robert Scott came on; cleared a few acres, and went back. The family, his mother and brothers, Alexander and James, came on and occupied. He followed them two years afterwards. In 1845, Alexander Milne took up his residence in the town. Morris Reed located in 1847. These were the pioneers; others followed slowly.

In 1851, the Methodists formed a society or class of nine members—Wm. Comfit, Joseph Burlinghame, Johnson Balcom, Alexander Milne, and their wives, and Lucy J. Spear. The class was formed under the ministration of the Rev. Wm. C. Comfort.

About 1854, Albert Maxfield, a local preacher, organized a class of Wesleyan Methodists. Some of the other class joined them, and the original society ceased to exist. This society has had an active existence since; has now regular preaching, and some forty members. The society has no church edifice.

The Congregationalists, in 1872, began to bestir themselves; organized a society of about fifteen members, and, with the aid of some whole-hearted sinners, and of liberal people in other places, erected the first, and at present the only, church edifice in the town.

It is to be hoped that the Methodists will take counsel from wisdom, open their purses, appeal to the sinners, and not appeal in vain. That much-talked-against class of people are ever found ready to help, for they believe in the gospel, and like those best who pitch into them the hardest. Make the appeal to them, ye Wesleyans, after you have shown, by your own liberality, that you really believe what you profess to, and be assured the appeal will not be in vain.

The first school in the town was kept by Francis M. Burton, a Grand Rapids boy, who, in consideration of the fact that it was his first attempt at teaching—and further, in consideration of the fact that it was all they could pay—taught for $10 a month. This Burton was a genius in his way. When last heard from, he was in Oregon.

The town was organized in 1849; then consisting of townships 5, 6 and what of 7 is south of the river. The first meeting was at the house of Richard Roberts.

The stump machine is at work in Allendale. Until that has done its work, civilized agriculture can make but little progress. Stumps, whether in the fields or in the human mouth, are unpoetic things. Rhyme to "stump" as you will, it is some word with low associations—as "lump, bump, dump, mump, gump, or trump—" the last with double meaning; the one associating it with Gabriel; and the other, with those unseemly pictures with which vacant heads are often amused. A widower with a mouth full of stumps stands but a poor chance, unless his pocket is well lined; and a farm, with these unsightly objects disfiguring it, excites no poetic rapture. But they are disappearing, and the fields of Allendale will yet be as beautiful as her name. The town is one of capacities rather than a developed reality. The views on the river are fine; the land is good, and has a pleasing variety of surface; and the civilizing agents are at work. It is easy to see what it will be.

All honor to the person with an ear for music, and with poetry in his soul, who, as godfather, named the young town. Were not our harp long since hung on the willows, we would improvise a strain, that should wake some more youthful bard to sing of "Lovely Allendale."

There is but one human name (and that our own) that we can bear to see borne by a town. Allendale has no such load to bear. Other people feel about as we do. Therefore, we advise all young towns and villages to compliment no one; to imitate no one; but exercise taste and that alone. We said above, there was one excepted name. Should any people choose to give that name to their place, we should feel the compliment; but should not admire their taste.

POLKTON.

The temporary organization of the town was authorized oy the Legislature March 19th, 1845. Its territory consisted of four townships, 5, 6, 7, 8, N., R. 14 W. The first town meeting was appointed to be held at the house of Timothy Eastman. At the first town meeting, the 14th of April, Timothy Eastman was chosen Moderator, and Robert F. Tracy, Clerk.

There were present 19 voters. The meeting was adjourned from Eastman's house to the school-house near by, where were elected:

Timothy Eastman, Supervisor; John N. Hopkins, Clerk; Paschal Maxfield, Treasurer; T. Eastman, R. F. Tracy, Benj. Hopkins, P. Maxfield, Justices.

Twenty offices were filled, of which T. Eastman had 3; P. Maxfield, 3; B. Hopkins, 3; Ephraim Parsons, Robert Tracy, and Charles Wiley, each 2.

The names of sixteen of the voters are found on the record. Timothy Eastman, Paschal Maxfield, Robert F. Tracy, Justus Stiles, Charles Wiley, Stephen Morse, Warren Streeter, Joseph

Burlinghame, John N. Hopkins, Benjamin Hopkins, Daniel Realy, Ephraim Parsons, David Stanton, Paul Avery, John Gardner, James Charles.

One hundred dollars was raised for town purposes.

Indicative of the subsequent growth of the town, in 1847 the vote was 43; in 1848, 26; in 1849, 35. A reference to the summary of legislative action, will show that in this time the dimensions of the territory were undergoing changes.

The settlement of Polkton and Talmadge are in substance the same. A center of settlement was at Steele's Landing (now Lamont), near the line of the two towns. Neighbors found themselves in different towns. Most of the pioneers located on the Talmadge side. So the proper place for giving the rise and progress of the settlement is in connection with that town, and the village of Lamont.

Although at a very early day settlers clustered around Lamont, the town of Polkton made but little progress for quite a number of years. Timothy D. and Benjamin Lilly pushed on a distance from the "Landing" in 1843, and settled themselves where they have ever since resided. They cut their own road from the Landing. Richard Platt, 1844; Sylvanus Waters, 1844.

Of the early settlers, or as early as 1848, we are able to give the names of Chauncey and Justus Stiles; Warren Streeter (transient), Peter McNaughton, Richard Stiles, Abraham Peck, Josiah T. Lawton, Walter McEwing (the first in the Cooperville part of the town), 1845; Sylvester Jackson, Ephraim Doane (transient). He was afterwards murdered at St. Louis; Henry Garter (transient), Paul Averill, a Canadian, who left on account of the "patriot war." Daniel W. Scott, who established a tannery,—the first between Grand Rapids and Grand Haven, on Dorr Creek, east of Cooperville; Edward Streeter, by Scott; John Averill (son of Paul); John N. Hopkins and Wm. Platt.

The most of these, in green old age, are still living and enjoying the fruits of their labor. A few rest where we all must rest. Josiah Lawton died in 1863, aged 77; and Paul Averill died in 1873, aged 55; and John N. Hopkins (more identified with Spring Lake) is also dead.

The part of the town away from the river did not grow much until the D. & M. Railroad came through.

There was no school nearer than Eastmanville, until 1853. Then Miss Eliza B. Torrey taught a school of ten scholars, in a log house without windows, one mile north of Cooperville. That house did service until 1871. This Miss Torrey is now Mrs. Daniel W. Scott, near Cooperville.

Benjamin F. Cooper, in the spring of 1845, purchased the section, on which Cooperville is situated. It remained untouched until the D. and M. Railroad came through. Then Cooper, as an inducement, offered the company the undivided one-half of 160 acres, if they would locate a depot there, and call it Cooperville. He sent his two sons to start the place. They built a saw-mill, and opened a store. They stayed four years, failed, and went back to Utica. Cooper got discouraged and did no more. After his death the property was sold to W. F. Storrs, George W. Danforth, Charles Hosmer and A. C. Ellis; and the place began to grow, and has since developed itself into a business place of some importance. It has at present seven stores, two taverns, one tannery, a saw and grist-mill; and the other adjuncts of a thriving country village. It has a good brick school-house, which cost $5,000. It is not a fancy structure, but a good, substantial, plain building. It was built in 1871. The first principal was Milo D. Alderson, who for two years presided in it; and who gave general satisfaction. He was succeeded by Geo. A. Farr; who, aided by two assistants, is now in charge. Scholars, 150.

Polkton has been the theatre of an unusual number of tragical deaths.

Albert Randall was killed by the fall of a limb of a tree, in 1850.

Frederick Marshall was the same year killed by the fall of a tree; and about the same time Frederick Whitcup, a Hollander, met a similar fate.

Peter Wilde, an old man, hanged himself, in 1875.

Harry Steele was killed by the bursting of a mill-stone.

Norman Hinsdale, at Lamont, was drowned while attempting to rescue a boy.

James Van Gorden, a young man, was killed by being struck on the head with a club. His assailant was a youth, who was sent to the house of correction two and a half years.

A youth by the name of Vanden Bowt was killed by the fall of a limb. He was not a resident.

Heman Leland was shot accidentally, about 1864.

The churches of Cooperville are the Episcopal Methodist, the Congregational, and the Free Methodist. The Congregational has ceased to have an active existence.

The Methodist Episcopal Church was started in 1866. The original class were:

Walter McEwing and wife; Roswell Toothacre and wife; Robert Martin and wife; Mrs. Sours, Mrs. Austin, and two others.

For two years, meetings were held in private houses, and then in the hall over one of the stores.

After the Congregational church was built, the Methodists had the privilege of the house once in two weeks. In 1875, they bought out the right of the Congregationalists to the house—that society having run out. The class is still small.

The Free Methodists have an active organization.

WRIGHT.

Until April 5th, 1847, this town was a part of Talmadge. Its settlement and early history are identified with that town. At the date above given, the township commenced its separate political existence. It was in no great hurry to be set off—apparently better pleased with being a part of a large concern, than the whole of a small one.

At its organization, which was at the house of Leonard Roberts, the following were elected its first officers:

Silvius Waters, Supervisor; Ireneus Wellman, Clerk; Hiram C. McDearman, Treasurer; Edson Fuller, John McLain, Charles Dunning, Justices.

Who first made a beginning in Wright is matter of question. It was reached, not by pushing adventure, but in regular progress—going a little beyond—a part of the early settlers, feeling that they belonged to the settlements around Grand Rapids; and others that they belonged to Talmadge.

As far as known, Justin Walker was among the first, if not the first, to locate in the town—he locating in the extreme southeast corner. He came with a wife and six children in 1839. It was but just stepping over the line of the town of Walker, which was pretty well occupied. They were then only one and a-half miles from neighbors. Mr. Leland came about the same time, and located northwest of Mr. Walker.

This Mr. Walker was killed at Grand Rapids, in 1863, by the kick of a horse. His wife died in 1874.

Several settlers came in 1840, among them the brothers Lilly (Benjamin and Timothy B.), who gave name to a part of the town—the "Lilly Settlement;" James Wheeler and John O'Brien.

It is not deemed necessary to trace the progress of settlement any further, as it has no historic value. Good land was the attraction, and people went to occupy it, just on the outskirts of civilization. To locate there was not an adventure; and it was subject only to the inconveniences common to backwoods life. Its history is the development of one of the best farming towns in the State. The snug little village of Berlin, which at first clustered about a mill, is its business center. The railroad passing through, puts it in easy communication with the world. In thrift and wealth it will compare favorably with any rural town. In fact, a man owning land there ought to be poor, if he could not get rich from it. True, all have not; as some are born to be poor; and others choose present pleasure to future independence and respectability; and, as all experience proves, there is *luck*, as well as *skill* in making a fortune.

But the *general* experience of mankind is, that if a young man will push into the woods, secure a piece of land, such as is found in Wright, *go to work* and develop it, keep out of debt, let whisky and fashion alone, he may in a green old age, sit in his front door and enjoy his meerschaum, while contemplating his waving fields, his flocks, herds, and well-filled pocket-book. His turkeys will gobble around him; his lambs bunt the sheep in his yards, and his peaceful soul will be at rest. Who wouldn't be an old man, after a long, laborious, useful and honorable life? He looks on the land he has redeemed from the wilds; he looks on the children whom he has raised, and for whom he has denied himself; and the peaceful, cheering thought steals over him, that those children are impatiently waiting for his death, that they may enjoy the fruits of his labors. But what has this to do with Wright? Perhaps nothing. But it must be a strange town if it has not some such happy old men. But more commonly the man, when he finds himself too old to work, gives up the business and property to his son, relying on filial love and duty for the quiet enjoyment of an old age free from cares. He finds himself thrust into a corner, wearing his son's cast-off clothes—"the old man;" and by and by when he is found dead—hanged or drowned—a coroner's verdict is given, "Died by his own act. *No cause can be assigned.*" But we will come back to Wright.

In the northern part of the town is a German settlement of about fifty families, and about as many more over the line, in Chester. Most of these came in 1842. They were poor people, who came, not as a colony, but from different German States, to make for themselves a home. They did not come together, but settled, German near German. They are mostly thriving farmers; have a church (Catholic), a resident priest, and really form a German community. They were first settlers of that part of the town.

The Irish Catholics have a church west of Berlin, and the Adventists a society in the north part. There is no need of trying to hand down their history; for, if their doctrine is true, we all shall soon be "where the dew falls not;" if not true, but the idealization of fanaticism, it is charity on the part of history to help oblivion.

A reference to the census reports will show that Wright had some 500 inhabitants at the time it was set off; that its growth has been steady, if we suppose an error in the returns of the last State census, which shows a falling off. It is *believed* there was an increase. The same is observable in several other towns in the Grand River Valley—the State census less than the preceding U. S. Probably the explanation is, that the marshals, being paid *per capita*, made exaggerated returns in 1870.

CROCKERY.

The Indian name, "Nunica," means "pottery," or earthenware. At or near the mouth of the creek that bears the name, considerable quantities of Indian pottery were found, which caused it to be called "Crockery Creek." The Indian word "Nunica," has been retained by the rising village and railroad station.

Judge Hathaway, who was all of his life one of the most honored and prominent men of Ottawa county, and whose hold on the respect and love of the people was such as only a superior and *good* man can have, was the first white settler in the town. He came from Claremont, Mass., in 1837, to Grand Haven, where he lived until Nov., 1839, when he came to the mouth of Crockery Creek. There he lived, monarch of all he surveyed, for six years. During this six years he cultivated the land some, made shingles, and cut logs. For shingles he could get from $1 to $1.50 per M. Logs in the river, delivered at the mill, would bring from $2 to $2.50 per 1,000 feet.

The style in which Hathaway and his wife lived was primitive, but they had no Mrs. Grundys for neighbors, and therefore they despised not its simplicity. Their log-house admitted the driving snow. For four months Mrs. H. saw not the face of a white woman. They had Indians for neighbors, and lived on terms of friendly intercourse with them. And, as young couples uncorrupted by fashion often do, they looked forward to a home and independence, as the result of their mutual labors and as the goal of their ambition. Young love is trusting, and young hearts are hopeful; and young hands can grapple with difficulties, and young muscles can endure labor. As we pass the cabin in the wood; see the forest trees, laid by the ax, around it; observe the young man tirelessly battling with the forest, and every day proving himself a conqueror; we—that is, your humble servant—respectfully make our best bow, and grasp the horny hand of one we esteem a hero. He is one of the men who make the world, and who create wealth, which, when created, can easily make the soft-handed dandy, who lives to spend, and who dies, food for oblivion.

Nor is that young wife in her log-cabin to be passed lightly by. With love in her heart she has left her father's house, to share the fortune and the labors of her chosen companion. She don't ask your pity. She is happy, with her brave husband and the dear little ones that give life to her humble cottage. God bless you, young wife and helpmate; your hopes will be realities.

At the time Hathaway settled there were no roads of any kind, the river was the only available way of connection. The tangled fallen timber, the swamps, and the ravines rendered traveling other than on foot nearly impossible. The land in the township was mostly State land. Settlers generally located on State scrip, which they bought for from 50 to 60 cents on the dollar, paying nominally $1.25 per acre. The young State of Michigan, trying to go too fast, got in debt, and not being able to pay, her promises to pay got to be looked upon with disfavor; they were property to get rid of. The State received large grants of land from the United States. As a wise means of restoring State credit, and as doing the best by her creditors that she could, it was decreed that State script should be receivable at par for State lands, and that land should be sold at the United States price. As will be seen from the article of John Ball, a good deal of this State land was selected in Ottawa county; and the way of paying for it facilitated its settlement. Some of the land in Crockery was located on the 1812 soldiers' bounty warrants. The region escaped the notice of the speculators of 1836–7, and, when the land was bought, it was by those who meant to occupy it.

Next after Hathaway, were three brothers Patchin, who employed themselves getting in logs for Ringnette and Boldan. Their job of logs was the first put into the Grand River, in 1838. This Boldan was a half-breed French Indian, who lived with Charles Oakes at Grandville. From a shantying lumberman, Manly Patchin became one of the earliest actual settlers, as did James N. Patchin and another brother.

About 1840, Henry Dusenbury came in; soon after built a mill up the creek. He afterwards went across the lake, and to California, where he was killed.

William W. Kanouse came in 1840 or 1841. He afterwards lived at Grand Haven.

In 1844, Charles T. Gibbs and Charles Rose came together: the next winter and spring, —— Barringer, —— Van Dyke, Uriah Hellums; in 1846, Silas O. and Theron F. Hunter, Ebenezer and Arza Bartholomew.

It was hard living for the first settlers of Crockery. Going to mill was taking a canoe to Grand Rapids. To get some money was to put in logs, or cut cord-wood. Mr. Gibbs cut cord-wood near the river; carried it to the bank on a wheelbarrow; loaded it on a raft of logs, and sold it at Grand Haven for one dollar per cord. Ingenuity was taxed to get something to eat.

The Indians had possession along the river. Some fifty or sixty of them lived at Battle Point, where they purchased about seventy acres of land. The chief was named Magobie (nicknamed Saginaw Coosco—Black Bird). He was a powerful and handsome man; generally called a good Indian. He lived to a great age—was supposed to be near one hundred years old when he died. His son, Ahmoos, was a man of influence among them. At a later day, Joseph Cobmoosa bought land there, and had a farm. He was drowned at Grand Haven. One of their number—old Shiawas—was present and helped at the burning of Buffalo. The Indians of this clan were used at the battle on Lake Erie, and afterwards would go to Toronto for the annuity paid them by the British. They did not consider themselves treated with much respect by those they served in that battle. An Indian, wounded, was thrown overboard; a white man was not.

A good Indian—Nattawas—lived near Hathaway, who always supplied him with game. He was poisoned to death at Grand Haven.

About three miles above Battle Point, was another company of about one hundred. Their chief was Shiawas—a proud, fine looking, keen and powerful man. He and his band went away about 1839.

A few of the Indians are still at Battle Point.

The name "Battle Point" is suggestive of history. As it is pointed out to the traveler on the river he naturally desires to know what was the great event which left its record as a name on the place. As he knows that no battles of our nation were near the Grand River, he inevitably comes to the conclusion that here the Indian braves met on the field of death. He inquires for Indian legends of the bloody fray, but Indian traditions have not come down. Yet is there not a dim tradition among the earlier occupants of the region, that on this point, Captain Kanouse and Henry Dusenbury, in desperate fight with fists and words, contested their pre-emption claims. In honor of that fight, the place has since been called "Battle Point." When the anxious inquirer has heard thus much, he is too disgusted to ask, who got whipped; and should he ask, no one could enlighten him.

JAMESTOWN.

This town was set off from Georgetown and organized in in 1849. At the time it appears there were only 13 voters in the township. Their names were: Monsieur Brown, his son, James M. Brown, Nathan W., Charles and David Richardson, James Skeels, James and James M. Cronkright, George D. and Augustus Donnelly, S. L. Gitchell, Andrew Frieze, and Andrew Frieze, Jr.

Of these were elected: Supervisor, James Skeels; Clerk, James M. Brown; Treasurer, James M. Cronkright; Justices, G. G. Donnelly, Charles Richardson, James Cronkright, Nathan W. Richardson.

Raised $125 for contingent expenses.

The first settlers were the Cronkrights, father and son, who entered in 1843. In 1844, came Monsieur Brown and his son; S. L. Gitchel, Andrew Frieze, Nathan and Charles Richardson and perhaps, one or two others.

The pioneer Cronkright is still resident. Monsieur Brown died in Wyoming in 1865.

Jamestown was sought for its soil alone, being perhaps the best agricultural township in Ottawa county. It probably would not have been reached in the course of settlement as soon as it was, had it not been for the fact that the really desirable lands nearer the river had been taken by speculators.

The early settler must have a small head and retreating forehead, if he does not look out for the best land. After settlement has given value to timber, and made location desirable, it will do to take land of inferior, or even poor quality. But when the best timber is a nuisance to be got rid of, when the man has to forego all the comforts and appliances of civilzation, and do that work which is to give value to the region around, he cannot afford to take poor land. Besides, if he has common sense, he will realize that in future time that first rate land makes the first rate farm, and that the owner of an A No. 1 farm, with his sleek cattle, and his dozen stout boys and rosy girls around him, is about as independent a nabob as the country affords. If he is not "monarch of all he surveys," he is monarch of broad acres that he has redeemed from savage wilderness, and he has a right to feel himself a nobleman. The novelist, Cooper, with his world-wide reputation, prided himself on being the owner of a farm. "There is no property," said he to the writer, "that is so respectable to own, as a farm." Cooper was right. To be the exclusive owner of a piece of God's earth has dignity in it, especially if it has that fertile soil, that will roll up the bank account. But after all there is not much dignity in being the owner of poor land. It savors too much of poverty and its twin sister—humility. "I haven't but an acre of it, and am not so poor as you think I am," was the answer of a Pennsylvanian to the man who told him, "the more such land a man had the poorer he was."

But coming back to the town. The early settlers were obliged to bring their provisions, etc., on their backs from Grandville, or on hand-sleds, on account of the swamps. There were plenty of deer, and other game abounded. So abundant were deer, that one man (a Mr. Hermit) killed 86 in one winter.

They had their diversions, their gala-days being "logging bees" and log house raisings. A logging bee is the glory of the new settler. Five or ten acres have been chopped and burned. Invitations are sent to all, far and near. They come, the sturdy yeomen, with their teams; and the bonny lasses come, too. Emulous to outdo each other, they go at the logs and brush with a "Hip! hurrah!" and log heaps arise like the work of magic. The "mysterious" circulates; and all feel the inspiring effect of "mystery." Long before night the field is cleared; and all adjourn to the house where bright eyes are ready to greet them, where the pigs are smoking on the table, and the abounding et ceteras of rustic good cheer. The "fun" in the field has given an appetite that soon sweeps the board. And then comes the good time of social hilarity, which we, poor slaves of etiquette, know nothing of. Why, there is more enjoyment in one logging bee than in twenty fancy balls, or fashionable parties—enjoyment higher, purer, and really more desirable. There is *soul* in it, and people love to realize that they have a soul.

No school was in the town until the summer of 1851. The first was kept by Miss Elizabeth Bates.

The pioneer preacher was Elder A. B. Toms, a Free Will Baptist.

But one church edifice has been built in the town—that of the Dutch Reformed. The Free Will Baptists, the Methodists and the Disciples have organizations, but no buildings.

In the winter of 1873–4, an event occurred over which a mystery still hangs: the disappearance of the town treasurer, C. C. Pratt. Whether he was murdered, or ran away, is matter of opinion.

Like most new rural towns, Jamestown has left little for record. Probably the most important event is putting the drain through the long swamp, a part of which is in that town. This is revealing the invaluable worth of those detested lands. The Drain Commissioner has opened a mine of wealth. It is now for the people to work it. It is found that these drained swamps yield fabulous crops, especially of onions. All experience so far demonstrates that mud (not peat) swamps are land in its perfection; and in time many will be the benedictions showered on the Drain Commissioner, whose assessments are apt to be met by many a grumbling curse. Why, man, your swamp with a good ditch through it, is worth five times as much, acre by acre, as your dry land. It has for ages been the reservoir of fertilizing matter, drawn from the land around; and is an inexhaustible region—a mine of fertility. Happy is its lucky owner. Oh! I wish I owned some of it!

TALMADGE.

Talmadge was constituted a town by act of Legislature, in 1838, and consisted of T. 7 and 8 N., R. 13 W. The first meeting was at the house of Wm. Stoddard, April 2d, 1838. At the organization of the town, there were elected:

Bethuel Church, Supervisor; Israel V. Harris, Clerk; Abram Hatch, Silas G. Harris, Ira H. Maxfield, Alonzo D. Yeomans, Justices.

The record does not show the number of voters, but from them the following names are gleaned:

Edward Dalton, Daniel Angell, Jotham Baxter, Allen Stoddard, Thomas B. Woodbury, Harrison Hunter.

The vicissitudes, as it regards size, through which Talmadge has passed, are:

In 1839, the town was enlarged by annexing to it T. 7 and 8, R. 14 W.

Since then, by the organization of new towns, and the general arrangement of territory so that the river shall divide no town, the present shape and size of the town was reached in 1847.

By common consent, A. D. Yeomans and Allen Stoddard were the first that settled in Talmadge. They came in 1835. The stay of Yeomans was short. He sold out in 1838, to H. & Z. Steele, went to Illinois, and died. Stoddard lived the first winter in an Indian wigwam.

Ira H. Maxfield came from Clinton county, N. Y., in Feb., 1836. He was a farmer in Talmadge until his death, in 1874. He was a valued citizen; able, patriotic and honorable.

Harlow T. Judson came from Canada in 1836, and settled in Talmadge. He died in 1870.

The other accessions of 1836, as nigh as ascertained, were:

Bethuel Church, Andrew Dalton, Edward Dalton, John Baxter, Victor Harris (Jan.), Lemuel Peake (Jan., '36), Lewis D. Burch, Jotham Baxter, T. B. Woodbury, Daniel Angell, (fall of '36).

In 1837: Damon Hatch, John C. Davis, —— Bromley, Harry Steele, Zina Steele.

The gleanings of the early history of the town are meager; there is little but adventures with wild beasts, among which Mr. Angell made himself a terror, subsisting for many years upon their destruction. Not counting deer, squirrels, bears, muskrats and other minor game, he killed seventy wolves, one of which was a big black one, and one a loup-cervier.

Mr. A., one night, out looking for his cattle, was startled by the cry of a panther near him. He did not see the beast. At that time it was known that two panthers were around, one of which was killed by a man near Crockery Creek, by a well directed ball planted between his eyes. The man startled the panther, who, before determining whether to charge or retreat, placed his paws on a log and looked at the hunter, winking first one eye and then the other, and gracefully swinging his caudal elongation. The man, ejaculating one prayer to the devil, ground out the words between his teeth, "You impudent cuss!" and fired. Mr. Panther sprang up, turned more summersets than were ever witnessed in a circus; and, in fact, acted as though he was mad, or at least half crazy. Calming himself by degrees, he lay down and died, apparently with quiet resignation.

This pair of panthers have been traced from Clinton county to Ottawa; where, one being killed, the other was seen no more. It is not known as they did any harm. They *scared* some people; and in Talmadge one of them lost his life because he must stop and look, instead of promptly acting. Let all wild beasts learn wisdom; and when they meet a man with a gun, charge or retreat, and that instantly.

Soon after the first settlement of the place (for *cities* were then wonderfully popular), Mr. T. B. Woodbury having a half-section of land admirable for a city, laid out eighty acres of it. The fate of this city was not that of countless others, platted and mapped at about the same time. It became a village, is now a village, and a pretty village, too. Mr. Woodbury in one thing showed that he was a man of taste, a gentleman and a scholar. He run through the village a wide avenue, which is, at the same time, street and park.

But he, the originator of the village, reaped no benefit from it. He sold out, put his property into a grist-mill; that was burned, and he was destitute. He now lives near Fruitport.

The place became known as "Steele's Landing," afterwards as "Middleville," until in 1857, its name was changed by the Legislature to "Lamont." An interesting tradition has been handed down to the present time, that the people of the place were warm in their admiration of the placid dignity of A. Lamont Chubb, of Grand Rapids. He had, in connection with his father, opened a store for the sale of agricultural implements. They had seen in front of his store a beautiful road-scraper. It was just the thing they wanted. They feasted their eyes upon it; they coveted it. The village trustees determined in solemn council to buy it, when lo! the treasury was empty, not a nickel there. Still they must have that scraper, even if it cost them the *good name* of Middleville. Chubb was sounded, and it appeared that though he valued the scraper at its full worth, he valued immortality more. The historian approves his choice, and will himself add a *chain* to the scraper when any rising village will immortalize *his* name, by making it theirs. But won't they, by-and-by, sell their name again?

Having written so much, we sought an interview with Chubb, and having congratulated him on his cheap immortality, he, in his quiet way, with his usual placid smile and sly deliberation, remarked: "Are-you-not-a-little-in-error-in-your-chronology? Was - not - the - naming - *before* - the - giving - of - the-scraper?" The wind was out of our sails. We had armed ourselves with scraper and chain, and had been looking for the village, who for it would give *us* immortality. What was our chagrin when we learned that these names were *given* in compliment to *worth*, and were not *on sale.* We've a scraper and chain to sell cheap. We'd like to see part of our money back again.

The first school in the town was kept by Mrs. Harrison Hunter, in a log house built by Hunter. Among the first teachers was Mr. Barry, who is still a resident, and who is widely known as a logical grammarian.

The first house built as a school-house is standing still, degraded into a barn and catch-all. It stands east of the brick church.

The town was named in compliment to Gen. Talmadge, of Dutchess county, N. Y.

ROMANCE IN OLD AGE.

Among the earliest settlers at Lamont, as many of the old settlers in this locality will remember, were Dan Angell and wife, who went there in 1837. They had lived, with the usual happiness and trials, the usual health and illness that befall humanity, in Lamont, till the 5th of Nov., 1875, when Mrs. Angell died. Her death affected Mr. Angell very much—he loved his wife with a fervor and fidelity which many of the latter-day people cannot realize or understand, and he felt certain he could not long survive her loss. He insisted that he was going to die soon, and that her body should be kept, so that he might be buried at the same time in the same grave with her. His request was granted, and he did die on the 19th, just two weeks after, and both were buried on the 21st in the same grave. Such romance is not often found in these latter days.

FRUITPORT.

Setting off from the Grand River near its mouth, is a body of water, formerly known as the Bayou, but more recently as Spring Lake. It is an uncommonly beautiful sheet of water, with high shores, and every surrounding to make it one of the loveliest spots in Michigan. Until 1866, it was unappreciated and considered only in its relation to the lumber business. The soil around is a light, sandy loam, resting on clay. The timber was a heavy growth of pine, hemlock, ash, etc. The land, stripped of its timber, was considered nearly valueless, as land of deep sand is generally found to be, and was classed with the "pine barrens," which entail poverty on their unfortunate owner.

In the spring of 1866, Captain E. L. Craw, studying the region around Spring Lake, came to the conclusion that it had rare capacities, and purchased a tract of several hundred acres on the eastern bank, and immediately set out some 30 acres of peach trees. The result exceeded his highest expectations. The land was found to be admirably adapted to the growth of that fruit and the grape. This gave rise to a good deal of the spirit of speculation. The land, underlaid with clay, that had a real value, gave a high nominal value to the sandy soils in general.

Fortunes were made by raising peaches, and very many, catching the spirit, saw mines of wealth in "fruit lands." Those who supposed spent pine lands near the lake shore were necessarily "fruit lands," found themselves mistaken, and denounced the whole as a humbug. But the fact was patent, that on the shore of Spring Lake, the land was invaluable for fruit. The business increased with fine results on the whole. The crops were almost unfailing until the dread winter of 1874-5, which caused the faces of the peach-growers to assume a lugubrious elongation. The cold of that winter killed nearly all. But as such a winter had never come before, it was rational to suppose it never would again; and people are acting on that assumption.

The village of Fruitport was laid out at the head of the lake in 1868. In the spring of 1869, the foundation was laid for a hotel, intended to be a great concern. In 1871, a well was sunk, which resulted in a supply of mineral waters, which soon made the place famous for its waters. The Pomona House was opened in July, 1871; and was crowded until the close of the season.

In 1870, the property passed into the hands of a company, The Fruitport Magnetic and Sulphur Springs Company, with a capital of half a million dollars. The Pomona House has been twice burned down, and is now a ruin. The waters of this place, Spring Lake and Grand Haven, have been for some years a great attraction; and the numerous visitors claim that they are unsurpassed as curative agents.

Great hopes are entertained as to the future of Fruitport.

OTTAWA COUNTY.

AS GLEANED FROM THE COUNTY RECORDS.

The county was organized by act of the Legislature, approved December 21, 1837; and at the ensuing township meetings of the three townships which comprised the county, the following county officers were elected:

Timothy Eastman, Clerk; Clark B. Albee, Register of Deeds; Edmund H. Badger, Judge of Probate; Henry Pennoyer, Sheriff; Supervisors, Bethuel Church, Talmadge; William Hathaway, Ottawa; Erastus Wilcox. Muskegon.

The first meeting of the supervisors was held at the house of Nathan Troop, on the 112h day of April, 1838. Present: Erastus Wilcox and Wm. Hathaway. Organized by appointing E. Wilcox, Chairman, and Timothy Eastman, Clerk.

Resolved, That the courts of the county be held at the village of Grand Haven, until further ordered.

The board of two supervisors then adjourned.

The next meeting was at Troop's house, on the 8th of May.

Business: Extending the time for making up the assessment rolls, and appointing Timothy Eastman to locate a quarter-section of land for the use of the county, in accordance with the provisions of the Act of the Territorial Legislature, approved July 25th, 1836. He was to be accompanied by one or more of the supervisors.

The Register of Deeds was directed to procure suitable books

At the annual meeting of the supervisors, held at the house of Wm. Hathaway, the first Tuesday in October, there were present Church and Hathaway —Church in the chair.

Adjourned two weeks. At the adjourned meeting, Oct. 16th, present, Church and Hathaway.

Permission was given to Ed. H. Macy to keep a ferry across Black River Lake two years.

Accounts were allowed to the amount of $423.16, and the Board assessed for town and expenses: Talmadge, $48.50; Ottawa, $631.34; Muskegon, $59.09.

At this time a new order of things was inaugurated—the board of Supervisors being superseded by county commissioners.

The Commissioners elected were Bethuel Church and Saunders Coates. They held their first meeting Dec. 6th, 1838. W. Hathaway, Secretary.

[It may here be stated that an important part of the business of the county was either not recorded, or the record has been lost. No record of the elections is found; and what is here given is either from the records of the supervisors and commissioners, or from the memory of individuals.]

Timothy Eastman is mentioned as being Judge of Probate, November 16th, 1839.

March 24th, 1840, provision is made for a more formal record of the proceedings of the Board of Supervisors, and the succeeding board of County Commissioners.

On the assessment rolls appear the towns of Ottawa, Georgetown, Talmadge, Norton and Muskegon—five towns.

Assessed value of the county, $352,372.57.

In 1842, George L. Norton, Benjamin Hopkins and C. B. Albee were County Commissioners.

April 1st, 1842, the Board of Commissioners adjourned *sine die*; that is, *forever*.

The record of the first meeting of the reinstated Board of Supervisors, bears date July 4th, 1842. They organized by appointing Benjamin Hopkins chairman. But there is no record *who* were the supervisors. The same five towns were represented.

In 1845, six towns are represented, Polkton then appearing.

In 1846, at a not full board, C. B. Albee was directed to build a jail, and to draw on the county for $50, and contingently for $50 more; that is, if the absent supervisors approved in writing; and $100 was subscribed. The absent supervisors approved.

In 1847, Wright appears, making seven towns.

In 1848, White River and Chester—nine towns.

In 1849, Holland, Jamestown, Crockery, Allendale, Spring Lake, and Ravenna (White River disappears)—fourteen towns.

In 1851, White River reappears.

In 1852, Casnovia; 1854, Blendon; 1856, Robinson; 1857, Olive.

In June, 1851, by the supervisors, the township of Zeeland is set off from Holland, and the first township meeting directed to be held at the church in the village of Zeeland, July 14th, 1851.

At the same meeting, the S. ½ of T. 5, N. 15 W. was attached to Spring Lake.

Valuation, $666,869.09.

Oct. 12th, 1852, Casnovia was set off from Chester, as a separate township; the first township meeting to be held at the house of Alexander Burdick, the first Monday in April, 1873.

Ottawa county had jurisdiction over all territory north of it. In 1853, the counties of Oceana, Mason and Manistee are complained of, as not paying taxes; and a petition for proper powers to assess and collect taxes in the district was made to the Legislature, and special mantion is made of White River, in the county of Oceana.

Valuation, $1,404,529.66.

In 1854, the township of Blendon was organized—set off from Allendale; first meeting at the house of Booth Perry, the first Monday in April, 1857.

In January, 1856, Robinson was set off from Ottawa; first meeting at the house of Ira Robinson, the first Monday in April.

Jan. 6th, 1857, the township of Olive was set off from Ottawa; first meeting at the house of Wm. J. Bakker, the 1st Monday in April.

The records give evidence of a good deal of interest in the location of the county seat; various places desiring it; especially Eastmanville and Ottawa centers.

At the January session, 1857, the Board voted to locate the county seat at Eastmanville, and that the question be submitted to the people. In 1858, by a two-thirds vote, they located it (so far as their vote would do it) at Ottawa Center. In October, its rejection by the people is recorded.

In 1859, the supervisors voted to petition the Legislature to organize the county of Muskegon. In accordance with that petition, Muskegon county and all northern dependencies were set off, leaving Ottawa as now. The business between the two counties was amicably arranged.

The first circuit court for the county was held at Grand Haven, May 28th, 1839; Charles W. Whipple was the presiding judge, and Timothy Eastman and Jonathan H. Ford, associate judges. No jury was impaneled.

MUSKEGON COUNTY.

FROM THE RECORDS.

The first, a special meeting of the Board of Supervisors, was held July 18th, 1859, at the office of H. H. Holt. No quorum present. Adjourned to meet at Wheeler & Shuginin's Hall, at 2 o'clock the same day.

Townships represented—Muskegon, by E. W. Merrill; Norton, by Ira C. Smith; Casnovia, by Nathan Whitney.

Absent—Supervisors of Ravenna and White River.

At this meeting the Township of Eggelson was set off from Muskegon: the first meeting to be held at the house of Wm. Sturdifant. The town was named in compliment to Adna Eggelson, an early settler, county surveyor, and supervisor until 1874, the time of his death. The next day Ravenna was represented by Thomas D. Smith.

Measures were taken to build a jail, with the proviso that it be done without expense to the county.

At the January session, 1860, the Township of *Moorland* was organized; the first town meeting to be at the school-house near Wm. C. Bliss.

The salaries allowed the county officers were: County Clerk, $100; County Treasurer, $50; Prosecuting Attorney, $150.

In 1860, nine towns were represented. White River, Oceana, Dalton, Muskegon, Eggelson, Ravenna, Moorland, Casnovia, and Norton.

The supervisors voted to petition the Legislature to restore Muskegon county to Ottawa.

In 1861 Cedar Creek appearing by its supervisor—10 towns; 1865, Blue Lake and Laketon.

In 1865, the towns of Oceana and Dalton were consolidated, and then divided into three towns—Oceana, Blue Lake and Dalton.

Oceana—12 N., 17 W., and that part of 11 N., 17 W., lying north of White Lake. The first meeting at the school-house in the village of Mears.

Blue Lake—T. 12, N. 16 W. First town meeting at the house of A. E. Kingsley, April 3d.

Dalton—All that part of 11 N., 17 W., south of White Lake, and T. 11, 16 W. First meeting at the school-house on Sec. 13. T. 11, N. 17 W.

Fruitport was Lovell; changed name in 1870, by Legislature.

Montague was part of Oceana until 1874.

Holton was constituted a town, and named in honor of the Hon. H. H. Holt, in 1870.

The court house was built in 1869-70, and was first occupied in August, 1870. The cost was $50,000.

Fruitland was constituted a town in 1870—was taken from the west part of Dalton.

Whitehall was organized in 1874, having been before a part of Oceana.

Oceana ceased to exist in 1874; its territory being divided into the two towns. Montague and Whitehall.

In its early history Muskegon is identified with Ottawa, of which it formed an integral part until 1859, when. upon the petition of the board of supervisors of Ottawa county, the Legislature constituted Muskegon a county. It consisted then of five organized townships: Muskegon, Norton, Casnovia, White River and Ravenna.

Muskegon, Casnovia and Revenna were properly towns; the rest temporarily organized as such. Casnovia, Chester and Ravenna were agricultural towns—their affinities rather with Kent than Ottawa.

Muskegon came into notice as a lumbering point, and few of those who made investments there in early years, thought of it as good for anything else. As late as 1860, the houses and shops were mere shelters; few making any pretensions to elegance or permanency. The hotels were places where the up-river teams could be fed. Muskegon was not thought of or known except as a place for making and shipping lumber. Two-thirds of its territory was considered unfit for agricultural purposes. Different is the feeling at the present day. The people feel that they have a *future* as well as a *present*. They do not, as formerly, look upon the sure destruction of the pine as dooming the region to be an uninhabited blackberry field, or an idle wild. Our word "Fruit" is there magical.

HOMICIDE CASES IN OTTAWA COUNTY.

The following are all the cases of homicide which have come before the courts in the county. The information is kindly furnished by the prosecuting attorney, A. C. Adsit, Esq.

Oct. 11th, 1855, Jordon Turpin was indicted for the murder of a man by the name of Fox. in the town of Spring Lake. His trial was commenced on the 23d of October, and lasted four days. He was found guilty, and received a life sentence. He died in prison.

In 1856, Ebenezer Spencer was tried for murder; found guilty of manslaughter, and sent to prison for three years.

A case of uncommon interest occurred in 1875. On the 5th of June, 1875, one Wilson Pound, an eccentric old bachelor, residing in North Holland, in a little cabin, was missing under circumstances that excited neighborhood suspicion, which was directed towards John H. Fuller, Fuller's son, and John S. Watson, who lived near neighbors. The prosecuting attorney was informed of the facts, as far as known, and of the suspicions. The prosecuting attorney and sheriff went directly to Holland, and after three days' investigation, came to the conclusion that Pound had been murdered, and that John H. Fuller, Melvin C. Fuller and John S. Watson, must have been implicated, all of whom had disappeared.

In the meantime Watson, conscience-stricken, and no longer able to retain the dreadful secret—and not knowing that the sheriff was on his track—came to Grand Haven, and proceeding to the office of the prosecuting attorney, gave himself into the custody of the law; confessed a knowledge of the crime; indicating the vicinity of the spot where the murdered remains of Wilson Pound lay concealed. Mr. Adsit, with Watson in charge, immediately went to Holland, and informed the sheriff, who soon succeeded in arresting John H. Fuller. Under the direction of Watson, the body of Pound was discovered, staked down in the mud and water, and covered with weeds and turf, in a marsh at the head of the bay, about four miles from Holland city. The son was arrested a few days afterwards.

At the October term, the father and son were tried for the murder. The young man was not convicted; his father was sent to prison for life. Watson was used as State's evidence, and was released after being in jail about four months. The trial was the most exciting that Ottawa county has ever had, and lasted six days.

The probable motive of the murder was to prevent Pound from being a witness against the Fullers, who were charged with displacing the track of the railroad.

On that charge, the young Fuller was afterwards twice tried, each time escaping conviction, by one dissenting juryman. He stands before the public, a free, but branded man. Guilty or innocent, he has a heavy load to bear; that is, if he has a sentient soul.

ROBINSON'S PROCLAMATION.

The following, too good to be lost, is taken from the Grand Haven *Herald:*

In the spring of 1838, the Grand Haven Company had about 15,000 logs in rafts run into the bayou, staked by the shore and called safe by all. But heavy winds sent the logs adrift and the whole marsh was covered with them.

The fact was reported to Mr. Robinson and he blamed the agent of the company somewhat, for the want of attention to the proper securing of the rafts, nor could he be made to believe that the winds and current were such as to break all fastenings. At the request of the agent of the company (W. M. Ferry) he remained at Grand Haven a few days, and while there one Sabbath morning, a recurrence of wind and current came, and the logs with acres of marsh and weeds rushed to and fro like a maelstrom.

Mr. Robinson called out the men and with boats caught and towed to the shore many logs, which he fastened with ropes and stakes. The work had hardly been accomplished and Robinson was viewing it with satisfaction, when the returning tide caught the logs and again scattered them, against all efforts made by himself and men.

Robinson looked mad. He called to "Uncle Mike" to get out his oxen, and with two yoke he had hauled up on the shore three large logs, and then told the teamster to put up the cattle. To the inquiry "what are you going to do with the three logs you have secured?" he replied. "I shall put them in Mr. Ferry's cellar and see if I can keep them still there."

That evening, after quite a chat over the occurrences of the day, Mr. R. turned to his office dusk, and in a *very short time* laid down his pen and handed me the accompanying paper, which I have always carefully preserved. I think it will be of interest to all old citizens of Grand Haven.

T. W. White.

PROCLAMATION AND BLOCKADE.

Whereas, There is a bayou situate at Grand Haven (a little speck in the west at the mouth of Grand River of Lake Michigan), said bayou being adjacent to a steam saw-mill now building and nearly completed by the Grand Haven Steam Mill Company.

And whereas, sundry saw logs and pieces of hewn timber were lodged in said bayou for safe keeping, and whereas, for several months past it has been the universal and continual practice of said saw logs and timber to take *French leave* and desert from said bayou, and transport themselves into Lake Michigan, and scattering themselves along the coast thereof, without consulting the interest of the owners of said property, and much to their annoyance, inconvenience and damage.

And whereas, in the course of human events it sometimes becomes necessary for the public good and safety as well as peace and repose of individuals to lay heavy hand on certain outrageous movements and aggressions, and severely rebuke and punish the perpetrators and aggressors, and in order to restrain and prevent the repetition of those things, powerful means are justifiable in many cases.

And whereas, moderate and ordinary means have altogether failed to produce the desired effect in constraining said logs and timber in their troublesome and unpardonable movements,

Now, therefore, know ye all whom it may concern, That by the power vested in me and the pile-driver, and men which have been steadily employed in and about said bayou for some considerable time past, I do hereby declare said bayou in a state of rigid blockade, and I do interdict and prohibit all saw logs and timber now lying in and about said bayou from passing or attempting to pass the line of forces under my charge, now lying at anchor or move across said bayou near the mouth thereof, and I do further order and direct that as soon as the ice shall be dissolved in said bayou, or be removed out of the way, that said logs and timber immediately remove from their strongholds in said bayou, where they are now seated and come forthwith directly into the boom prepared to receive them, near the steam mill above spoken of, there to be dealt with as may seem most to the interest of their proprietors or owners—hereby pledging myself that in case of a strict and due obedience to the above orders no more punishment shall be inflicted on any log than to slit it up in the ordinary way into lumber fit for market.

And I do further order and direct that no undue influnce be made use of, by force or secretion, or in any other way whatever, to prevent the due submission of said logs and timber as aforesaid, either by marsh grass, flags, cat-tails, wild-rice, or by floatings claims, (many of which have been extremely active in said bayou during the high winds of last autumn), or by any seaweed or other vegetable substance whatever, but that they immediately uncover and relinquish said logs, that they may pop out from behind them, and immediately proceed to their place of destination as above directed.

And I do further hereby interdict all connection and intercourse between said logs and timbers and the amphibious powers, to wit: such as bull-frogs, tad-poles, turtles, terrapins, muscles and crawfish, and I do most especially prohibit said bull-frogs from clambering up said logs (much to the injury of their toe-nails), and then bellowing to the annoyance of the good citizens of Grand Haven and its visitors. I also expressly forbid turtles and terrapins from mounting said logs, and using them as a convenient place for making love in the sunshine by winking in each others faces; but that all and every one of the above named powers and animals desist from such evil practices, and permit said logs and timber to float along peaceably and unmolested into the boom as above directed.

Done in the office of the Bayou, on board the Pile Driver scow, this 25th day of February, A. D. 1838, and sealed with the hammer thereof.

RIX ROBINSON, (L. S.]
Commander in Chief of all the forces in said bayou.
T. W. WHITE, [L. S.]
Second in command, etc., etc., etc.
JOHN BROABRIDGE, [L. S.]
Admiral and Commander on board the ship "Thump-Hard."

THE FIRST INDIAN TRADER.

We are indebted to the Hon. WM. M. FERRY for the following short sketch of Pierre Constant, the first Indian Trader of Ottawa county:

"The first trader who located in what was Ottawa county—then embracing Muskegon county—was Pierre Constant, a Frenchman, of the type of that advance guard of pioneers—Marquette, LaSalle, Joliet and Tonti—who, two hundred years before, invaded and brought to the world the great Northwest. He was of the chevalier order of men—brave, honorable and undaunted, amid all dangers. In 1810, he engaged with the British Fur Company, then having a depot at Mackinaw, as a trader; and with his supply of merchandise coasted along the shore of Lake Michigan, and established a trading post on Grand River, near what is now called Charleston; and another on the banks of Muskegon Lake. He married an Indian woman of remarkable beauty and intelligence, by whom six children were born to him. Once a year, he, with his family and the results of his venture in furs and peltries, coasted down Lakes Michigan and Huron to Penatauquashin, the Indian depot for Upper Canada.

"The oldest of this family was a daughter, who inherited her mother's beauty, as well as the high qualities of the mind of the father; and this daughter, Louisa Constant, or "Lisette," as she was called, became her father's clerk when she was twelve years old; and was as well known for her wonderful faculties for business as she was for her personal attractions. In 1828, when she was seventeen years old, her father died. She closed up his business with the British Fur Company, and engaged with the American Fur Company, at Mackinaw, receiving from them a large supply of merchandise; and for six years conducted the most successful trading establishment in the Northwest. She married Wm. Lasley, of Muskegon, also an Indian trader; and now, an aged widow, resides in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Her son, Henry S. Lasley, is one of the prominent merchants of Montague, Muskegon county."

MASON LUMBERING CO. SALT WELL, AT MUSKEGON.

This company, with the view of testing the questions of finding salt or petroleum, sunk a well near the mill in Muskegon to the depth of 2,627 feet. The results were unsatisfactory, and they have only a deep hole to show for the expense they have incurred. A nearly saturated brine was obtained, but not in quantity to warrant the erection of works for the manufacture of salt. Petroleum in insignificant quantity was also obtained.

From the following will be seen the character of the strata passed through:

	WHOLE DEPTH. Feet.
60 feet sand	
150 feet clay	
15 feet hard pan	
	225
400 feet sand and shale	
About 100 feet gray limestone and shale; the limestone light color; balance dark gray limestone	625
775 feet blue shale with loosened soft streaks of same material	1,400
At the depth of 1,225 feet, petroleum and gas showed themselves.	
150 feet solid blue shale	1,550
150 feet solid red shale	1,700
300 feet lime rock and shale	2,000
50 feet salt-bearing rock, with streaks of sand from 1 to 4 feet thick	2,050
50 feet light colored lime rock and shale	2,100
250 feet dark colored lime rock	2,350
50 feet lime and gypsum, gypsum and lime in strata from 4 to 6 feet	2,400
At this depth the boring was suspended; but after some years was resumed, penetrating 227 feet further. For 145 feet through alternating lime and gypsum. The remainder was through constantly changing rock, ending in dark lime rock, loose and porous	2,627

It is to be regretted that a particular account of the strata was not preserved. Imperfect as the record is, it has its scientific value.

HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS.

The imperfections of the harbors on the lakes was the great drawnback to Lake Commerce. The great difficulty was the obstruction of the entrances by constantly shifting and varying sand-bars. To-day the entrance might be good, but a storm on the lake might bar the entrance to-morrow. The United States, wisely appreciating the importance of good harbors on the lakes, has been liberal in their construction and improvement. As a history of the improvements in this region, the writer has chosen to transfer to this work the reports published by authority of the Government, and furnished to the Government by S. M. Mansfield, Captain of Engineers. For the report we are under obligations to S. C. Mower, Assistant Engineer.

MUSKEGON HARBOR, MICHIGAN.

Original plan: It was recommended that an extension of the piers be made in a line of direction parallel to the inner face of south pier (south 61 deg. 31 min. west), commencing at the present extremities, until a depth of 17 feet is reached.

Requiring 700 feet of pier-work; estimated cost, $58,450.

1867 and 1868.—During the year 384 feet of pier was built (12 cribs), work having commenced in July, 1867.

1868 and 1869.—During the year two cribs, 32 feet each, were placed in extension of the north, and one in extension of the south piers, and superstructure on all completed.

1869 and 1870.—The north pier was extended 320 feet, and south pier reballasted, and repairs to breach between east end of south pier, and old slab-pier repaired.

1870 and 1871.—The superstructure over cribs sunk in 1869 was finished, and one crib, 32 feet square, placed as pier-head on north pier, and the north and south piers repaired; the south pier reballasted.

Appropriated March 3, 1871, $15,000.

1871 and 1872.—The construction of a pier-head, 32 feet square, with superstructure over it, and the two cribs sunk in 1869-70, left the north pier complete. A breach through slab-pier, where it joined south Government pier, was closed with 34 feet pile-pier.

Appropriated June 10, 1872, $10,000.

1872 and 1873.—Under contract with Bird & Mickle the superstructure of north pier-head was re-built in October, 1872. During fiscal year there was accomplished under this contract: Piling, two rows, complete, for 250 feet south pier: walling and binder on channel row, and first course of timber complete for 150 feet of pier.

1873 and 1874.—The work under contract with Bird & Mickle was completed September 30, 1873, by converting old slab-piers into pile-piers, 350 feet on south and 250 feet on north side of channel, with necessary repairs.

Statement of vessels entered and cleared at Muskegon Harbor during the year 1876.

Entered: number, 2,479; tonnage, 460,386; men, 19,700.

Cleared: number, 2,570; tonnage, 462,443; men, 20,001.

An increase of about 30,000 tons over the last year.

GRAND HAVEN HARBOR, MICHIGAN.

Appropriated in 1852, $20,000, as per copy of letter to Senator Ferry, dated Office Chief of Engineers, June 23, 1873. As given in tabular statement accompanying report of Chief of Engineers, 1866, $2,000.

Plan of improvement, (Golonel Graham, 1857):

To defend the concave bend in the southern shore of the river below the town by a close-piling, and to build two parallel piers out into the lake in prolongation of the river channel; the south pier by cribs for 600 feet.

Appropriated June 23, 1866, $65,000.

Of this amount, $11,241.22 was expended in repairing 309 feet of pile-pier on south side (built by railroad company in 1857).

1866 and 1867.—Work commenced in June, 1867. Six cribs, each 32 feet, were placed in extension of south pier, and 500 feet close-piling constructed.

Appropriated March 3, 1867, $40,000.

1867 and 1868.—During this year 1,943 feet of close piling was finished, and two cribs, 32 feet each, placed in extension of south pier.

1868 and 1869.—The south pier was extended 100 feet, and old pile-work, interior to that part of same pier (D. and M. railroad), repaired in 1866, repaired for a distance of 465 feet.

1869 and 1870.—461 feet of old pile-pier was repaired, inward from work of 1863. A crib, 32 feet by 20 feet, was placed to protect the shoulder made by the pile-pier where it joined the crib-work.

Appropriated July 11, 1870, $10,000.

1870 and 1871.—During this year about 200 feet of old pier was repaired

Appropriated March 3, 1871, $6,000.

1871 and 1872.—During season 460 feet of repairs were completed.

1872 and 1873.—During this year 700 feet pile-revetment, 14 feet wide, was constructed, to replace old work built by the railroad company: and repairs put upon south pier, consisting of overhauling and replacing of filling and ballast, which had become displaced by heavy seas, putting in additional filling, and protecting pier-head crib with upright timbers, and piling and leveling superstructure.

A break in pier under bell-house, and another at shore-line, were also repaired.

Appropriated March 3, 1874, $75,000.

1873 and 1874.—The United States dredging apparatus had removed sufficient sand on the line of proposed north pier to enable the contractors, Messrs. Squier and White, to commence driving piles on the 7th July, 1873, under contract dated May 15, 1873, providing for the construction of the first three sections of north pier, 21 feet.

The weather throughout the entire season was most favorable for outside work, and on the 29th of November the last pile of the revetment and close piling (1,506 linear feet of pier) was driven, much of the superstructure placed thereon, 700 feet of the work filled with slabs to the required height above water, and a cargo of stone placed on the filling at the pier-head. as completed, to hold the filling in place through the winter.

On the 8th of April, 1874, dredging was commenced on the line of the proposed 20-foot pile-pier, or outer section of north pier, and was completed June 18. On the 19th June the apparatus left this harbor for Ludington, having removed 45,488 cubic yards of sand in connection with this entire work.

The original estimate for this harbor (1866) amounted to $299,011.70.

There has been appropriated as follows:

In 1852	$20,000 00
In 1866	65,000 00
In 1867	40,000 00
In 1869	1,866 00
In 1870	10,000 00
In 1871	6,000 00
In 1872	15,000 00
In 1873	75,000 00
In 1874	50,000 00
	282,866 00
Transferred in 1870, Frankfort	1,885 00
Total	284,751 00

Statement of vessels entered and cleared at Grand Haven during the year 1874.

Entered: number, 1,350; tonnage, 443,114.

Cleared: number, 1,341; tonnage, 439,522.

BLACK LAKE HARBOR, MICHIGAN.

The plan of improvement for this harbor was to extend north pier 250 feet, and south pier 275 feet, to bring them into 12 feet of water. At the entrance to Black Lake the channel to be close-piled for 1,125 feet on north and 425 feet on south sides, to reach 12-foot curve. The channel between the piers (built by the citizens of Holland) and extensions to be dredged to a depth of 12 feet, requiring the removal of about 80,000 cubic yards, to include removal of point of marsh through which sheet-piling will pass.

Amount required to complete harbor, estimated:

For dredging	$28,935 33
For piering	43,220 48
For close-piling	15,745 23
For sheet-piling	18,337 00
Total	106,238 04
Appropriated in 1866	55,615 31

1866 and 1867.—Dredging was commenced August 6, 1867, and during season about 15,000 cubic yards material removed. Up to June 30, 1868, 81,945 cubic yards sand was dredged in making required channel and 352 feet pier built.

Appropriated in 1867, $51,000.

1871 and 1872.—During this season 640 feet of pile-revetment was completed, 320 feet on each side of the cut inward from the ends of the old piers. The superstructure of 100 feet of crib-work at inner end of south pier (begun in 1870) was finished; also the pier-head crib to north pier. A protection of piles was constructed around the north pier-head.

Appropriation of June 10, 1872, $10,000.

1872–3.—400 feet of revetment was built on north and south sides of channel, and repairs put on both piers. A projection of the south revetment 90 feet eastward, and of 328 feet of revetment, forming a wing to, and at an angle of 67 degrees 30 minutes south from the south revetment in Black Lake was made in 1873–4.

The original estimate called for $106,238.04. There has been appropriated:

In 1866	$55,615 31
In 1867	51,000 00
In 1870	10,000 00
In 1871	10.000 00
In 1872	10,000 00
In 1873	12,000 00
In 1874	15,000 00
Total	163,651 31

Statement of vessels entered and cleared at the harbor of Black Lake during year 1874.

Entered: number 500; tonnage, 31,340.

Cleared: number, 500; tonnage, 31,449.

The same number of vessels as the year before, showing that a larger class of vessels make this port than formerly.

MUSKEGON HARBOR, MICHIGAN.

Under contract with Culbert & Hopkins, dated August 24, 1874, 135 feet of 14-foot pile-revetment was built on north pier east of work built the previous year, and one crib, 50 feet by 30 feet, was placed in extension of the south pier.

During this fiscal year, under the contract with Thomas L. Rosser & Co., 150 feet, or three cribs, each 50 feet by 30 feet, will be placed in extension of the south pier.

In the report for 1873, $56,000 was asked to extend south pier into the lake to 18 feet of water. Of this amount $10,000 was appropriated June 23, 1874, and was applied to contract of 1874, and $25,000 was appropriated March 3, 1875, which will be applied to contract of 1875; the balance of estimate, $21,000, is asked for, which can be profitably expended in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1877.

Vessels entered and cleared from July 1, 1874, to July 1, 1875:

Entered: number, 2,479; tonnage, 524,509.

Cleared: number, 2,490; tonnage, 504,546.

GRAND HAVEN, 1875.

GRAND HAVEN HARBOR, MICHIGAN.

Work under contract with Squier & White, which provided for the building of 2,100 feet of pile revetment, close piling, and pile pier, was completed August 29, 1874, in a most satisfactory manner. The filling was carefully placed, and, as a result, the whole work is a secure revetment.

The contract under appropriation of 1874, which provided for the building of 500 feet of pile revetment, 14 feet wide, prolonging the work of 1872 eastward, and the building and sinking of six cribs, 50 feet by 30 feet, each, prolonging north pier, having been awarded to Squier & White, they commenced work immediately, and at the close of the year 1874, had completed the pile-work on the south side, save the placing of a few cords of slabs, and had sunk three cribs in the north pier extension.

The 500 feet of revetment is now completed, and in excellent alignment and condition. All the cribs, six in number, are in position and filled, and the superstructure, excepting one course of timber, built over the first three. The last three of these cribs were built and sunk during the month of May last. In addition to the above, 13,530 cubic yards of sand and clay were removed by the contractors, in order to give a proper depth of water over the ground lately occupied by the clay point upon which the old revetment stood; and in line of new work.

Statement of vessels entered and cleared at Grand Haven Harbor, from July 1, 1874, *to June* 30, 1875.

Entered: number, 838; tonnage, 268,736.

Cleared: number, 808; tonnage, 237,884.

NOTE.—Daily steamboat from Chicago clears at Muskegon.

Vessels enrolled at this place, 231; tonnage, 20,233.

BLACK LAKE HARBOR, MICHIGAN.

Under contract with Jan Van Dyk & Co., dated August 25, 1874, which provided for the building and sinking of three cribs, work commenced in September, 1874, and two cribs were placed and filled during the fall. In May, 1875, the third crib was sunk and filled, and by the end of the year the superstructure was completed over all. Two of these cribs were put in extension of the south pier, and one in extension of the north pier.

Under the appropriation approved March 3, 1875, $15,000 contract has been entered into with Thomas L. Rosser & Co., to build and sink three cribs, each 50 feet by 24 feet; two to be added to the north pier, and one to the south pier.

Statement af vessels entered and cleared at Black Lake Harbor, Michigan, from July 1, 1874, *to June* 30, 1875.

Entered: number, 303; tonnage, 24,392.
Cleared: number, 310; tonnage, 24,809.

LEGISLATIVE.

IONIA COUNTY.

1836. As a town attached to Kent.

1837. Organized as a county with two towns, Ionia and Maple (temporary); one and a half tiers of towns on the east side, to constitute Maple; the rest, Ionia. All territory north attached for judicial purposes; the two organized. State road from Dexter to Lyons.

1838. Boston set off, and organized. Portland constituted a town; 5 and 6 north of range 5 W., and 5 and 6 north of east half of range 6 W. Otisco constituted a town; T. 7 and 8 north, range 8 W. Cass, 5 and 6 N., 7 W., and half of 5 and 6 N., R. 6 W., and all that part of 7 N., R. 6 W., south of Grand River. State road from Kalamazoo to Ionia.

1839. T. 5 N., R. 8 W., attached to Boston.

1840. Lyons, name changed from Maple. Montcalm county, attached for judicial purposes. State road from Marshall to Ionia.

1842. Berlin, name changed from Cass. Keene, what is east of Flat River, in T. 7 N., R. 8 W., made a town. Dam, in T. 7, N., R. 5 W., authorized.

1843. Lyons, extended to take T. 9 and 10 N., R. 6 W. Easton, all north of Grand River in T. 7, N., R. 7, W., made a town.

1844. North Plains organized, T. 8, 9 and 10, N., R. 5 W., except what lies south of Maple River. Part of Boston annexed to Keene (north of Grand River). State road from Lyons to Grand Rapids.

1845. Danby organized, T. 5, N.. R. 5 W. Orange organized, T. 6, N., R. 6, W. Sebewa organized, T. 5, N., R. 6 W. Ronald organized, T. 8, N., R. 6 W.

1845. State roads—Marshall to Ionia; Lyons to Ada; Kalamazoo to Ionia.

1846. Orleans organized, T. 8, N. 7 W. Odessa organized, T. 5, N. 7 W. Keene annexes Secs. 7 and 18 from Otisco. Keene, part of south of Grand River added to Boston. Ionia county supervisors authorized to build a bridge at Lyons; 2,000 acres appropriated.

1848. Ionia enlarged by detachments from Lyons and Berlin.

1849. Keene—a fraction set off to Otisco. Otisco—fraction added from Keene. Boston—the part of Keene south of the river added. Keene—the part of south of the river attached to Boston. Bridge at Lowell—supervisors authorized to construct a free bridge. Lyons—part of plat vacated. Campbell organized, 5 N., 8 W. Fraction of Keene added to Otisco. Boston adds so much of T. 8 as lies north of Grand River, set off from Keene.

1859. Muir—name changed from Montrose. Boston—village, changed to "Saranac." Lyons—act to incorporate legalized.

1863. Ionia—name changed from "Ionia County Seat."

1865. Hubbardston, new plat legalized.

1867. Lyons village incorporated. North Plains adds that portion of Lyons cut off by Maple River. Lyons loses the above to North Plains.

1869. Portland chartered as a village; Saranac chartered as a village.

1871. Muir incorporated; Hubbardston incorporated; Pewamo incorporated.

KENT COUNTY.

1836. The county organized with Ottawa, Ionia and Clinton attached for judicial purposes; Byron organized, T. 5 and 6, N. R. 12 and 13 W. State Roads—Kalamazoo (Bronson) to Grandville; Grandville to Black River.

1837. All north of Kent and Ottawa counties not included in any organized county, attached for judicial purposes. Toll bridge chartered at Grand Rapids; Ionia county detached, and all territory north; authorized to borrow $10,000 for a court house.

1838. Ada organized, towns 5, 6 and 7, N. R. 10 W.; Plainfield, all of the townships 8 N., ranges 10 and 11 W., north of Grand River; Walker, including all north; Vergennes, towns 5, 6, 7 and 8, N. R. 6 W.; Grand Rapids' village. incorporated; railroad, G. R. & Port Sheldon; State Road from Grand Rapids to Muskegon.

1839. Paris, Towns 5 and 6, N. R., 11 W. Courtland, T. N. 10 W. Grand Rapids, $25,000 appropriated for canal and the rapids. State road from Kalamazoo to Grand Rapids.

1840. $5,000 appropriated to continue the work at the Salt Springs, on Grand River. Newaygo and Macosta counties attached for judicial purposes. County enlarged, by attaching two tiers of towns at the north. Caledonia organized, 5 N. R. 9 and 10 W. State Roads: Clinton to Grand Rapids; Eaton county to Grand Rapids; Hastings to Grand Papids.

1841. Courtland extended; takes T. 9, N. 9 W.

1842. Grand Rapids, name changed from Kent. Salt Springs; Grand Rapids and Midland, $15,000 appropriated.

1843. Bridge at Ada; supervisors authorized to tax the county $1,000.

1844. Free Bridge at Grand Rapids; 6,000 acres appropriated. Academy at Grand Rapids chartered. State road from Lyons to Grand Rapids. State road from Gull Prairie to Grand Rapids.

1845. State roads—Barry county to Grand Rapids; Grand Rapids to Muskegon River; Greenville to Grand Haven; Grand Rapids to Muskegon Lake.

1846. Grand River Valley Railroad chartered from Grand Rapids to Jackson. Newaygo county attached to Kent; Vergennes organized as a town, except 11 N. 16 W., which is attached to Muskegon. Sparta, 9 and 10, R. 12 W. organized; Plainfield has 9 N. 11 W. added, detached from Courtland; Grattan, T. 8, N. 9 W., set off from Vergennes and organized; Churchtown, 8 N. 10 W., organized.

1847. The supervisors authorized to construct a canal around the rapids; 25,000 acres of land appropriated; Alpine, T. 8, N. 12 W., organized; Wabesis organized (legislative mistake). Plainfield has added to it what of Town 8 lies south of Grand Rapids; Battle Creek and Grand Rapids railroad charter amended; Kalamazoo & Grand Rapids R. R. chartered; Cannon (changed from Churchtown).

1848. Lowell, T. 6, N. 9 W. set off from Vergennes. Wyoming, 6 N. 12 W. set off from Byron and made a town. Gaines, 5 N. 11 W. set off from Paris, and organized as a town. Wabesis, name changed back to Courtland; and T. 10, N. 9 and 10 W. attached. Cascade, 6 N. 10 W. detached from Ada, and became a town (all south of Grand River). Free bridge at Plainfield (1,000 acres of land appropriated.) Kent County received 3,000 acres of land for bridges; 1,000 for Plainfield; 1,000 for Ada; 400 for Thornapple River and 600 for Cascade Bridge; Grand Rapids charter amended. Plank Road, Grand River, chartered.

1849. County seat to be located by Commissioners, appointed by the Governor. Algoma organized; set off from Plainfield, T. 9, N. 11 W. Bowne set off from Caledonia and organized T. 5, N. 9 W. Lowell bridge authorized. Oakfield set off from Courtland, and made a town—T. 9, N. 9 W.

1850. Plank road chartered from Grand Rapids to Kalamazoo. Grand Rapids city charter amended. Kent county seat to be determined by Commissioners. St. Mark's College chartered.

1851. Newaygo detached, and organized; Grand Rapids charter amended.

1852. Grand Rapids charter amended.

1855. Act relative to improving Grand River (canal given up). Grand Rapids charter amended. Grand Rapids—act for improving the rapids with the unexpended balance of the appropriation. State road from Grand Rapids to Grand Traverse.

1857. 5,000 acres of land appropriated for the improvement of Flat River. Lowell Village—name changed from Danville. Grand Rapids charter revised.

1859. Lowell Village incorporation legalized. (It had before been incorporated by the Supervisors.) Grand Rapids charter amended.

1861. Lowell incorporated. Act to quiet titles in Kent county on account of loss by the fire. Grand Rapids charter amended. Kent county—act to quiet titles.

1863. Grand Rapids charter amended.

1864. Grand Rapids authorized to pledge its credit to the Jackson and Indiana Railroad.

1865. Scranton's Abstracts made *prima facie* evidence of title; Lowell incorporated (village).

1867. 3,000 acres appropriated for the improvement of Flat River.

1869. Lowell authorized to re-survey; Lisbon village chartered; Caledonia re-organized.

1870. Cedar Springs incorporated.

1875. Grand Rapids' Superior Court established.

OTTAWA COUNTY.

1836. State road from Grand Haven to Allegan.

1837. County organized with three towns—Talmadge, Ottawa and Muskegon; the act dates Dec. 29th, 1837.

1838. Talmadge, 7 and 8, N. R. 13 W.

1838. Ottawa county, organized and divided into three towns—Ottawa, Muskegon and Talmadge, by a line between, towns 8 and 9; Port Sheldon & Grand Rapids railroad chartered.

1839. Talmadge enlarged, towns 7 and 8, R. 14; Georgetown organized, towns 5 and 6, N. R. 13 and 14 W.; Norton organized, 8 N., 15 and 16 W., north of Grand River, and south half of N. 15 and 16 W.; all north attached for judicial purposes.

1842. Georgetown has added to it the part of Talmadge, south of the Grand River. Talmadge loses the same. Talmadge, the part of T. 7, N., R. 14 W. set off to Ottawa. Ottawa gains the same. Talmadge, what part of Georgetown is north of Grand River is attached. Georgetown loses the same.

1845. Polkton constituted, T. 5, 6, 7 and 8, N., R. 14 W. Georgetown enlarged by adding some fractional sections. State roads, Grandville to Grand Haven. Norton added certain fractions.

1846. Georgetown, T. 5 and 6 N., R. 14 W., added. Polkton loses the same. Polkton, part of T. 7, N., R. 14 W., south of Grand River, detached. Ottawa gains the above.

1847. Wright organized, set off from Talmadge, T. 7, N., R. 13 W. Georgetown, what is north of Grand River, set off. Talmadge gains the same. Holland organized, T. 5, N. 19, 15, 16 W.

1848. Chester set off from Wright. Holland, T. 5, N., R. 14, 15, 16, for one year attached to Ottawa.

1849. Crockery, constituted a town, T. 5, N., R. 15 W., except what is south of Grand River. Port Sheldon, plat vacated. Allendale organizrd, T. 5 and 6 N., R. 14 W., and the part of T. 7, south of Grand River. Spring Lake, organized of several fractions. Holland organized. Ravenna organized, T. 7 N, R. 16 W. Jamestown organized, T. 7, N., R. 13 W. State road from T. 8. N., R. 16 W., to Muskegon Lake.

1850. Holland adds T. 5, N., R. 14 W. from Allendale. Spring Lake, part of T. 7 N. R. 15 W. added.

1851. Zeeland, by supervisors. Chester, T. 10. N. R. 13 W., attached.

1852. Casnovia organized.

1854. Blendon organized.

1855. Eastman, from T. 6, N. 16 W. and 6, N. 15 W.; Holland adds T. 6, N. 15 W. from Ottawa; Norton organized from T. 9, N. 17 W. and T. 7, N. 15, 16 W.

1856. Robinson organized.

1857. Olive organized; Lamont, name changed from Middlebury; canal in Muskegon River declared a public highway; Muskegon improvement, act for.

1858. Holland authorized to levy taxes for improving the harbor; Muskegon improvement act amended.

1859. Muskegon county established.

1861. Muskegon and other counties authorized to levy a harbor tax; Muskegon River improvement; Muskegon incorporated.

1863. Grand Haven, name changed from Ottawa; Holland Harbor act amended.

1864. Grand Haven authorized to pledge its credit to the railroad from New Buffalo; Muskegon authorized to pledge its credit for a railroad to connect with the D. & M.

1865. Black Lake harbor appropriation; Holland may aid Black Lake harbor; Muskegon improvement; Muskegon for constructing free bridge.

1866. Oceana T. 12, N. 17 W., and the part of 11 N. 17 W., lying north of White Lake. Blue Lake—T. 12, N. 16 W., organized. White Lake—all that part of 11 N., 17 W., south of White Lake and T. 11, N. 16 W., organized and called Dalton. Ottawa county allowed two Representatives. Muskegon county allowed one Representative. Black Lake Harbor appropriation. Holland authorized to establish a rate of tolls for the improvement of the harbor. Laketon organized, T. 10, N. 17 W.

1867. Grand Haven City chartered; Holland City chartered. Holland authorized to resurvey. Spring Lake—name changed from Mill Point. White Hall—name changed from Mears and incorporated.

1871. Fruitport—name changed from Lovell. Holton—12 N., 15 W., organized. The east 18 sections detached from Norton and added to Fruitport.

1872. Grand Haven charter amended.

SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES OF GRAND RIVER VALLEY.

List of Senators and and Representatives to the State Legislature from the counties of Ionia, Kent, Ottawa, and Muskegon, from 1836 to 1860, inclusive. By the courtesy of Hon. E. G. D. Holden, Secretary of State.

IONIA COUNTY.

Roswell Britton,	Rep. in 1836	for the counties of Clinton, Ionia, Kent Ottawa.
(See list for Kent Co. for 137–8–9.)		
Digby V. Bell,	Rep. in 1840,	for Ionia, Kent and Ottawa Counties.
(See list for Kent Co. for 1841.)		
George W. Dexter,	Rep. in 1842	“ “ “ “ “
(See list for Kent Co. for 1843–4.)		
Adam L. Roof,	Rep. in 1845	“ “ “ “ “
John L. Morse,	Rep. in 1846	“ “ “ “ “
Alexander F. Bell,	Rep. in 1847	for Ionia County.
Ananias Worden,	Rep. in 1848	“ “ “
Adam L. Roof,	Sen. in 1849–50	“ “ “
Cyrus Lovell,	Rep. in 1847	“ “ “
Frederick Hall,	Rep. in 1850	“ “ “
D. L. Case,	Rep. in 1851–2	“ “ “
Chas. Ingalls,	Rep. in 1853–4	“ “ “
J. H. Beckwith,	Sen. in 1855–6	“ “ “
Cyrus Lovell,	Rep. in 1855–6	“ “ “
G. W. Germain,	Rep. in 1857–8	“ “ “

Alonzo Sessions,	Rep. in 1857-8	for Ionia County.
Osmond Tower,	Sen. in 1859-60	“ “ “
Almeron Newman,	Rep. in 1879-60	“ “ “
Alonzo Sessions,	Rep. in 1859-60	“ “ “

KENT COUNTY.

John Almy,	Rep. in 1837,	for Ionia, Kent and Ottawa counties.
John Ball,	Rep. in 1838,	“ “ “ “ “ “
Noble H. Finney,	Rep. in 1839,	“ “ “ “ “ “
(See Ionia county list for 1840.)		
Henry P. Bridge,	Sen. in 1841,	“ “ “ “ “ “
Charles I. Walker.	Rep. in 1841,	“ “ “ “ “ “
Digby V. Bell,	Sen. in 1842-3,	“ “ “ “ “ “
(See Ionia county list for 1842.)		
Simeon M. Johnson,	Rep. in 1843,	“ “ “ “ “ “
Wm. A. Richmond,	Sen. in 1844-5,	“ “ “ “ “ “
Thomas W. White,	Rep. in 1844,	“ “ “ “ “ “
(See Ionia county list for 1845-6.)		
Silas G. Harris,	Rep. in 1847-8,	for Kent and Ottawa counties.
Charles H. Taylor,	Rep. in 1848,	“ “ “ “ “
Rix Robinson,	Sen. in 1849-50,	“ “ “ “ “
Henry Smith,	Rep. in 1849,	“ “ “ “ “
Henry Pennoyer,	Rep. in 1849,	“ “ “ “ “
Philo Beers,	Rep. in 1850,	“ “ “ “ “
*Silas G. Harris,	Rep. in 1850,	“ “ “ “ “
Thos. B. Church,	Rep. in 1851-2,	“ “ “ “ “
*Thos. W. Ferry,	Rep. in 1851-2,	“ “ “ “ “
Truman H. Lyon,	Sen. in 1853-4,	“ “ “ “ “
Henry C. Smith,	Rep. in 1853-4,	“ Kent county.
Dewitt Shoemaker,	Rep. in 1853-4,	“ “ “
W. D. Foster,	Sen. in 1855-6,	“ “ “
Thos. B. Church,	Rep. in 1855-6,	“ “ “
Smith Lapham,	Rep. in 1855-6,	“ “ “
Smith Lapham,	Sen. in 1857-8,	“ “ “
Lewis Porter,	Rep. in 1857-8,	“ “ “
Francis W. Kellogg,	Rep. in 1857-8,	“ “ “
Volney Caukin,	Rep. in 1857-8,	“ “ “
Lewis Porter,	Sen. in 1859-60,	“ “ “
Geo. W. Allen,	Rep. in 1859-60,	“ “ “
S. S. Fallass,	Rep. in 1859-60,	“ “ “
M. C. Watkins,	Rep. in 1859-60,	“ “ “

OTTAWA COUNTY.

Hiram Jennison,	Rep. in 1853-4,	for Ottawa county.
M. L. Hopkins,	Sen. in 1855-6,	“ “ “
Robert W. Duncan,	Rep. in 1855-6,	“ “ “
Thos. W. Ferry,	Sen. in 1857-8,	“ “ “
E. W. Merrill,	Rep. in 1857-8,	“ “ “

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*Resident of Ottawa county.

Henry Pennoyer, Sen. in 1859–60, for Ottawa county.
James Dalton, Jr., Rep. in 1859–60, " " "

MUSKEGON COUNTY.

Was organized in 1859. First election of Representative and county officers held in Dec., 1860.

Chauncy Davis, Rep. in 1861–2, from Muskegon county.

PERSONS IN THE GRAND RIVER VALLEY WHO HAVE HELD PROMINENT OFFICES IN THE STATE.

Edward L. Mundy, Lieutenant Governor, 1855–9; also Judge of the Circuit Court.

George Martin, Circuit Judge and Chief Justice.

Charles H. Taylor, E. G. D. Holden, Secretaries of State.

Albert Williams, Byron D. Ball, Attorney-Generals.

Lewis Lovell, S. G. Harris, Birney Hoyt, Flavius J. Littlejohn, Circuit Judges.

Henry H. Holt, Alonzo Sessions, Lieutenant Governors.

1855. Cyrus Lovell, of Ionia, was Speaker of the House.

1850. Silas G.Harris was Speaker of the House. Francis Kellogg was member of Congress from 1859 to 1865. Thomas W. Ferry was member of Congress from 1865—two terms; elected a third time, but did not serve; promoted to the U. S. Senate, 1871; was President *pro tem.*, 1866.

1865. L. S. Withey, Judge W. Dist. U. S. C. Osmond Taver, U. S. Marshal.

1865. Geo. Martin, Chief Justice. Thomas D. Gilbert, Regent of University

POPULATION OF THE GRAND RIVER VALLEY.

IONIA COUNTY.

	1874	1870	1864	1860	1854	1850	1845
Berlin............	1,659	1,587	1,152	1,026	570	391	348
Boston...........	1,893	1,916	1,391	1,244	635	421	241
Campbell.........	1,179	1,120	598	518	228	...	...
Danby...........	1,140	1,176	529	727	452	262	150
Easton...........	1,164	1,401	922	837	611	397	278
Ionia............	1,496	4,158	2,359	1,926	1,129	774	654
Ionia City........	3,251	......	....	......	......	...	.....
Keene............	1,202	1,271	1,125	1,150	813	737	390
Lyons............	2,843	2,855	1,927	1,949	981	850	705
N. Plains	1,803	1,976	1,187	921	549	292	264
Odessa...........	1,087	959	559	488	225	81	...
Orange...........	1,341	1,382	826	801	592	378	348
Orleans	1,423	1,426	1,068	857	684	491	...
Otisco	1,684	1,570	1,355	1,349	1,331	1,018	607
Portland	2,596	2,353	1,531	1,381	1,036	763	654
Ronald...........	1,324	1,356	824	893	570	452	201
Sebewa	1,291	1,139	631	598	331	247	100
TOTAL......	28,376	27,675	17,984	16,665	10,727	7,597	5,101

KENT COUNTY.

	1874	1870	1864	1860	1854	1850	1845
Ada	1,351	1.427	1,094	1,116	746	593	497
Algoma	2,591	1,959	992	993	570	233	...
Alpine	1,348	1.445	1,194	1,248	861	618	...
Bowne	1.240	1,275	814	745	357	...	...
Byron	1,504	1,328	1,145	1,042	637	309	493
Cannon	1,205	1,205	1,142	1,061	874	696	...
Caledonia	1.680	1,599	923	762	301	99	127
Cascade	1.050	1,157	940	803	526	358	...
Courtland	1,287	1,340	1,388	957	703	406	400
Gaines	1.273	1.205	961	868	515	319	...
Grattan	1,250	1,298	1,141	1.127	800	648	...
G. Rapids	1.941	1.651	1,053	1,021	872	461	...
G. R. City	25,923	16.508	8.772	8,090	4,278	2,686	1,510
Lowell	2,826	3,086	1,417	1,200	473	214	...
Nelson	2,361	1,102	430	461	....	...	...
Oakfield	1,080	1,092	912	1,079	643	645	...
Paris	1,816	1,543	1,443	1,327	789	521	485
Plainfield	1,499	1,499	1,126	1,240	807	659	565
Sparta	1.587	1,666	1,032	941	531	309	...
Spencer	662	580	209	....	....	...	...
Solon	1,310	911	391	393	....	...	...
Tyrone	866	730	257	173	....	...	...
Vergennes	1.129	1,342	1,210	1,347	1,042	876	850
Walker	1.884	1,675	1,279	1,430	756	823	1,122
Wyoming	2,008	1.787	1,195	1,239	788	543	...
TOTAL	62,671	50,410	33,458	30,721	17,869	12,016	6,049

OTTAWA COUNTY.

	1874	1870	1864	1860	1854	1850	1845
Allendale	762	799	298	245	196	168	....
Blendon	639	718	276	381	85	....	....
Chester	1,397	1,405	1,034	721	500	216	....
Crockery	1,124	1,125	574	396	275	247	....
Georgetown	1,464	1,474	918	973	457	196	133
Holland	2,716	2,354	2,777	1,991	985	1,829	....
Holland City	2,469	2,324	....	....	....	....	....
Olive	1,257	612	413	317	....	....	....
Grand Haven	677	558	1,576	1,359	684	....	350
Grand Haven City	4.363	3.140	....	....	....	....	....
Polkton	2,267	2,416	1,242	1,222	570	430	321
Robinson	528	406	126	128	....	....	....
Jamestown	1,806	1,612	708	519	204	72	....
Spring Lake	2,345	1,836	844	743	655	268	98
Talmadge	1,475	1,451	1,093	1,145	746	545	....
Wright	2,064	2,077	1.584	1,520	868	521	551
Zeeland	2,576	2,343	1,693	1.467	912	....	....
TOTAL	29.929	26,650	15,156	13,077	6.809	4.835	1.200

MUSKEGON COUNTY.

	1874	1870	1864	1860	1854	1850	1845
Casnovia	1,529	1,093	667	605	....	....	....
Dalton............	425	401	674	243	....	....	....
Eggleson	317	233	153	29	....	....	....
Moorland	213	194	128	105	....	....	....
Muskegon	545	401	2,712	285	980	484	119
Muskegon City	8,505	6,001	....	1,448	....	....	....
Norton	392	688	229	197	....	....	....
Oceana	....	....	111	214	....	....	....
Ravenna...........	934	1,035	429	393	655	268	98
White River	706	1,452	543	374	789	....	....
Cedar Creek.......	291	669	166	....	....	....	....
Blue Lake.........	297	381	....	....	....	....	....
Fruitland	208	228	....	....	....	....	....
Fruitport.........	378	167	....	....	....	....	....
Holton............	620	....	....	....	....	....	....
Laketon...........	1,332	1,039	....	....	....	....	....
Montague..........	1,360	....	....	....	....	....	....
Whitehall.........	1,323	....	....	....	....	....	....
TOTAL........	19,375	14,892	5,812	3,893	2,424	752	217

THE LUMBER INTEREST.

The saw mills of the lake region are justly the pride of the people, unsurpassed by any in the world. "In good old sash-saw times," five hundred feet of pine boards in an hour, was the best work of the crack mills of Maine—then the great lumber State. About 1840, the cumbrous sash was in some mills abandoned, and by degrees the simple attachment of the saw, running in guides, directly to the pitman, was a great improvement in speed of action, and economy of power. About 1850, small circulars, with automatic arrangements for setting began to be used for narrow lumber. But these "siding machines" had their day; being superseded by the large circulars and machinery for edging and splitting lumber. Like the "sash" the "siding machine" is a matter of history. The Mulay, the gang and the circular are now the machines used. The Mulay is principally used as an appendage to the circulars and gangs, to prepare logs for their use.

A vast amount of inventive genius has been brought to bear upon the secondary operations, which can only be appreciated by a visit to one of the first class mills. The result is, a log enters the mill; is handled with but little apparent respect, but withal very scientifically; and in two or three minutes is out in the shape of lumber, cord-wood and saw-dust.

It is dangerous to go East and tell the truth about the Michigan saw-mills. To illustrate: Some short time since, Hoyt G. Post, a well known citizen, was with his relatives in New England, and to them described the Michigan saw mills. A good old uncle was grieved at the degeneracy of Hoyt. He said to his family: "I always thought Hoyt a boy of truth; but he has been telling us only a string of outrageous lies." Just tell one who has not seen it, that at Cutler & Savidge's mill, one saw cut nine sixteen-foot boards, sixteen inches wide, in a minute, and the man will signal to you, asking if you "see anything green" in him. Why, only sixteen years ago, the writer felt he was telling a big story when he said in the same Yankee land, that he had seen a six-foot circular cut fifty feet in a minute. There are those who believe that Cutler & Savidge's best will yet look as small as that fifty feet does now.

LUMBER PRODUCT OF THE WEST SHORE OF MICHIGAN DURING 1876.

The following summary of the lumber cut in 1875 and 1876 is condensed from the *Lumberman's Gazette:*

Grand Rapids—8 mills of capacity of from 2,000,000 to 9,000,000; 1875, 39,000,000; 1876, 40,000,000.

Muskegon—21 mills; capacity from 2,000,000 to 25,000,000; 1875, 303,000,000; 1876, 290,000,000.

Montague—7 mills; 1875, 51,000,000; 1876, 52,000,000.

Whitehall—5 mills; 1875, 51,000,000; 1876, 52,000,000.

Spring Lake and Grand Haven—16 mills; 1875, 88,000,000; 1876, 59,000,000.

Other places—1875, 31,000,000; 1876, 25,000,000.

This is exclusive of the country mills for local supply.

The question is already agitating the mind of the political economist: "How long will this last? and what will be the final result?" At the rate the lumber is disappearing we know the supply will run low in a part of a century, variously figured. Until recently the cut-over pine lands were deemed worthless, or nearly so. In other places in this work will be found what people *are* doing with those lands; time will develop what they *will* do. This much it is safe to say—the lands will be occupied for agricultural purposes. Much of the soil is good for general farms, and what *was* supposed to be worthless sand is the "Fruit Belt" on the lake shore. We will not croak over the future. There are mines of wealth in the woods of Michigan. When those are no longer relied on we have the *soil* of Michigan.

Already there is coming up another interest, dependent on forest supply, the manufacture of articles constructed of hard wood. This interest will increase as the pine diminishes.

We have not as yet to any great extent the manufacture of cotton, wool, and leather. These will come along.

Our infancy of occupation in the Grand River Valley is past. The youthful years, dependent on stripping the virgin forest, in the main are passed; we shall soon settle down into the habits of older communities, relying on the soil, on commerce and manufactories, which bring steady habits in their train. At present, God speed the saw-mill.

The probability is, that the lumber interest never will increase. Its immensity as a business may be seen from the statistics preceding.

Muskegon county may be said to rest upon lumber; and it is the life of Grand Haven and Spring Lake.

The business furnishes winter employment to a great number of men, cutting logs up the streams. It also employs many vessels for its transportation.

A brief sketch of the history of board-making may not be without its interest.

With the ancients, a whole tree was used to form one board, which was made by hewing off the surplus timber.

Next comes the saw, operated by two men—one above, and the other below the log; as may be seen now in a ship-yard. Then the operation of the saw by water, with a saw strained in a heavy sash, or, in other words, the "sash saw-mill." About 1840, it was found that the *sash* might be dispensed with, and we had the Mulay mill.

About 1857, the big circular began to be used, which has in the main superseded all other saws.

By degrees, minor improvements have been introduced to *facilitate* the various operations.

The result is, a log is treated with very little respect in a saw-mill of the present day. In one or two minutes from entering, it is out of the mill.

The capacity of a *good* saw-mill in the "good old times," was 800 to 1,000 feet per day. In the "crack mills" in Maine, 1840, it was 500 feet per hour—*the best mills in the world.* In one of Cutler and Savidge's mills, in 1874, 215 feet were cut with one saw in a minute.

The next greatest improvement is the set of adjustable saws for splitting boards into strips, or edging them. This originated with Mr. Powers, of Grand Rapids.

It would seem that the saw-mill has arrived near to its perfection. There seems to be but *one* thing left for inventive genius to work upon for its improvement. Cannot machinery be invented that will lessen the amount of the log that goes into sawdust? We have *expedition* that *should* satisfy any one; but cannot the logs be made to yield more lumber? It is well known they *can*, but other considerations have overrode that apparent economy. Cannot that economy be made consistent with other interests? The answer of experience thus far is in the negative. It is desirable that *that* shall not be the final answer. It is a melancholy sight to see one-fourth of a log, whose boards would be worth $40 per thousand, going into sawdust. Inventive genius will yet ameliorate the sad affliction of that log.

GYPSUM.

An immense interest has been, since 1842, in process of development below Grand Rapids. It was early known that gypsum, or plaster, existed at a point three miles below the rapids; the borings at the early salt-wells confirmed the fact that the deposit was extensive. Subsequent explorations have shown that it is practically inexhaustible, and that over a large amount of territory it may be worked, if desirable. It is found on both sides of the river; on the left bank appearing as the surface rock, covered only by the drift; on the right bank at the base of the bluff, under the drift and some 30 feet of superincumbent rock. At and above Grandville it is found, as at Plaster Creek, near the surface.

The section of the bluff on the right bank, three miles below Grand Rapids, shows:

1. Loam and yellow clay; 2. Blue clay, 4 feet; 3. Water lime and clay slate, 4 feet; 4. Clay slate, 4 feet; 5. Plaster, 8 inches; 6. Clay slate, 2 feet. 7. Plaster, thin stratum; 8. Clay slate, 3 feet; 9. Water lime, 1 foot; 10. Clay slate, 4 feet; 11. Plaster, 7 feet; 12. Clay slate, 1 foot; 13. Plaster, 13 feet.

On the left bank of the river, the seven foot stratum is at, or near the surface; generally very much dissolved away.

The borings at Grand Rapids show what is thought to be the seven foot and the thirteen foot beds—the first at the depth of sixty-three feet, and the other at seventy-four. Continuing the descent, several other strata of gypsum are penetrated.

How far south and west workable gypsum may be found is problematical. The article itself may be found anywhere between the Grand and Muskegon Rivers. Whether it will pay to open quarries or not, depends on the amount of stripping, and the chance for draining.

On the right bank it is wrought by mining; on the left bank by open quarries.

As it is supposed they will be their own monument, we will not enter into an extended description of the unique geological relations of the beds, or describe their mineral contents; but pass directly to their history.

It is believed that Houghton, the State Geologist, was the first to call attention to the gypsum at Plaster Creek, and to predict its future commercial value.

Although it needed no prophetic wisdom to foreknow that the gypsum which had been discovered, would give rise to an extensive and lucrative business, yet it was a hazardous enterprise to undertake the development of it. The two articles of commercial value prepared from it—land plaster and stucco—are little wanted in a new country. The virgin soil of the West needs no fertilizer for a series of years; and there is little use for stucco in a country where the farmers live in log houses, and the villagers from sheer necessity, must build cheap residences, and be content with simplicity.

Notwithstanding, enterprise early took hold of it. Daniel Ball, that man whose deathless enterprise was the life of the Valley as long as his strength and intellect held out, commenced operations in this line in 1842; having secured a ten years' lease of a piece of land at Plaster Creek. Of course, his operations were small, and of them we have no statistics. He afterwards sold out his lease to a kindred spirit, Henry R. Williams, who did much to create a market for the article. After a time, the property passed into the hands of E. B. Morgan. For several years the mill at the Creek was the only one; and that was a small concern. Yet the success that attended it, and the increasing demand, waked others to the value of the gypsum deposit, and started their enterprise.

Mr. Butterworth, from indications which he observed, was satisfied of the existence of plaster on the other side of the river; and bought land solely with reference to it. He was without capital, and could make no developments of the interest he had until 1849. He then, by opening through the superincumbent rock, laid bare the thirteen foot stratum, and, on a small scale, commenced operations. He put up a little mill for grinding, on the little brook north of the present work. That mill, or the remnants of it, are still to be seen.

Soon after Butterworth had shown that a great bed of gypsum was there three other men, Adin Hinds, John Courtney and Jacob Winsor, secured land south of him, and almost simultaneously commenced operations. Winsor had some capital, the others had little or none. Winsor put up a mill on the stream *below* the present works, but soon found that he really had no valuable interest and abandoned it. Courtney, then a simple Irish laborer, in another man's employ, had exhausted his money and had made use of his credit in securing his lands, and with a rising family on his hands, had not a dollar to aid him in digging through the rock to uncover the treasure he was sure he had. Working at odd hours, and at night, *alone*, he made an excavation in the overlying limestone and shales, 12 rods long and from 5 to 18 feet deep, and exposed his treasure. This done, he formed a partnership with John Ball, and, with capital, works were started. The opening of this quarry was in 1853. This Mr. Courtney, after having achieved an independence, and won a position as a man amongst men, without having lost the frank simplicity of his early character, died in 1875.

The other man mentioned—Mr. Hinds, was a feeble consumptive kind of an individual, haunted with two ideas; the one that he soon must die of consumption, and the other that there was a fortune in plaster. Having secured his land, his fortune consisted in that, a yoke of oxen, a cow, a wife and child. Too weak to work himself, he gave his oxen to a man to open the quarry. That done and his treasure in sight, he got better, sold out and moved off.

Mr. Butterwith sold his interest to Converse & Co., and went to do business in the city.

The works on both sides of the river have since been immensely developed and a heavy capital is profitably employed. The several changes and the steps in the development are not matters of his historical interest. The interest has become an immense one, and the works and mines are among the *attractions* to the stranger visiting the city.

The business has grown with the growth of the country, the increasing needs of agriculture, and of cities and villages, and with the development of facilities for transportation, until it has become an immense interest, employing a capital of $500,000, and the labor of some 350 men.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JOHN ALMY.

John Almy.

Few persons in Grand Rapids, amongst either the dead or living, did more in his day to give the now bright and growing Valley City a reputation, than the gentleman whose name heads this article. Judge Almy was a native of Rhode Island, and was educated a civil engineer. He was for several years a resident of Geneseo, N. Y., where he married Eliza, daughter of the late Col. John Pierce. In 1834, he removed to Detroit, Michigan, where he had been appointed city engineer, and remained there several years, and laid out the splendid system of sewerage and street grades that have proved so beneficial to that city. In 1835, when Hon. Lucius Lyon and N. O. Sargeant thought of founding a village where Grand Rapids now is, Judge Almy came out, and platted the village of Kent. Eventually, the late Hon. Charles H. Carroll, of Groveland, Livingston county, N.Y., purchased the interest of Mr. Lyon in the "Kent plat." Judge Almy came out to take charge of the property, and built the first stone dwelling—a two-story one, still standing on Bronson street, in the rear of Grinnell's Block—and became an active and zealous advocate of the city and Western Michigan; and until the day of his death (in 1863) never lost faith in the future of Grand Rapids—firmly believing and always insisting that we should have a large and flourishing city. And now, as pertinent to this article, and as exhibiting the hardships and trials incident to our early pioneer life, we quote from a page of a journal kept by Mrs. Almy, in 1835. "The next night brought us to the Thornapple, and it being late and very dark, we dare not go on, for fear we should fell into the river. We saw, near by, some camp-fires of Indians, but going to them, they fled, and we could not get near them; so we camped out as well as we could, and spent the night with nothing to eat. As soon as daylight appeared, we commenced our march, and crossing the Thornapple, met Rix Robinson and the chiefs, who were coming to see us, and what kind of people we were. Mr. Robinson explained to them that we were friends, and going *to build a big town* down at Grand Rapids. Here we were furnished breakfast—pork and potatoes, bread and tea, with wild honey (considered an extra dish), with short-cake; and did we not do justice to that meal? After settling our bills, we proceeded on our journey, and having Plaster Creek and several other streams to bridge, we were the whole day until late at night in getting to Grand Rapids. Mr. Richard Godfroy and Mr. Louis Campau gave us quarters in their respective homes. The next day the woods rang out with the echo of the woodman's ax, slaying down trees to build shanties with, and all was bustle and business. It did not take long to get settled, and then commenced the work of laying out the canal. Mr. Almy soon found it necessary to return to Detroit, which was no easy matter, and I concluded to go, too. Mr. Richard Godfroy sent his Frenchman with a lumber wagon, to take us. We were ten days going. While in Detroit Mr. Almy bought a steamboat, and friends named her the "John Almy." She was loaded with pork, flour, mill-stones, and many other useful articles, to be landed at Grand Rapids. The boat left about April 1, and had very rough weather, and as she neared Thunder Bay she was wrecked—a total loss." Much more of interest could be extracted from this journal, did the length of this article permit.

Mr. Almy held many important places of trust—such as member of the Legislature, Judge of the County Court, Chief Clerk in the Surveyor-General's office, engineer of the Kalamazoo and other river improvements. He also held the office of City Engineer. The Judge was a splendid draftsman, and in water-color and India ink drawings, was not excelled. He was a scientific man of much learning and his general information was very great. He was very methodical and exact in his calculations and business. He had studied law and was admitted to practice, but the duties were not congenial to him, but he was thoroughly grounded in its principles, and was a safe and trusty counselor. He was a walking encyclopedia. Of splendid physical form, and a most benignant expression of countenance; he was a man of mark amongst his fellows, and a courteous, genial gentleman, and beloved by all, and his memory will be cherished by every pioneer of the Grand River Valley who survives him. The immediate relatives of Judge Almy who form a part of the "days of small beginnings," are Mr. P. R. L. Pierce, Mrs. F. M. Lester, Hon. T. B. Church, and Alphonso Almy. His wife was a sister of P. R. L. and I. W. Pierce and Mrs. Lester. She died in Nov., 1875, in Canandagua, New York. In religious sentiment, the Judge was an Episcopalian.

P. R. L. PIERCE.

LUMAN R. ATWATER.

He was the son of Thomas and Betsey Atwater; was born at Burlington, Vt., June 23, 1810. With the advantages of a Yankee common education, he spent his early years in his native State. But at the age of twenty-three, thinking Vermont was a good State to emigrate from, he, with his young wife, tried his fortune in Georgia, where he spent four years, mostly in Augusta and Milledgeville. Visiting his old home in Vermont again, he found the friend of his youth, Gaius S. Deane, making preparations to remove to Michigan. He concluded to share the fortune of his friend; and the two young families bade adieu to the homes of their childhood, and the friends of their youth, and set their faces towards "the far West." For you *must* know, Michigan was then "a great way off." Railroads—those annihilators of space—were not:

"A journey was a different thing
From what it is to-day;
A toilsome and soul-wearying drag—
A long and lingering way."

Oh! it makes one poetic, when he realizes what a journey was in years gone by. What preparations! What leave-takings! What choking sighs! What sad farewells when friends were going to Michigan! Why, now, a man in Vermont says in the evening to his wife: "I have some business that calls me to Michigan. I shall be back in a week." Nothing is thought of it. But it was not so then. Michigan was "a great way off." We have not yet got off Atwater and Deane. But amid tears and soul-rending leave-takings, on the 10th of May, 1837, they embarked on Lake Champlain, his own new bandanna, as he waved it in last adieu, dripping with his briny tears.

Luman R. Atwater.

One day on the lake and six on the "raging canawl" found them in Buffalo. There they were obliged to wait on account of ice in the lake. But they were soon in Detroit, where each purchasing a yoke of oxen and a cow, they came in backwoods style, in ten days to Lyons, where the relations of Mrs. Deane had located. Mr. Atwater spent seven years at Lyons, and then removed to Grand Rapids.

An early settler in the Valley, he has been identified with its interests in the infancy of its civilization, and in its development. A not very old man, and well preserved; in the enjoyment of a comfortable fortune, we hope he will live to grow much older; and that instead of being "*Mr.* Atwater," it will be "Father Atwater."

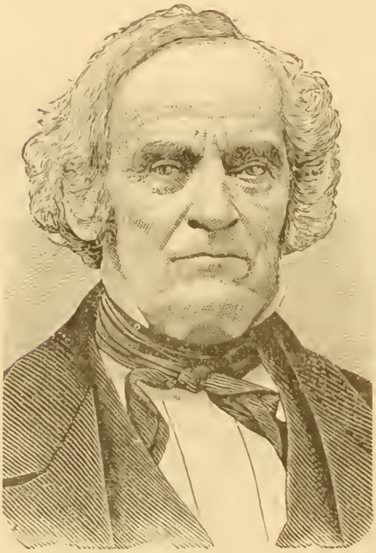
Mr. A. has never been a public man, other than in the church. Of the M.

E. Church, he has ever been one of the leading spirits; and has aided, to the extent of his ability, the interests of the cause most dear to him. As a business man, he has never made a spread, or done big things; but by assiduous attention to business on a moderate scale, has secured an independence, which is as good as riches. "A man worth $500.000 is just as well off as a rich man."

WILLIAM BABCOCK.

Dea. Wm. Babcock came into Ionia county in 1836, with his family, and located on Sec. 1, in Berlin.

He was a native of Massachusetts, born in Pittsfield. February 11th, 1783. While but a boy, he came with his father's family into Ontario county, N. Y., remaining there until he came to Michigan. By occupation a farmer; a man of robust habit and strong constitution; intelligent, industrious, honest and persevering. In 1812, he received a commission of lieutenant from Daniel D. Tompkins, governor of New York, to serve in the war with Great Britain. He had the command of a company for a considerable time, and acquitted himself with credit. He was a model citizen; a man who looked to the well-being of others; a devoted and energetic Christian and philanthropist.



William Babcock.

Sluman S. Bailey.

He died Dec. 7th, 1871. The record of his life is the richest legacy he left to his numerous posterity. L.

SLUMAN S. BAILEY.

Born at Summerset, Niagara county, Dec. 14th, 1821, and receiving a good common school and academic education, he was designed by his parents for professional life. But, tiring of the confinement of school, he went to work on his father's farm, with the resolution of helping his father out of debt. At the age of twenty-three he married Miss Delia G. Starbuck, and two years afterwards, that is, in 1846, he came to the town of Paris and settled down in the woods, where he had pitched his future home, and where he made himself a farm, and made himself one of the leading citizens.

Almost from the beginning he has been in public life, as a town, county or U. S. officer. Justice of peace; supervisor seven years; sheriff six years, and, since 1865, revenue inspector and collector, which office he now fills.

He was one of the founders of the Kent Agricultural Society, and its President.

Mr. Bailey is one of the men whom his acquaintances delight to put forward, as one whom they can trust. A political haranguer once stumping the county when Bailey was candidate for sheriff, expatiating on the merits of the candidates, called out: "Do you know Sluman S. Bailey?" There was a general response, "Yes." "Enough said," said the speaker, and left Bailey without a word. We do not mean to indulge in eulogium on the living, but we hope, as some sorts of men are at a premium, that his funeral may be far in the future.

ALBERT BAXTER.

This gentleman, who is best known as Editor of the *Eagle* is a Vermont Yankee, born at Moretown, Washington county, Aug. 3d, 1823. Family on father's side—Baxter, Hubbard; on mother's, Child, Carpenter.

He received in youth a fair education. Came West first to Wisconsin in 1845, and one year after (1846) to Grand Rapids, where he read law awhile, and followed the business of painter and carriage-maker.

In 1849, he married Miss Elvira Guild, daughter of the pioneer, Joel Guild. His sad misfortune was the extinction of his family by the death of his only child, and the long sickness and, in 1855, the death of his wife, whom no one has since been able to replace.

Albert Baxter.

He gives this account of himself: "Never held office; never was offered office; never asked for office; don't intend to; never had a barrel of money; never joined a church; never got drunk; never stole a railroad; never cheated the poor; never voted for Tilden. In fact never was conspicuous in any big enterprise—hence have no history."

He entered the *Eagle* office as sub-editor in 1855. Since 1865 has been editor-in-chief of the daily and weekly *Eagle*. He is an indefatigable worker, and the files of that paper show that he is an able editor.

Mr. Baxter is a man naturally diffident; never enjoyed good health, and further than his business as editor brings him into contact with mankind, has little to do with the world. With his heart in the right place, and his good name where an honest man's should be, he avoids notoriety and mingles little with the world in general. His life has been darkly clouded and very laborious, and "never enjoyed very deeply—except those six years while she lived."

DAVID BURNETT.

It is a pleasing task to sketch the life-history of a man whose claim to remembrance is modest worth and active usefulness, whose intelligence commanded universal respect, and whose amiability made friends of all. Just such a man as that is the one whose name is at the head of this article, and whose genial countenance, as the artist here represents it, invited confidence, which confidence was never disappointed. If you are anything of a phrenologist, you will say that the picture represents a man of cool, shrewd intellect; a kind-hearted, neighborly man; a genial companion, and a man who would be loved and honored in his family. This time phrenology tells the exact truth—he was just such a man. No one knew him but to esteem and respect him. Without being pretentious, he was very much looked up to, especially when engineering talent was necessary. He was a modest man, never blowing his own trumpet, or seeking political distinction. Well knowing the hold he had on the confidence, respect and esteem of the community, he was content to remain a private, useful citizen. As such he lived and died.

David Burnett.

Mr. Burnett was a Massachusetts Yankee; born and reared at South Hadley. Born in 1808, reared as Yankee boys were apt to be, he entered active life with a common school education, and the trade of a builder. His leading talent was that of an engineer. His inclinations, and the public confidence generally kept him employed on works where such talent was requisite. He was *the* engineer of this part of Michigan.

He came to Michigan in 1836, on foot from Detroit to Grand Rapids, guided partly by Indian trails; stayed the first winter at Ada in a log shanty with Sidney and Torrey Smith and two others; built a block house, and got John W. Fiske to use it as a tavern in 1837; pre-empted land, but found his claim jumped. He then came to Grand Rapids, and worked on the Big Mill (that was to be, but never was).

A few of the structures built by Mr. Burnett will be mentioned. The authority is a paper written by him the year before his death. The first bridge across the Grand River at Lyons, built for Lucius Lyons in 1837. Rebuilt the same in 1843, and received in part payment 2,000 acres of State improvement land. The log tavern known as the "Fiske or Lake House," in the winter of 1837. That house still stands, and the man who tears it down will commit a sacrilege.

In 1838 and 1839, in company with Nathaniel Fiske and Jacob Rogers, of Milwaukee, he built six light-houses on Lake Michigan. In 1843, built for Scribner & Turner, the first bridge at Grand Rapids. Rebuilt it in 1852; and again, after the burning in 1858. The bridge at Ionia, in 1847; the stone Union School-house, in 1849; the first dam in the city the same year; the bridge at Plainfield, in 1850; the dam at Newaygo, in 1853; the dam at Roger's Ferry, on the Muskegon, in 1864, and the bridge at Bridgetown, in 1866; the bridges on forty miles of the G. R. & I. R. R., in 1868; the bridge at Big Rapids, in 1870; besides other dams and bridges.

His sphere was such, that his labors mark the progress of the development of the region. His life was an active one, until infirmity compelled inaction. He died June 22, 1875.

A summation of his character has been given before. To the family, of which he was the beloved head, his memory will always be dear; and the community, where his long head was relied upon—where his honor was proverbial, and his genial presence sunshine for near forty years—will not let him pass into oblivion. Fame he never sought; respect he won by sterling merit, and esteem by genial amiability. The simple record of a well-spent life is better than a glittering fame.

Henry Bremer.

HENRY BREMER.

He was born in Germany, Nov. 28, 1816, and received an academical education at the Normal School, at Peterhagen, Prussia, where he graduated. In 1829, he emigrated to America, arriving at New York, June 27. A stranger in a strange land, he took the first work that offered; and was employed as a common laborer on the Ohio

Canal. He afterwards learned the cooper's trade in Lancaster, Ohio. He came to Detroit in 1843. and for four years taught a German school. Moved to Grand Rapids in 1850, and started a soap and candle factory, which was carried on successfully for a number of years. Was afterwards in a grocery store on Canal street.

During this time, Mr. B. had established a reputation for good business talent, and for personal integrity. He was looked to as the leading man among the Germans in the county; and was placed in some city offices. In 1872, he was elected county treasurer, and re-elected in 1874. The general opinion is, that if Bremer handles the cash, *all is right.*

Mr. Bremer is a very genial and social person—the friend of every good man; puts on no airs, and has kept himself where an honorable man likes to be—above reproach or suspicion; and with the good will of all, is acting on the principle—

" Schneller Gang ist unser Leben
Laast uns Rosen auf ihn streun."

E. B. BOSTWICK.

There are men whom society feels, who, when living, the community must know, and who, departing, leave a blank. At present we purpose to notice one of this character, the Hon. E. B. Bostwick, who for some 15 years was identified with the Grand River Valley, and who at the time was in all probability its most honored citizen.

Bostwick, had been an Eastern merchant—a partner in a heavy firm, in New York, which, failing, divested him of all property which he held in his own right. He had still some $40,000 which belonged to his wife, and with that, and the funds of others, he did an extensive business. He fitted up for himself, with refined taste, a modest suburban residence, the location of which still bears his name. He located lands extensively, laid out and put in market that part of the city known as Bostwick's addition; built mills in different towns; established a colony on Crockery Creek; represented the people in the Senate; and in short, was in all kinds of speculations, each a brilliant scheme, when he began it, but sure to end unfavorably for him. If he had had means, he would have done great things, but he would have needed a renewal of his fortune once in five years. Too ardent for a business man, he was sure to overleap himself, and his schemes were about as sure to fail.

Generous to a fault, noble and manly, he won the deferential esteem of all, and they honored him with their highest distinctions. His personal presence was of uncommon dignity. Physically, he was a specimen of noble, manly beauty. His mind was highly cultivated and refined—ardent, poetic and enthusiastic. His social qualities were unsurpassable. When his poetic enthusiasm could kindle itself by conversation with a sympathizing spirit, there was an entrancing power in the man.

We loved and honored him, and we could have wished him the best of fortune, but such was not his lot. Scheme after scheme failed; and he found himself involved in harrassing law-suits, and he felt what many others have felt when money gave out. Would you know what that is? Once fail *honestly*, and you will be thoroughly instructed. Fail as a scoundrel, in an open and above-board way, swindling your creditors, and you are called shrewd and keen. But if you struggle manfully to maintain your honor and do justice to all, look out for hard words, and for costs superadded to your burden of debt. So it was with E. B. Bostwick. He struggled, and struggled manfully, but every move seemed to sink him deeper, until finally he started for California as a last resource. He sleeps his last sleep on the desert plains. It matters little how he died. While on the way he sent back letters for publication in the Grand Rapids papers. In one of those he thrilled the hearts of his readers by an account of "a grave by the wayside." Another letter came, but not from him. It was from Canton Smith, his companion, and it told of Bostwick's death, and his "grave by the wayside."

EDWARD L. BRIGGS.

Edward L. Briggs.

Was born in the town of Skaneateles, Onondaga county, N. Y., July 30th, 1830. In 1834, his parents moved to Michigan, and settled near Ann Arbor. Mr. Briggs was educated in the common schools. In 1850 he removed to Grand Rapids, where he has since resided, with the exception of two years spent at the South, in the States of Louisiana and Arkansas. In 1858 he was engaged in the survey of the public lands in Northwestern Minnesota, and run the first line of the United States survey that touched the Red River of the North. He acted as timber agent for the State Land Office, from 1859 to 1865; and a portion of the time as timber agent for the United States lands; and while acting in this capacity, traversed a large portion of the upper peninsula, and the newer portion of the lower peninsula. He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1872, and served upon the committee on public lands, horticulture, and geological survey. He is at present engaged in the business of farming, manufacturing, and dealing in real estate. He was re-elected representative in 1874, and was chairman of the committee on public lands, and the special committee on apportionment. He was one of the original corporators of the Grand Rapids Chair Company, and has been one of the directors of the company since its organization. He aided in the organization of the Citizens' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Kent, Allegan and Ottawa counties, and has been the president and treasurer of the company since its organization, in 1874.

Mr. Briggs is still young; a man of ardent nature and of untiring energy. We hope it will be long before we get through with him. Now he is a farmer. and his house is a museum, where a taste for the æsthetic and genial sociality have made it an attraction. Long live Briggs and his accomplished lady.

EDWARD A. BURLINGHAME.

He was born in the town of Sterling, Windham county, Connecticut, Sept. 19th, 1832. At the age of fourteen the family removed to Union Village, where he was employed in a cotton factory, where he very soon became master of every process; and where, at the age of seventeen, he was promoted to the position of "second hand in the weaver shop," of 400 looms. At the age of eighteen, he, with the family, removed to Central New York, and was engaged in agriculture until he entered New York Central College. For a time he engaged in teaching; and in 1855 went to Madison, Wis., in the interest of J. & H. Miller, publishing house, of Columbus, Ohio, in whose employ he continued for the summer. In the spring of 1856 he came to Ann Arbor, in the interest of the same publishing house. He was married April 22d, to Sarah A. Snell. In the fall of 1858, he removed to Janesville, Wisconsin, and became a teacher connected with the public school of that city; and there began the study of law. While so engaged, he accepted the offer tendered to him to become agent and correspondent for the Ohio *State Journal*, which position he filled during the first Lincoln campaign; and he became an active worker, both on the platform and with his pen. While so engaged, he purchased a half interest in the *Local News and Advertiser*, of Ann Arbor, which he enlarged, changing the name to *Michigan State News*, and continued its publication during the campaign. In 1861 he sold out, and became connected with *The World We Live In*, a paper published in Cincinnati. In June, 1861, with others, he started the *Peninsular Courier*. In 1861, Mr. B. raised a company for the war.

In 1863, he purchased a farm three miles south of Grand Rapids. Staying there a while, he went to Illinois, where he purchased the office of the Decatur *Tribune*, the leading Republican paper of Central Illinois, which he run until Oct. 20th, 1866, and resumed his legal studies at Ann Arbor, where he graduated in the spring of 1869. In the fall of the same year he commenced the practice of his profession, at Grand Rapids. In the fall of 1872, he was elected prosecuting attorney for Kent county, and was re-elected in 1874; which office he filled with general approbation.

Mr. B. is still comparatively a young man; his life so far has been active and influential; and the public have hopes of him for the future.

LOUIS CAMPAU.

This pioneer, so long affectionately saluted and known as "Uncle Louis," had an eventful life, bordering somewhat on romance. In this brief sketch, the romantic can scarcely be alluded to, as the incidents would make a volume, instead of a biographical article.

He was of French descent, born at Detroit, August 11, 1791. At eight years of age, he was taken by his uncle, Joseph Campau, who promised to rear the boy, and start him in business. For seven years his business was that of an under servant, going to school but little. The only school education he had simply enabled him to read the French language, and to write. His defective education he regretted; but in after life he made little effort to remedy it. As to scholarship, he was simply an illiterate man. His active life was mostly spent as an Indian Trader beyond the limits of civilization, or as a business man on the frontier.

Until after the war of 1812, he stayed with his uncle, being promoted to be his right-hand man. He was one of the soldiers surrendered by Hull.

After the war, he was hired by a company of Detroit merchants to dispose of the remnants of their goods to the Indians on the Saginaw River. This he successfully did. He soon commenced on his own account as a trader among the same Indians. There he stayed, with varying fortune, until the spring of 1826; when, at the request of the Indians, he came as their Trader to the Grand River Valley. At times, while at Saginaw, the Government made use of him in dealing with the Indians and making treaties with them.

In November, 1826, he came on with a supply of goods for the Indians, and four hired men, packing his goods on ponies. He was also engaged by a Mr. Brewster, of Detroit, to buy furs, in opposition to the American Fur Company. He fixed his first post at the mouth of Flat River, where the railroad depot now is; left two of his men there, and with the rest came to the Indian village at the Rapids, on the west side of the river. Spent the winter there profitably, trading.

In 1827, came with his family and a larger supply of goods; built three log cabins near the river, at the foot of Bronson street. With none around him but the Indians and those dependent on him, he remained until 1832, when the first emigrant—Luther Lincoln—came in.

Believing that a village or city would be at the place, he secured a piece of land, and platted it as a village—the so-called "Campau Plat." Soon the speculative fever found Mr. Campau a rich man; doing a great deal of business, building extensively, the president of a bank, etc. The collapse that followed, found him a man struggling to save a little. His property went to assignees, and eventually some small part of it was returned to him.

Afterwards, by doing a limited business, and by constantly selling his lots, he lived a life of gentlemanly independence until within a few years of his death, when, his resources failing, he lived on the bounty of his friends, who were unwilling that he should feel poverty, which he never did.

He was twice married. His first wife died at Saginaw. His second, a lady of rare excellence, preceded him in death a few years, July 31st, 1869, aged sixty-two. From the time of the death of his wife, whose character he fully appreciated, he was never himself again. We will let a veil be over those dismal years, when the anchor and stay of his life had gone. He died April 13th, 1871.

He was a tall, fine-looking man; walking lame, from a serious injury received when a young man. He was very courteous and gentlemanly in his intercourse with others; an able counselor in matters of business, but himself unable to practice on his own lessons. He was visionary, and an unwise manager of his own affairs. He was very benevolent, and the kindliness of his heart caused him to have many warm admirers, and was taken advantage of by the unprincipled. He cannot be said to have been a man of brilliant qualities; yet he secured in the community a respect and veneration which it is the fortune of few to attain. He was upright in his dealings; had finely-strung feelings and a gentlemanly bearing, which conciliated good-will and disarmed enmity. His name will ever be one of the household words at Grand Rapids.

He rests in the Catholic cemetery, by the side of her who was his soul-companion while living, and whose death cast so dark a shadow over the years he survived.

Parted awhile in the land of the dying,
Met, ne'er to part, in the land of the living.

JAMES CLARK.

Mr. Clark was born at Rahway, N. J., Jan. 31st, 1799. His parents being in moderate circumstance, at eighteen years of age he left school, went to New York, and learned the mason's trade. In 1821, he was married to Catharine Powley, of New York. He then returned and purchased a home in Rahway. In 1831, he came with his family, and settled on a farm in Superior, Washtenaw county. In Feb., 1834, he moved to Grand Rapids; being the fourteenth white family in the place. For one year he took up his residence at Green Lake, with no white neighbors nearer than eight miles in one direction, and fourteen the other. He then pre-empted a farm in Plainfield; leading the pioneer settlement, and making the first improvements north of Grand Rapids.

James Clark.

He is recollected with affection and respect, as one who was always doing more than his share in everything having reference to the public good; making roads, building school-houses, etc. He was energetic, enterprising, and upright in all he did; a man among men, he set a good example, and left a good name. He died after a long illness, in 1867, leaving a wife, four sons and four daughters, who reverently cherish the memory of the good man departed.

"Not unhonored or forgotten
Lies the man who honored manhood."

RUFUS R. COOK.

Rufus R. Cook.

Mr. Cook was a Connecticut Yankee, born at Hartland, Conn., September 8, 1841. At an early age, his parents moved into Western New York. In 1829, the family came to Michigan, and located at Avon, Oakland county. In 1834, he married Cordelia M. Cowles.

As considerable of the early history of Otisco centers around Mr. Cook and his associates, much will be given in this article which properly belongs to the history of the town. He came in 1837, in company with his brother-in-law, I. L. Morse, Amos and William Russell, in search of future homes. They left their teams at a point on the Looking Glass River, about three miles west of Longsbury, Shiawassee county, where they constructed a boat of material brought with them. In this they were four days reaching the mouth of Flat River. From there they traveled on foot to the burr-oak plains in Otisco, where they made locations, Cook taking the land where a village commemorates his name.

At that time, G. W. Dickinson, Daniel Horton and Patrick Kelly were the only families within fifteen miles.

They arrived about the first of November, and Cook and Morse started a "shantee" on Cook's claim. After winter had fairly set in, they went home on foot. In the February following, they returned with their wives, and with two young lads, C. F. Morse and Calvin Gage, bringing a span of horses, nineteen head of cattle and eighteen swine, and, as they supposed, plenty of money to carry them through and sustain them until harvest. Nine days of traveling in extremely cold weather, brought them to Lyons. There they found themselves unable to pay their tavern bill, as they had no money which the landlord would take—the first intimation they had of the dread "wild-cat" collapse. "Dead broke," they wended their way, paying their bills the next fall, when the sale of some cattle gave them some money that had a value.

In the winter of 1839-40, Cook, Morse, Luther Lincoln and the Baldwin brothers built the first saw mill in Montcalm county. This mill—a big thing at the time—would cut three or four thousand feet a day. They used to raft their lumber down the Flat and Grand Rivers, and sell at Grand Rapids for goods. That was the commencement of the vast lumber business on Flat River. In 1846, Cook built the hotel at the "Corners," which, under his management and that of others, became famous for its anniversary balls. The house was always a popular one, whether kept by Cook, Hiram Weeks or "Lem" Davis.

In a few years, Cook became a trader, and general business man. Mr. Cook was possessed of the very best business qualifications; a good judge of men; of undisputable integrity; of more than common influence among men. He was highly esteemed and honored by his neighbors and the community; holding for many years the offices of Justice of the Peace and Supervisor, and other positions of public trust; and during all his life he was the recipient of the most responsible and delicate trusts, which never suffered by his neglect or default.

He was a man of strong convictions and decisive temperament. When his opinions were once formed, and he had decided upon a measure, he applied himself to it with untiring zeal; and when he moved he made his mark. Although he held many positions of public trust, he never was an office-seeker for himself, but he was a power when he took hold for a friend.

Mr. Cook was a representative man of the pioneers—an early settler of the Grand River Valley; a man of great public spirit, and contributed largely in many ways to the growth and prosperity of the country, and was well known and appreciated by the communities of Ionia, Kent, and Montcalm counties. He was one destined by nature to be an influential and leading man in any community in which his lot might be cast.

He died, mourned and regretted by the entire community at his homestead in Otisco, on the 6th day of January, A D. 1875, in the 64th year of his age.

(Kindly communicated by the Hon. A. B. Morse.)

ALANSON CORNELL.

Dr. Alanson Cornell came with his family into Michigan, in 1838. He was a native of Eaton, Madison county, N. Y., born in 1802. He was a graduate of the Fairfield Medical College. After practicing in his profession for a few years in that State, he came to Michigan, locating in Ionia county, where he continued his practice until a few days before his death.

Dr. Cornell was a true man; strictly honorable in all his intercourse with his fellow men; always ready in his profession, or elsewhere, to do a noble act; respected, not only by his medical brethren, but wherever known. He died at his residence in Ionia, in January, 1873. DR. L.

FRANCIS CUMING, D. D.

The subject of this notice was born at Grand Haven, Ct., in 1798. His father was a seafaring man. As a youth, he was adopted into the family of Prof. Rudd, an eminent teacher in Elizabethtown, N. J. Mr. Rudd having no children of his own, received him as a son, and educated him for the gospel ministry. His mother and only sister, persons of peculiar refinement and high position, continued their surveillance over him in the intercourse allowed by the residence of an older brother, doing business in Pearl street. Seldom has brotherly love been so unabated, uninterrupted until separated by death. In the double character of father and teacher, Dr. Rudd was always held in affectionate and reverent remembrance. While a student he was in a home atmosphere of an elevated and intellectual character.

He was ordained Deacon in New Jersey at the age of 22, and Priest by Bishop Hobart, of New York, the next year. His first settlement was at Binghamton, N. Y., where he stayed but a short time. He was called to Rochester in 1822, where he spent nine years. He was afterwards General Agent of the Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church Book Concern; traveled much in the interest of the Society, and for it performed much literary labor. During this time he had New York for his center, where he organized Calvary Church, corner Twenty-ninth street and Fourth Avenue, and also revived and re-organized St. Paul's church at the Quarantine, Staten Island. In 1839, he removed to Ann Harbor, Michigan; and in 1844, to Grand Rapids.

At Grand Rapids he was recognized as a man much devoted to the interest of the church, which prospered under his able leadership. He was also recognized as a sound business man, and as one whose heart was in strong sympathy with the world and humanity. What he undertook he laid hold of with energy, be it the business of his profession, or secular affairs. There was in him a buoyant hopefulness, which was not always prudence. As a clergyman or man of the world, he was always esteemed an able counselor. His benevolence was great, and his personal honor was never doubted. Naturally a leader, he sometimes excited opposition by his determined will, and his fixed purpose to carry his point. His motto seemed to be—"Be sure you are right, and then go ahead." Almost defying, and generally triumphing over opposition, as a natural consequence he had his friends, and those who did not like him. But even his bitterest opponent respected his high-souled manliness and energetic zeal, which disarmed enmity by his courteous forbearance.

In 1855, he was honored by an Eastern college by the degree of D.D. At the breaking out of the war, his patriotic sympathies triumphing over personal prudence, led him to go with the Michigan Third Infantry, as their chaplain. He was with them but the part of a year, when the dread disease, consumption, warned him to come home and die. He met death as one who felt that his life-work was well done, and with a triumphant Christian faith and hope. "Preparation, change, departure, are my constant thoughts;" "Salvation, O the joyful sound!" were among his dying words.

It was in August, 1862; that a mourning people followed him to his last resting place. A wife and family of daughters survive, to whom his memory is precious. His only son, the Hon. Thomas B. Cuming, had preceded him to the grave.

In personal presence, the air of Dr. Cuming was that of an energetic business man. His positive manner at first repelled, while intimacy proved him a man singularly unselfish, and living in his sympathies and loves; that he was warm-hearted, generous and affectionate. As a preacher, he was impressive and earnest; as a friend, true to the death. He knew no masters but his conscience and his God; and it is believed that the one is stainless in the presence of the other.

No more shall we look on
That reverend head;
The cross, where he is resting,
Proclaims he is dead.
But has not life tendrils
That death cannot sever?
Has it not flowers
Unfading forever?
The bright rays of wisdom
Shine o'er the dark portal,
As long as 'tis guiding,
The man is immortal.

LEONARD COVELL.

Leonard Covell.

He is a Vermont Yankee; born February 17, 1816, at Cabot, Caledonia county. At the age of six years he lost his mother, and was given to a farmer until he was fourteen. He then returned to his father and helped him on the farm until the age of seventeen. Then, there being no great love between him and his step-mother, he took the liberty to start independent: went to Hartford, Conn., and learned the trade of carpenter and joiner.

At the age of twenty-one, in 1837, he came to Grand Rapids. Arrived, he found his capital to be thirty-one cents in ready cash, and his indebtedness five dollars, borrowed at the East. He worked as a mechanic some eight or ten years, when he went into a store one year as clerk. He then purchased a stock of goods on long time of R. S. Parks, for $90, and commenced as merchant. Success attending his humble beginning, in one year he went into general trade with D. C. Lawrence with the firm name of Covell & Co. He bought Lawrence out, and took as a partner, H. K. Rose—the firm, Rose & Covell. This connection lasted six or seven years. Mr. C. then opened a store on the west side, at the corner of Bridge and Scribner streets. As a merchant, he may be called a success. Selling out his store, for four years he was agent and director of the G. R. & I. Railroad.

At the organization of the U. S. District Court for Western Michigan, he was appointed Deputy Marshall, which office he held until 1875.

He married Permelia, daughter of Deacon Henry Stone, May 2, 1839, which marriage is still unbroken.

Possessed of native energy, Mr. Covell has not been in the habit of dying: and now, with personal vigor, independence and public respect, he is one of the honored patriarchs, where, as a poor boy, he made a beginning in the backwoods village, of which he can say: "I have seen the whole of it, and of it have been no small fraction."

JOHN DAVIS.

John Davis.

This man, mentioned in the history of Oakfield, was born in Madison county, N. Y., April 25, 1813; lived on a farm until he was sixteen, with the common advantages. At that time he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, at which business he worked a good part of his life. In 1839, he came to Michigan—to Ann Arbor. In 1840, he came to Oakfield, where he soon became one of the leading and official men of the town; holding at different times every town office—the *factotum* of the town. Engaging at first in blacksmithing and farming, he prospered: but (there's a good deal in "but") he went into the lumber business, in which a series of misfortunes ruined him, so far as property was concerned. With the small remnant that was left, he purchased a few acres a little out of Grand Rapids, and set his anvil there, as the only means of living. That, then little valued few acres, is now a handsome property; and there he lives—delighting in the cognomon of "Old Ragged," which, to him, in Oakfield, is a pet name of endearment.

In New York, Sept. 28, 1836, he married Miss Betsy Brigham, who is still with him.

Mr. Davis is a character—combining much of human kindness with sound intelligence, and a jovial, light-hearted playfulness—everybody's friend, and no one can be his enemy.

WM. H. DE CAMP.

Wm. H. De Camp.

Dr. De Camp is a native of the State of New York; born at Auburn, Nov. 6th, 1825. His father was John C. De Camp, and his mother Sarah Miller. When William was about a year old his father removed to Mt. Morris, Livingston county, where, now venerable with years, he still resides.

The "rudiments" of his education were in a log school-house, of very primitive kind. At nine years of age he had pneumonia, causing diseased action of the lungs, which, lasting several years, hindered his early development. His academic education was at Mt. Morris and Nunda. At the age of 18, he commenced the study of medicine with Lewis G. Ferris, a country practicioner, and afterwards with Dr. C. C. Chaffee, at Nunda. In the meantime, as a means of support, he made a business of teaching writing. He attended the medical lectures at the New York University, and two courses at the Geneva Medical College, where he graduated in February, 1847, a little after he had completed his 21st year. His first medical practice was at Grove Center, Alleghany county—four years; afterwards near Nunda. He soon became noted for his ability and success as a surgeon, and found himself in extensive practice.

Impaired health, and inability to endure the strain on his vitality, induced him to leave the place and come to Grand Rapids and open a drug store; which he did. in company with another, in June, 1855. In September, of 1857, they were burned out, leaving him penniless. The Doctor then resumed the practice of his profession. October 26th, 1861, he was commissioned surgeon of the regiment of engineers and mechanics; with which he served with credit for three years.

Returning from the army, he resumed his practice at Grand Rapids, where he soon took a leading position among the physicians of the State; and where he has won for himself a distinguished name as a surgeon. The Doctor is not *merely* a medical man. His leisure hours are devoted to natural science, in which he has won recognition in all parts of the land; and he is a corresponding member of the leading scientific associations. His contributions to Conchology are noted in the journals and recent works. November 4th, 1847, he married Miss Emeline C. Griffith. A single son is all his family.

Dr. De Camp is still a man unbroken by years, and in extensive practice at Grand Rapids. As his life-work is not done, we will not write his eulogy.

SAMUEL DEXTER.

Samuel Dexter

The Hon. Samuel Dexter, the original projector of the first settlement made in Ionia county, located at the White Pigeon Land Office, in St. Joseph county, Mich., the present site of the city of Ionia, in the autumn of 1832. Mr. Dexter was a native of Rhode Island; born Dec. 5th, 1787. Having moved from that State with his father's family when quite young, to Herkimer county, in the state of New York, where he was married to Miss Anna Fargo, and remained there with his family until he came to Michigan, in the spring of 1833, in company with five other families. Mr. Dexter, while a resident of the State of New York, was elected a member of the Legislature of that State, and served his district in that capacity in 1824 and 1825. After coming to this State, and preparing a comfortable place for himself and family, his next business of importance was to set about building a saw-mill, which he perfected in the autumn of the same year. The next year, he put into this saw-mill a small run of stones for grinding coarse grain, which proved a great convenience to the settlement. Soon after this, and as soon as necessity required, he commenced the erection of a flouring mill, on the present site of the Ionia City Mills. He and his son, J. C. Dexter, continued to operate this mill for many years; when he retired from active business, and his son continued in it until quite recently. Mr. Dexter located some land in Kent county—at Grand Rapids—(the Dexter fraction in the city,) but subsequently sold it. Mr. Dexter's residence was for several years the general stopping place of most new-comers; where they always received a courteous reception, and the best fare the place afforded. Mr. Dexter was a leading man in the settlement for several years; was the first justice of the peace, and was afterwards elected one of the county judges; was appointed receiver of public moneys at the Government Land Office in Ionia, in connection with Hon. Ira Porter as register, under the administration of General Harrison, in 1841. Mr. Dexter was a man of good natural abilities; a man of considerable enterprise and business; but did more for the public interest and convenience than for himself. No man, as an early settler in Ionia county, is entitled to more credit for his liberality and public enterprise than Mr. Dexter. He died at his residence in Ionia, in 1856, being about seventy years of age.

A. SESSIONS.

GEORGE W. DICKINSON.

George W. Dickinson.

This pioneer, whose labors are mentioned in connection with the town of Otisco, is a native of Massachusetts; born in Hampshire county, Sept. 6th, 1809. He was brought up on a farm. At the age of twenty, he went into a store in Boston, as a clerk. About two years afterwards, he got the Western fever; and, unterrified by all the horrible representations of friends and wise ones, in September, 1831, he bade good-bye to all, swung his kit, and on foot set out; humming to himself, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained; do something, or die." He "footed it" to Albany, and from thence, by the "raging canal," proceeded to Rochester. Near there he rented a farm; married a wife, June 6th, 1833; and was a farmer for three years.

In 1835, in company with two other families, he started for Ottawa, Ill. Not liking, set out to return home. Having heard of the Grand River Valley, in Dec., 1835, he came on, saw, approved, and secured lands—240 acres—on Sec. 21, Grand Rapids Township. Securing his own lands, he spent some months locating for others, and returned to Rochester. He came on with his family in 1836. As his business was mostly locating lands, for convenience he took up his residence at Ionia, where he built and kept a boarding-house.

In Feb., 1837, in conjunction with Thomas and Alfred Cornell, he went into the pines, north about fifteen miles, and made a squatter's claim, and prepared to put up a mill. The May following, they cut a road to their claim, and proceeded to build their mill, bringing their irons from Rochester. The mill was for the local supply of the settlers. In time, the supply was greater than the demand, and a market was sought down the Flat River. But first it was necessary, by an exploring voyage down the river, to ascertain whether it was navigable for rafts. With this intent, Mr. D. constructed a raft of dry pine logs, and went down the river; noting every bend, obstacle, etc. Finding that it was feasible, he next went down with a raft of 30,000 feet of lumber; the first that ever passed the river.

Renting his mill in Otisco, he went three miles down the river, and built a grist mill, which he operated several years, sold, and came to Grand Rapids, and settled down as a farmer, four miles from the city, on the land he at first bought from the government. There he has about him the land, improvements, etc., of a first class farmer.

The old pioneer of Otisco, in a green old age, is now (1877) hale and hearty, with apparently good years of life in him; enjoying his competence, and the respect of the community where his unostentatious but useful life has been passed.

FRANKLIN EVERETT.

The relation he holds to this book forbids any extended notice. Born at Worthington, Mass., January 26, 1812, his youth was passed in humble life.

CROSSCUP & WEST, PHILA.

Franklin Everett.

From his father he inherited a love of books, which, in childhood, became almost a passion. Humble circumstances rendered inevitable a life of hard labor; and he had but few early advantages. But, his day's hard labor done, the instructive book was all he cared for. Studying in the fitful way which a hard working boy must study, if ambitious to improve, he picked up what was then called a good English education, and fitted himself for college, with little aid from teachers. He commenced school teaching at the age of sixteen years, and, until he was twenty-three, alternated between the farm, saw-mill and school-house. At that time he entered Colby University (then Waterville College), in Maine, where he graduated in 1838. Adopting the profession of a teacher, he took charge of the "Black River Academy," in Vermont. In 1840, he removed to Canajoharie, N. Y., and afterwards to Cooperstown, at which places he had charge of the academies there located.

In the fall of 1846, he came to Grand Rapids as principal of the Grand River Academy. This soon became an independent school, known by his name. With the exception of brief intervals, he kept up that school until 1874.

Without ambition, other than for universal scholarship, and to stamp his impress on the minds and hearts of those under his instruction, his life has been uneventful; cheered by the hope that his labors would be appreciated by those he taught, and that by their loving hands, when life's work was ended, he would be laid to his final rest. With the evidences of their appreciation he is satisfied. It is for them to show whether his life has been useful or a failure.

As a teacher, he has considered his profession the most sacred; and, regardless of personal consequences, has sought only the mental expansion and moral growth of his pupils, never laboring for popularity. If remembered at all, he chooses to be remembered as a teacher.

REV. WM. M. FERRY.

This pioneer of Ottawa county, whose personal history is the center of the early history of that county; whose life was identified with the business, the social, moral and religious interests of the Grand River Valley, merits more than a passing tribute to his memory.

Too often can we say of the personally good man: "He has left no record behind him; he made no impress on the world.

> " He lived as his fathers lived,
> Lived happy, died happy, and was saved;"

in decent insignificance, leaving the world no better, and no worse, for his having lived in it.

Others, again, are an influence in life, and speak to us when dead.

Mr. Ferry was no common man, though modestly ranking himself as such. In his own estimation but an humble individual, as long as he lived he was looked up to by the community that knew him as a leader, and he was felt to be a power. Briefly sketched, the record of his life is:

Born at Granby, Mass., Sept. 8th, 1796; the son of a sterling farmer, who by honest toil reared a large family, and by example and precept enforced the principles of virtue. He had also the inestimable advantage of a noble and devoted mother, whose wise counsels he early learned to appreciate.

He was a slight, frail youth; not fitted for the rugged toil of a farmer's life. He looked to the Gospel ministry as his future field of action; and the serious question came up, "How shall I enter that field?" His father's limited means forbade a hope for his assistance, and his father's pride of independence wrung from him the promise that he would under no circumstances solicit aid from any one, but would rely on his personal endeavor.

Compelled by necessity to defer, but not abandoning his purpose of securing, a collegiate education, he entered the store of his brother as clerk, studying as he could find opportunity. At the age of eighteen he accepted a place as tutor in a female seminary at Kinderhook, under his uncle, Mr. Joseph Montague. He taught there one year, and then went to Plainfield, Mass., where he prepared for college, under the Rev. Moses Halleck: at the same time teaching the academy at Ashfield. He entered Union College, as a sophomore, at the age of twenty-one. Through the kindness of Dr. Yates, one of the professors, who furnished him employment by means of which he was enabled to pay his expenses, he pursued his college course, and graduated in his 24th year. He then pursued a theological course of two years, at Brunswick, N. J., and of six months with Gardiner Spring, D.D., of New York; and was licensed and ordained by the N. Y. Presbytery in 1822.

He was appointed to explore among the Indian tribes of the Northwest; which exploration resulted in the establishment of the Mackinaw Mission. He remained at Mackinaw a year, in laying the foundation of this Mission. In 1823, he was married to Miss Amanda White, of Ashfield, Mass., and with her took up his abode at Mackinaw. In 1827, this mission came under the care of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. At this mission he devoted twelve years of incessant toil, as chaplain of the military post; teacher in the school; laboring also as a Christian missionary among the Indians and other people at and around Mackinaw. Those who have known his unyielding devotedness to what he deemed to be duty, and the burden of anxiety for the Christian welfare of those under his charge, which taxed to the utmost the energies of body and mind, can well understand the degree of admiration which the people of Mackinaw manifested for him. None but one gifted as he was, could have moulded into usefulness such material as was then adrift on the border of civilization.

Much to the regret of the Board, in the early part of 1834, he decided to leave the Mission; and entered into business arrangements which resulted in his settlement at Grand Haven in the fall of that year. It was on a Sabbath that he landed; and directly he called those with him into a log house, and led them in their devotions, preaching from the text, "For who hath despised the day of small things."

From this point we shall not particularly follow Mr. Ferry, as his doings are blended with those of others, and are noted in the history of the settlement and progress of the county. He became more known as the leading business man, than in his early character as a Christian teacher. He built up an immense business, somewhat diversified in its character, becoming the central point of business at Grand Haven; which position he held until his death.

Notwithstanding the apparent absorption in worldly cares, and the great interests of which he was the guiding spirit, he never forgot that he had consecrated himself to the service of his God. For eighteen years he preached to the people of Grand Haven, chargeable to no one. A generation grew up, and were educated under his ministry, who reverenced him as their teacher in spiritual things. He was not the "popular preacher," signalizing himself by sensational movements, and winning for himself a name: No; in his ministrations, Mr. Ferry was the calm, quiet teacher, humbly sitting at the feet of his Master, unostentatiously striving to lead in the ways of truth and righteousness; making himself of no account. His labors bore their natural fruit. As long as he was their spiritual leader, no place was more noted for its good morals and quiet religious spirit than Grand Haven. Only the older residents will ever realize the full influence of the calm, cool preacher, Ferry.

He died at Grand Haven, December 30th, 1867, and rests in the cemetery at that place. The simple inscription on his monument, dictated by himself, is,

"First toil—then rest;
First grace—then glory."

Among his bequests were $12,000, to be known as the "Ferry Missionary Fund," the interest to be used to support the Gospel in destitute places in Michigan; $20,000 to the Lake Forest University, in Illinois; $15,000 towards the erection of a Female Seminary at Lake Forest; $30,000 to the American Board of Foreign Missions; $30,000 to the American Bible Society; $15,000 to the American Tract Society of Boston; $15,000 to the Presbyterian Publication Society.

It was the happiness and good fortune of Mr. Ferry, that he was associated with a woman of uncommon intellectual and moral worth. By their children they were looked up to with veneration—a feeling which is as honorable to them as it is to the objects of their filial love.

Mr. Ferry was of medium size; had the air of a quiet, rather taciturn gentleman; more likely to listen than to talk; was simple in his habits and tastes; made no display of wealth; was very accessible; was strong in purpose, and persevering in his course. He lived to see his aims accomplished, and died in the full faith of a humble Christian.

In this notice, we have drawn largely from the funeral sermon by the Rev. D. H. Evans.

WILDER D. FOSTER.

Wilder De Ayere Foster was born at Monroe, Orange county, N. Y., Jan. 8th, 1821. His youth was passed in humble circumstances, but with the advantage of intellectual and honorable parents, who by precept, enforced by example, early inspired him with the principles that guided his after life

He was apprenticed to the tin-smith's trade at Rochester, and afterwards came with his employer to Marshall, Michigan. The breaking up of the firm set him free at the age of 18 years. He came to Grand Rapids and worked as a journeyman until 1845, when, in connection with another young man, he entered into the hardware business on a small scale. That business he followed through life; his small beginning having resulted in an immense business.

It is sufficient to say that from first to last, Mr. Foster, as a business man, was ever considered the soul of honor. In business he was diligent, and his thoughts and plans were comprehensive. Self-reliant, and relying on the appreciation of the public, his business principles were never in conflict with his nice sense of personal honor. His reliance was not in vain, for the public, by making his store their favorite trading place, showed him that manliness was capital in business; and in troublous times, when other firms were crashing around him, the unbounded confidence that his creditors had in his manly honor, enabled him to weather the gales; proving in his experience that integrity is not only capital, but *credit*.

As a youth and young man he did not consider business and money making the ends of existence. He felt there was a higher manhood, and for that he strove diligently, wasting no idle hours in dissipation, but using the time not demanded by the exigencies of business for solid mental culture. The result was, intellectually he was always always a growing man. Though diligent in business, business was not his mental prison. He could throw that off his mind, and look to the world outside, and the soul within. The result was, he was recognized as an intellectual man, posted in what a gentleman and man of the world should know.

He was a man singularly charitable, always respecting humanity, believing in, trusting and loving mankind. Slow to believe evil of any one; speaking evil of none, and apologizing for human frailty; he seemed to recognize the good, and ignore the faults of mankind. From his own emotions he judged human nature, and where his judgment was not wise, it was charity that warped his wisdom. He was liberal to the poor, and in promoting the public interests. As an employer, he moved among his men as a kind father among his children, and his presence to them was sunshine. They loved him.

As a public man, he was put forward, never volunteered to take office. His sound judgment and unswerving integrity were early recognized. The public laid their *demands* on him. He was repeatedly elected Treasurer, Alderman, and Mayor of Grand Rapids; was State Senator, and served the public in many minor capacities, always with the verdict, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Upon the elevation of Mr. Ferry to the United States Senate, leaving a vacancy in the lower House, by a general impulse, all eyes were turned to Mr. Foster, as *the* man for the place. He had the singular honor of taking his place in Congress—not because he sought it as an honor, but because the place sought him. He was re-elected, but obeyed a higher summons than the demand of his country, before taking his seat. At Washington, his general characteristics were fully recognized, as appears from the proceedings at the announcement of his death. At home, the serious question arose: "Who shall fill the place he honored?"

He died, Sept. 20, 1873.

It is safe to say that no man ever had so strong a hold on the people of the Grand River Valley, as Wilder D. Foster, or was so much missed at his death. Without the characteristics which generally point to a man as a leader, his position as leader was secured by simple good sense, by his unselfish sympathy with humanity, and his unbending integrity. His eulogy is written on the hearts of the people who knew him. There let it be read.

WILLIAM H. FREEMAN.

Wm. H. Freeman.

Son of Joseph L. Freeman, born at Sutton, Mass., Feb. 24th, 1831. As Mr. F. is still a young man, we shall dispatch him in short order. He had advantages of a good common education, to which after he was 17, he added a year and a half at Grand Rapids Academy. He then took the California fever, nearly died of it, but after two years returned to Ronald with $4,000. With this he bought a farm and kept adding to it until he had 400 acres. Stayed on the farm about 10 years. Was in the United States service one and-a-half years, entering as First Lieutenant in Co. A, 1st Michigan Cavalry, afterwards was acting Brigade Quarter Master; was in the 1st and 2d battles at Winchester in command of company; at Cedar Mt., on Gen. Bank's staff; was at the second battle at Bull's Run, and at Chantilly. He was then, having risen to the rank of Major, discharged on account of sickness. Sick a year. Sold his farm and went into another part of the town where he went into trade and platted the village of Palo. Expended a good deal in developing the place; paid $2,500 for a church; sold goods there nine years. Came to Muir and started the First National Bank (now Ionia Second); was at first cashier, afterwards president; is still a director. In 1873, started a private bank at Lyons, which he still maintains. He has also been a good deal in the lumber business.

He has been Supervisor of Ronald and Lyons. He was married in April, 1854, to Sarah Crossett.

We promised to dispatch him in short order, and claim that we have been very sententious; but we have recorded an active and eventful life so far. And now William, my boy, see if you cannot crown it with years of matured manliness.

JOHN GILLAM.

Is a native of New York, born at Byron, Genesee county, June 2, 1818. His father was a farmer and brick-maker, in circumstances of fair independence. He lived with his father until several years after his marriage. At the age of twenty-two, he married Miss Rosilla Taggart.

In the spring of 1845, he came to Alpine and took up land. His life has been uneventful, quietly pursuing his own business, and often acting as an official man in his town, enjoying a well-earned reputation and independence, the result of industry and personal integrity. His individual history would be but the repetition of the general history of a pioneer.

John Gillam.

JOHN F. GODFROY.

He was a native of Detroit; son of Gabriel and Betsey May Godfroy; born July 4th, 1824; died Jan. 25th, 1876.

His early years were identified with the Indian trade, under, at first, his older brother, William—and later, the Ewing Brothers, of Indiana. His business with them carried him all over the State and Lake Superior country. As the confidential clerk and agent of this firm, he became acquainted with the principal representative men of both races; and his integrity and intelligence gave him position and influence among them. His name is a familiar and honored one among the Indians.

Leaving the Indian trade in 1857, he settled in Grand Rapids, engaged in general merchandise and real estate dealings.

Always influential, he was not an office seeker. When the public called him, he served them; once as recorder of the city of Grand Rapids.

He was three times married; first to Lucy Genereaux, of Lyons; second, to Mary St. Aubin; and third, to Adelaide M. Moross, who, as his widow, survives him.

CROSSCUP & WEST PHILA.
John F. Godfroy.

Mr. Godfroy was a man of agreeable personal presence; kind and openhearted, genial and intelligent. He was public-spirited and benevolent; winning friends by gentlemanly courtesy; and confidence by his sterling integrity and personal worth. Cut down in prime manhood, there is a blank at Grand Rapids.

JOHN W. GUNNISON.

John W. Gunnison.

Capt. Gunnison was but for a few years a resident in this region; but it was sufficient to impress on the community the important fact that the residence of a man may be an honor to the place.

His reputation was no local one. The nation felt his loss when he met his tragic death.

His life, from his early youth, was distinguished. Possessed of remarkable physical graces; endowed with a strong, clear and laborious intellect; strong in his principles and manly integrity, he early attracted the attention of the wise—those who know what *can* be made of a noble boy. This is proved by a paper now lying before the writer—the recommendation on which he secured his position as a cadet at West Point. Some extracts here follow:

"His habits of temperance, industry and close application to study are well confirmed. His correct moral principles; perfect rectitude of conduct; suavity of manners and gentlemanly deportment, are such as will command the respect and esteem of all who know him. He possesses a mind of an elevated character, and his manners are dignified and manly," etc. This, after stating that he was uncommonly good looking, with fine health and constitution, shows that the youth of twenty had caught the eye of those whose names are on the certificate, viz: one governor, two ex-governors, one President of the United States (*in futuro*), several members of Congress, two judges of the Supreme Court, etc.

He was born in Goshen, Sullivan county, N. H., Nov. 10th, 1812. His early advantages were good. At the age of 18, purposing to go to college, and he began his preparation at Hopkinston Academy. In 1833, he went to West Point, where in four years he graduated with the highest honors, and was appointed Lieutenant in the 2d Artillery. After the formation of the Topographical Engineers, he received an appointment in that corps. After that his life was that of an engineer, in which capacity he had no superiors. Among his labors may be mentioned service in the coast survey, and in the exploring expeditions in the region of the Rocky Mountains. In the voluminous reports on the exploration and surveys for the railroad to the Pacific, he figures conspicuously. While engaged in that work, he was killed by the Indians in October, 1853, and his body devoured by the wolves. The death of no man so young, and of rank no higher than Captain, ever made so profound an impression on the country. The fact is, none knew him but to love him. His attainments were great, and his whole character noble. "To accomplish the greatest amount in the least time" was adopted in early life and acted upon until his death.

In April, 1841, he married Miss Martha Delony, of Camden county, Georgia, who, as his widow, still survives. He left one son and two daughters.

For several years before his death his residence was at Grand Rapids. As his business kept him away, the people saw but little of him. During one of the winters, while at home, he wrote a very interesting book about the Mormons. He also, during his vacations, lectured before the Young Men's Christian Association, of which he was a conspicuous member. Delony Gunnison, remember whose son you are.

The portrait, which accompanies, though a fine work of art, is confessedly but an imperfect representation. At the time of his death there was no good picture of him in existence. His young daughter, as a work of love, from an imperfect daguerreotype and her recollections, painted a portrait, from which this is taken.

N. J. HARDY.

The subject of this article claims our notice as a man who, under the most unfavorable circumstances, has placed himself in position, and won for himself a standing in the front rank of good and honored citizens.

He is of the African race; was born in Seneca county, N. Y., Jan. 9th, 1823. His parents came to Michigan in 1827, and located in Washtenaw county. Soon after that, his father died; and he was bound to a farmer, near Ann Arbor. Being black, he then, of course was treated as an inferior being; and no advantages were given him. In 1844, he married, and removed to the town of Gaines, Kent county, where he has always lived, as a farmer; owning 160 acres of land.

He had no advantages in early life, and the soul-crushing disadvantage of belonging to a despised and slighted race. But, with the thought that "a negro may be a man," he educated himself, until he ranks among the well-informed. By his moral dignity and sterling good sense he won respect, until he was allowed his place among the leading men in his town. He is, so far as known, the first colored man who held office in Michigan. He has served his town in various public positions; in 1872 as supervisor. The people have forgotten that he is black, and no one is above visiting the family, which he has educated as gentlemen and ladies, or of respectfully saluting any of them as equals.

The example of Mr. Hardy may show what any one who has native talent, ambition, character and perseverance can do; that respect can be *commanded*; and that humble origin need not be followed by humble life.

BENJAMIN A. HARLAN.

Benjamin A. Harlan.

Judge Harlan was born April 16th, 1837, at Fallston, Harford county, Maryland. He was the oldest son of Wm. A. and Sarah Harlan, birth-right, members of the religious society of Friends (called Quakers), who are still living in Wayne county, Michigan. Opportunities for the "poor whites" to obtain an education in Maryland in the days of slavery were very poor, and with the exception of three terms in a private school, Mr. Harlan received no education away from his father's house and shop. There he managed, without the aid of libraries, public or private, to pick up some knowledge, for he did not feel willing to belong to the ignorant, who, knowing nothing, want no knowledge.

In 1853, he came with his father and family to Wayne county, Michigan, where he worked on the farm and in the shop, making brooms and ax-handles, attending the district school a part of two winters.

In the fall of Oct., 1857, he was employed as clerk and assistant postmaster at Farmington, Oakland county, which position he filled until July, 1858, when the postmaster's official head fell in the basket, for the sole reason that Mr. Harlan would induce persons to subscribe for the New York *Tribune* and other Republican papers.

Then the Rev. A. L. Hayward, pastor of the Universalist Society, at Grand Rapids, obtained for the young man a place as clerk and student in the office of Holmes and Robinson; Mr. Robinson being then Judge of Probate. There he remained and studied faithfully until June 5th, 1860, when he was admitted to the bar as an attorney at law. On Jan. 1st, 1861, John R. Stewart, Esq., Register of Deeds of Kent county, appointed Mr. H. Deputy Register, which position, under Mr. Stewart and his successor, he held for ten years. In the meantime, April, 1862, he was elected Justice of the Peace of the 3d Ward of Grand Rapids.

Before his term as justice expired, in Nov. 1864, he was elected judge of probate for Kent county, which office he held until 1877, having been twice re-elected by increased majorities over strong competitors.

Judge Harlan was married in 1860, to Miss Ellen M. Blakeslee, one of the teachers in the Union School, at Grand Rapids, and they unitedly boast a son and daughter.

The Judge is still a young man, and, as his portrait shows, might be mistaken for a boy. We will not now characterize him. That is properly done when venerable age has silvered the head, or when one has taken his place under his epitaph. He will have to behave himself differently from what he has done, or the public will still claim his services.

DAMON HATCH.

Mr. Hatch was born at Richfield, Otsego county, N. Y., about 1798 (date not certain). At the age of fifteen he entered a country store, as clerk. Two years afterwards, he was made book-keeper of a cotton manufactory, near Cooperstown, where he spent five years. For several years he was in the employ of merchants at Cooperstown. He then went to Elmira, and, in company with another, bought a flouring and saw mill, to which they added mills for the manufacture of sash and doors. These were burned. The mills, etc., were rebuilt. But there was a desire to "go West"; and go West he did. We next find him in Otsego, Allegan county, with a $12,000 stock of goods (a big thing, then); trading with white people and Indians; buying furs; building mills, etc. Mr. Hatch came into the Grand River Valley at an early day, and has been in various kinds of business; nursery, saw mill, etc. With a competence, he has retired from active business, and, a lone old man, is biding his time.

Damon Hatch.

When he came into the Grand River Valley, he was the happy husband of a beautiful woman; the father of an idolized daughter, and a son. But a sad and tragic fatality has followed his family. His wife died from a surgical operation for the removal of an internal tumor. His daughter was one of the victims of a steamboat disaster. His son disappeared—no one knows what has become of him. His son-in-law, Wells, fell dead in the street. All that his heart held dear, in ways dreadful to think of, have left him; and now, in old age, feeble and partially paralyzed, he has nothing but wealth on which to lean.

Wherever Mr. Hatch has been, he has commanded general respect. Naturally energetic, he, with ups and downs, has been a successful business man. Never seeking office, he has been content with private life. Minding his own business, he has prospered.

With little to bind him to the earth, in the desolation of his soul he has the active sympathy of those who knew him when, in his cottage residence, he could welcome his friends to his happy home.

[Died March 7th, 1876.]

ISAAC HAYNES.

CROSSCUP & WEST, PHILA.

Isaac Haynes.

This gentleman is a native of England; born in 1834 at Guildford, Surrey county. He came to America as a child in 1842, and to the Grand River Valley in 1851. He went upon a new farm in Alpine, on which he worked; spending his winters in teaching school and in study. Thus alternating between the intellectual and practical he has spent his days thus far. Early in life he was marked as one the public had a right to use, and he was made use of accordingly; serving his town four years as school inspector, three as town clerk, and seven as supervisor. In 1872 he was elected sheriff by the county of Kent, and re-elected in 1874. When he retired from the office of sheriff he was admitted to the bar, and is now successfully engaged in the practice of his profession in Grand Rapids.

On June 8th, 1856, he married Miss Sarah A. Dannett, of Walker.

Still a young man, it is to be hoped that a life honorably begun as an educator, will not be ingloriously ended as a lawyer. With talents that have marked him from his youth, and with public esteem to back him, it is to be expected that his real life career is but just begun. We shall see.

EBENEZER G. D. HOLDEN.

Was born near Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 18th, 1834. The year following he moved to the "Indian Country," Illinois; and in 1843 to Floyd county, Indiana; and from thence to Kent county, Michigan, where he arrived in Nov., 1845. At the age of 17 he started out to get his own living; acquired a fair education, and the trade of a carpenter. He entered Knox College in 1853, where he remained two and a half years. In 1856, he began the study of the law in the office of Pattison & Champlin, of Grand Rapids, and was admitted to the Kent county bar in 1859. He was chosen prosecuting attorney in 1862, and served for two terms; and has also been for many years a school trustee. In 1869, he, in company with Mr. W. Bates, organized the Grand Rapids Savings Bank, which was incorporated in 1870, with a capital of $100,000; being the first and only savings bank in that city. Mr. Holden is a lawyer by profession. As the Republican candidate, he was elected Secretary of State in 1875, and re-elected in 1877.

Mr. Holden is a man of determined energy, and of tried integrity. Still young, the public have need of him, and will use him.

Yours Always

J. R. Haldeman

JOHN T. HOLMES.

John T. Holmes.

Judge Holmes is a native of New York, born in Carlisle, Schoharie Co., Dec. 11, 1815. His father was Dea. Daniel Holmes, and his mother, Sally, daughter of the Hon. John Taylor, Judge of Saratoga county, and sister of the Hon. John W. Taylor, who for eleven successive terms, represented the Saratoga district in Congress, and was Speaker of the House during the 16th and 19th Congress.

His parents designed him for the ministry, and with that end in view kept him at school. Upon his informing his parents that he could not be a clergyman, he was re-called from school, and kept in the service of his father on the farm or clerking in a store.

He married Miss Ann Pratt, daughter of Nathan Pratt, of Niagara county, March 31, 1836. In 1837, he came to Michigan, and on the 16th of February, to Grand Rapids, where he spent one year as a clerk, before starting business for himself. For about three years he was in mercantile business, studying law as he had opportunity. Studying law in the office of Bridge and Calkins, he was admitted to the bar on the 17th of May, 1843. He soon secured a respectable practice, which resulted in a very extensive one, and which continued until his elevation to the bench.

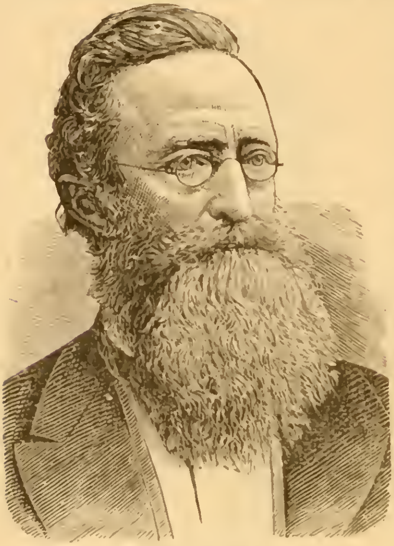
Mr. Holmes has held the offices of justice of the peace, prosecuting attorney for Kent county, for four years, and, on the organization of the Superior Court, in 1875, he was elected judge, which office he now holds.

He has also been candidate for the office of State senator and attorney-general; defeated with his party.

As a lawyer, Judge Holmes has been one who respected his profession; always noted for his strict fidelity to his clients, and as one ready, gratuitously to aid where the rights of the poor were at stake. Of this gratuitous aid he has done more than any of his compeers at the bar. As a judge he presides with urbanity and dignity, and is securing the respect of the bar and the public, by his thorough knowledge of law, and his rigid impartiality, holding the scales on even balance. Having found his appropriate place, it is to be hoped he may long retain it.

The portrait of the Judge which accompanies, tells just what he is—a jovial, companionable man; a trust-worthy citizen, and one who does his own thinking; who can look you square in the face, and not drop his eye; who can shake you warmly by the hand as a friend, or hold you on your guard in logical contests at the bar.

EZRA S. HOLMES.



Ezra S. Holmes.

Born at Wilson, Niagara, county, N. Y., July 15th, 1819; was educated at Oberlin College, Ohio, and at the Syracuse Academy; studied medicine at Medina, N. Y., supporting himself by dentistry and teaching; in 1845, went to Hamilton, Canada, where he practiced as a dentist. Afterwards, in 1849, he formed a partnership with O. W. May, of Lockport, N. Y. Health failing he left his profession in 1855, and for some years was engaged in out-of-doors occupations. In 1861, he resumed his professional business at Wilson, where he was postmaster. In 1865, he moved to Grand Rapids, where he still follows the profession of dentist. He is brother to Judge John T. Holmes.

Mr. H. is not a mere professional man. He is a student of Nature, and as such has won recognition in the scientific world, and his contributions to natural science are respectable. He is a prominent and active member of the Kent Scientific Institute.

Julius Houseman.

JULIUS HOUSEMAN.

A German by nativity; born at Zechendorf, Bavaria, December 8th, 1832. His father was a manufacturer of silk and cotton, and also merchant. His early education was common and mercantile; was in his father's employ until his coming to America at the age of 18. Then he went to Cincinnati, Ohio, and until 1851 was in subordinate employ. Then he traded unsuccessfully one year at Battle Creek. In 1852, with no capital, in partnership with another, he opened a small clothing store at Grand Rapids. That has risen to a mammoth establishment, from which he has lately retired with an independence.

While engaged in building up his own fortune, the public has not allowed him to remain a private citizen. Never a seeker, he was twice chosen alderman—1862 and 1870; was a member of the Legislature in 1870; and has served two years as mayor of the city—1872 and 1874.

Mr. Houseman is a man with a fine physical organization: of sound business talent, and of social disposition. He has always kept his honor where Cæsar said his wife's must be—above suspicion. With a clear head and public spirit, he is much looked to for counsel. Still in his prime, much is expected from him.

HENRY H. HOLT.

Henry H. Holt was born March 27, 1831, in the village of Camden, Oneida county, New York. In 1852, he removed to Michigan, and settled in Kent county, near Grand Rapids. He received an academic education. In 1855, he commenced the study of the law at a law school in Poughkeepsie, New York, where he remained one year, and then entered the Union Law College, at Cleveland, Ohio, where he graduated, and was admitted to

Henry H. Holt.

practice in July, 1857. He returned to Michigan soon after, and in September of that year, was admitted to practice at Grand Rapids, Judge Martin at that time being the Circuit Judge.

In 1858, he removed to Muskegon, where he now resides, and engaged in the practice of the law. He was subsequently elected prosecuting attorney of Ottawa county, the counties of Ottawa and Muskegon being then one county. In 1859, on the organization of the latter county, he was elected prosecuting attorney of the new county, and held the office four years, being re-elected in 1860. He subsequently held various offices of trust in Muskegon county, and in 1866, was elected to the lower House of the State Legislature, and was re-elected in 1868, and again in 1870. During the latter two terms, he was the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. He was also a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1867. Mr. Holt was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Michigan in 1872, and re-elected in 1874. In 1873-4, Gov. Holt made quite an extended tour of Europe; and in 1875-6, he again visited the Old World, this time extending the trip into Northern and Eastern Europe, as far as Constantinople; and also visited Egypt and the Holy Land, bringing back quite a collection of pictures, coins, minerals, and other curiosities. [Communicated.]

SAMUEL B. HORNE.

As Capt. Horne is still but a young man, we shall modestly say but little. He was born at Ferbane, Kings' county, Ireland, March 3, 1843. In 1849, his parents moved to America, and settled in Winsted, Conn., where he obtained his education in the local schools. In Crofut and Morris' "History of Connecticut during the Recent War," we find on page 46, the following notice:

"The great Winsted meeting resulted in company filled and officered during the week. The first who enlisted was Samuel B. Horne, as a private, only seventeen years old.

"NOTE. — Young Horne, who was probably the first volunteer in Connecticut, was small of his age, and would have been rejected, had it not been for his importunity. He served faithfully during the three months' service; re-enlisted, and bore a musket for eighteen months; was then promoted to a captaincy. He was in twenty-five battles; was wounded three times, and served at the close of the war as provost marshal of the 18th Army Corps."

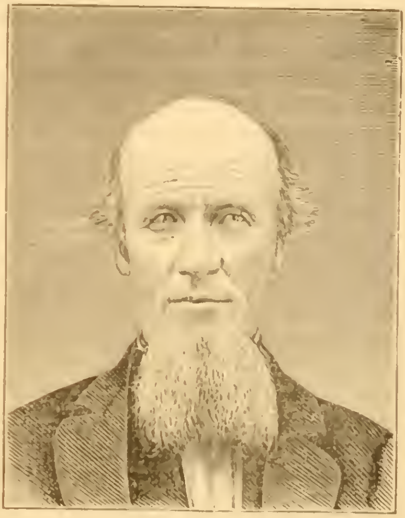
Samuel B. Horne.

On his return from the war, he commenced studying law at Winsted; and was admitted to the bar in 1869. The same year he was admitted into partnership with the Hon. Wm. K. Peck, and came to Grand Rapids. Judge Peck soon died, leaving the young lawyer to go on alone. He has succeeded in securing a good practice.

As he is still a smooth-faced boy, we will simply express the hope, that his final biographer may give a good account of him.

HIRAM JENNISON.

This gentleman, who has so long been identified with the business and political interests of the region near Grandville, was born May 11th, 1813, at Canton, St. Lawrence county, N. Y. The circumstances of his early life were unfavorable, and in youth his advantages were slight. Attaining his majority, he pushed off to Michigan to sink or swim with fortune; having nothing, as capital to start upon, but a pair of good hands and a supply of pluck. In 1831 he came to Grandville, and for five years, wielding the ax and saw, he worked for Brown & Brittan in the lumber woods. He then procured a one-fourth section of land, where he now resides, and commenced making for himself a farm. About the year 1844, in connection with his brothers—Luman and Lucius—he commenced lumbering; bought the mill and land where now is the flouring-mill. In 1864 they built the flouring-mill. The firm has been in extensive business; and a thriving little village, called from their name—Jennisonville—has grown up around them, and mainly dependent on the mills run by the Jennison brothers.



Hiram Jennison.

Mr. Jennison has been an active man, otherwise than in his own and the company's affairs; serving often as a town officer, and at one time representing the people in the Legislature.

In 1838, he married Miss Mary Beardsley, who is still the companion of his green old age. A large family and independence are not without their interest, as whitening hair, and the *et ceteras* which come in the train of years, are monitions that soon the slippers and the quiet pipe will succeed the turmoil of business, necessarily laid aside. As in all probability there are yet in him still years of energetic action, we will not give his portraiture further than shown in the picture accompanying. That will tell any one that Mr. J. is a man who will not die until he is obliged to; and that he has in him the material which means business, and a life which has an aim in view, and which is not without manifest results.

CAPT. ABIJAH LUCE.

Born at Martha's Vineyard, May 6th, 1781; died at Grand Rapids, May 3d, 1875.

His father was a ship-owner and captain, and young Abijah was bred to follow in his father's track. He had the advantages of a good common education, and of the example and counsels of a mother of rare excellence, and whom he deeply venerated. His father died when he was young, and we find young Abijah succeeding to the business—captain and ship-owner. In 1835, he changed his business from sea to land; he removed to Bristol, R. I., and invested in a cotton factory. By the burning of the factory and by losses in mercantile business, he found himself divested of his fine fortune, but a small remnant of which was left. With that he came to the Grand River in 1845, and settled in Paris, one mile south of Reed's Lake, where he developed a valuable farm. Age and infirmity compelled the disposal of his farm. He moved into the city, afterwards to Virginia, from which he came back to die.

Capt. Luce was a decided character; with a very strong, energetic mind, and the habit of command. He was a fish out of water, in Michigan; surrounded by people who did not understand his habits, engendered by a life of command on the sea. Those who really knew him, found him a genial, warm-hearted man; fond of heated debates, and firmly attached to the one who could bring steel to clash with steel. He was a leading spirit in the so-called "Dorr rebellion," in Rhode Island, which resulted in giving a liberal constitution to the State, instead of the old illiberal "charter." In the Congressional document on the "Dorr rebellion," his name appears often, as one of the most conspicuous in the movement.

It cannot be said that he arrived at his proper destination. It was his misfortune that he left the sea coast, where he was conspicuous among a congenial people, for rural life in Michigan, where he found few who could sympathize with or understand him.

Ransom Luce.

RANSOM LUCE.

He is only surviving son of Marston Luce, who was one of the early settlers of Grand Rapids, and who was for some years keeper of the Eagle Hotel. He was born at Middlebury, Genesee county, N. Y., Feb. 28th, 1822; and followed the fortunes of his father until his death, March 9th, 1846. The family came to Michigan in

1839. By the death of his brother and two sisters, he was left alone with his mother: and set himself up as a merchant, in the grocery business.

Possessed of rare sagacity as a business man, he speedily advanced in fortune until, in 1856, he found himself able to erect the block of stores which bears his name, on Monroe street. This was the first venture upon a large block of stores in Grand Rapids. Though in later years eclipsed by large and more pretentious structures, for many years it was the "big thing" in the city. In fact, it was a heavy venture, as the sequel proved; the wants of the place then demanding no so massive buildings.

That Mr. L. is a successful business man is not his particular merit. As one who looks to the public interest, and to the welfare of humanity, he has a stronger hold on the community. He has been a laborious and watchful member of the city counsel for many years; and has a heart for every work that is for the general good, and a hand ready to aid. He has no trumpet to blow for himself, and will let no other person blow one for him. He belongs to the old, rather than to the modern school, caring little for the vanities of life, but prizing the realities. Long may he wave; and may his shadow never be less. We need such men to give life to business, and to guard the public interests.

TRUMAN H. LYON.

This man so long and so favorably know as a prominent actor in the Grand River Valley, was a native of Vermont; born at Shelburn, near Burlington, February 24, 1801. He had in youth but the common advantages; was apprenticed to the business of a cloth-dresser, which business he followed in Vermont until he was twenty-one, and afterwards on his own account, at Hopkinston, St. Lawrence county, N. Y.

In 1823, he married Miss Lucinda Farnham, who survives him.

He early developed business talent, and was looked to by the public as one to be made use of. Though a young man, he was placed in official station at Parishville—was justice of the peace, etc.

In the fall of 1836, he came to Michigan; first stopping at Lyons, Ionia county, where he kept a hotel; was justice of the peace, side judge, and an official man generally; was in United States employ, superintendent of the light-houses on Lake Michigan; letting the contracts for their construction.

Truman H. Lyon.

He moved to Grand Rapids in 1840, where he kept a public house, and did business as a merchant. As a tavern-keeper, he kept the Bridge Street House two years, and afterwards the "Rathbun." For many years he was postmaster. He also carried on business as a cloth-dresser; and, on a small scale, woolen manufacturer. He was always a man that the public looked to as one to use, and they used him in various ways. In 1850 he was sent to the State Senate. He was a leading Free Mason—master of the lodge, and much honored in the order. He was always full of business, public and private, until laid aside by the terrible disease—sciatica—which finally, having exhausted all the powers of nature, ended in not unwelcome death, September 14th, 1872.

The character of Mr. Lyon is easily summed up. With no strikingly brilliant qualities, his plain good sense, his business capacity, his clear judgment, and personal integrity gave him a marked position among the leading men. He was an able counselor, public-spirited, and true to every public trust. He never sought to shine, and never put himself forward; was affable, courteous, and generous-hearted; placed himself above nobody; and bowed to nothing but superior worth. His talent was eminently practical, and his judgment discriminating and clear.

He raised a large family, who have taken prominent places as business men. One of his sons—Lt. Darwin—lost his life in the service of his country during the war. His only daughter—Mrs. Yale—preceded him in death. Five sons remain. Long prominent, and highly respected, his exit left a blank in the community. All felt the loss of the worthy old man, whom everybody knew and esteemed. His life and doings are a part of the history of the region. Leaving no enemies and many friends, his memory will be cherished.

Daniel McConnell.

DANIEL McCONNELL.

The subject of this sketch was born at Newbury, England, on the 17th day of March, A. D. 1827. His father, a dissenting clergyman of the Methodist denomination, reared a large family in comfortable circumstances, and removed with them to America when Daniel was but five years old, locating at Rochester, New York. At the age of eleven years, Daniel was placed in the establishment of a leading jeweler, of Rochester, where he remained between three and four years, leaving finally on account of poor health which necessitated a more active occupation. At the age of fifteen years, he was sent from New York to Lexington, Missouri, with a stock of goods to sell, which he closed out in a year. Soon after, he came West, to Grand Rapids, then a thriving but isolated little village, and spent some time, returning, however, to New York. Early in the spring of 1846, he enlisted in Company I, 10th United States Infantry, to serve in the war with Mexico. The next week, he was promoted to the rank of First Sergeant, and sent to New Jersey, in the recruiting service. He served with credit during the war in the army under General Taylor, rising to the rank of Sergeant-Major. Mustered out, he came to Grand Rapids to reside, and began a mercantile business. In 1850, he married Elizabeth L. Mundy, daughter of Judge Mundy, of the Michigan Supreme Court. The monotonous life of a merchant was diversified by an expedition to California, and by amateur military operations. He organized and commanded the Valley City Guards, a company that gave the United States four Generals, several Colonels, and a great number of Captains, Lieutenants, and minor officers. His military zeal and experience secured his promotion to the rank of Colonel in Michigan Militia, and as such the war of the rebellion found him. At the breaking out of the war, Col. McConnell and the Valley City Guards responded to the call for three months' men. The Colonel was authorized to raise the Third Michigan Infantry. Before the regiment was full, the order came changing the time from three months to three years. Most of the men already raised re-enlisted; the regiment was soon filled, and moved to Washington, Col. McConnell commanding. But the skill and experience which the Colonel had acquired in Mexico were not destined to be long available in this new and more important field. His health became seriously impaired, and, after nine months' service, he resigned his commission and returned to Grand Rapids, not, however, without having seen active service at the battles of Blackburn's Ford and Bull Run, where his regiment did not share in the general demoralization but retained its discipline, and with another equally fortunate, had the honor of covering the retreat. Since the war he has never fully recovered his health, and has not engaged in active business. After an active and adventurous career, having served his country in two wars, he has retired to peaceful citizenship, retaining, however, the firm step and soldierly bearing which are the results of his military education.

James M'Cray.

JAMES M'CRAY.

James McCray, in the history of the town of Wyoming, is spoken of as the pioneer iron founder. He was of Irish descent, born at Glassdrummond, April 3, 1791. November 4th, 1817, he married Jane Marshall. They came to America in 1821, settled in the State of New York, where they remained until 1838. At that date, with his family Mr. McCray came to Grandville, Mich., where he built the first foundry and machine shop in the Valley. While at Grandville he built the first steam engine that was made west of Detroit for the steamboat "Paragon," that ran on the Grand River. In the winter of 1844–5, he removed to Grand Rapids, and in copartnership with Daniel Ball carried on the same business on the bank of the river.

He died suddenly May 31st, 1851, while sitting in his chair after supper.

Mr. McCray was a thorough mechanic—quite ingenious. He was rather a silent man, modest and unassuming in his bearing; recognized as thoroughly honorable; a good and worthy citizen, seeking no prominence.

His wife, at the good old age of 82, died Aug. 18th, 1875.

The family were—Ann (Mrs. Myron Royce), born at Killmaen, Ireland, June 20th, 1820. Died at Wyoming, Feb. 21st, 1870.

George, who died young.

Gilbert Marshall, born at Skaneateles, N. Y., May 13th, 1826, was 12 years old when the family came to Michigan; was bred to his father's business, at which he became a master workman. In 1854, he and his brother went into business for themselves, running a machine shop, and doing an extensive business on Waterloo street. In 1858, he was elected Mayor of Grand Rapids, otherwise he has not been an official person. After a few years building steam engines, etc., the McCray Brothers closed their business, sold out, the brother going to the war, and G. M. taking his old place as foreman in the large foundry, which began with his father. As Mr. McCray is still one of us, in his prime, I pass him with the remark, that we wish we had more like him.

Stewart B., born at Skaneateles, N. Y., July 16th, 1828, the Siamese twin brother of G. M., who together were always known as the McCray boys; their identity seemingly inseparable; was bred as was his brother, and their fortunes were always identified. In the war, he was Second Lieutenant in Co. D, 2d Mich. Cavalry. From exposure and hardship, for which he was unfitted, he contracted disease of the lungs, which compelled his retirement from the service, and resulted in his death from consumption Aug. 5th, 1865. He was a man of the most amiable character, very intelligent, and very much beloved. He left a wife and young family.

Sarah—wife of Andrew Furgerson, Grand Rapids.

Mary Jane—the youngest, the idol, died single.

JAMES M'KEE.

He is a Vermonter; born at Arlington, June 19th, 1823. His father was a physician. In early life he had every advantage for personal development; studying at Bennington and Manchester Academies. He entered Yale College at the age of 18—one year in advance—graduated at 21; went to New York City and studied law; was admitted to the bar in 1848. The next year he came to Clinton county, Michigan, where he practiced as a lawyer. In

1850, at Grand Rapids, he entered into partnership with John Ball in the law and real estate business; in which relation he now stands. As a public man, Mr. McKee has only identified himself with the educational interests of the city of Grand Rapids, having been for twenty years a school officer.

In 1856 he was married to Miss Hannah Langdon.

As a lawyer, Mr. McKee has appeared but little at the bar. Of a retiring disposition, he seeks no publicity; and he believes a man may be a man, and not find his public esteem in the honors of office. He is one of the men who know themselves, and knowing he is not by nature fitted for forensic strife, has kept himself out of the arena, maintaining self-respect and public esteem.

James M'Kee.

WARREN P. MILLS.

This gentleman, so long one of those whom everybody knew, and whose genial presence was the life of the social circle, was born at Ogdensburg, N. Y., March 15, 1812. Of his early life, we know but little. This much is certain, he was not among the favorites of fortune, but had, in musical phrase, "to paddle his own canoe." He came to Grand Rapids in 1836, where he ever after resided. We first know of him as a grocer, keeping a small store at the foot of Pearl street; soon, in connection with his brother, running a small hardware store at the same place, with W. D. Foster as their chief workman. Sold out to Foster & Parry—it was the beginning of the immense hardware establishment with which the honored Foster was so long identified. For a considerable time, Mr. Mills was in different kinds of mercantile business, which he gave up for specula-

Warren P. Mills.

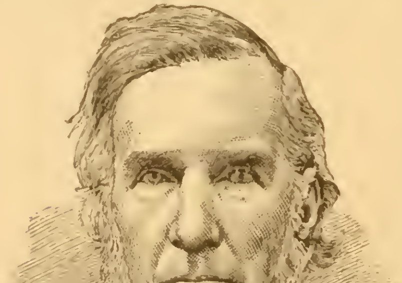
tion, in no regular line, but engaging in what promised success—accumulating a handsome fortune.

Mr. Mills though sedulous in affairs of his own interest, by no means was a mere machine for making a fortune; but had no small hand in public affairs. Eminently social, he regarded what was for the good, and especially the comfort and happiness of others; and was ever on hand when wanted, to further any good cause. He served the public in various capacities—as city alderman, president of the Kent County Agricultural Society, etc., and always to the public satisfaction.

He was twice married; first, to Alice, daughter of Darius Winsor, who lived but a few years; and, second, to Miss Helen M. Downes, who, as his widow, survives him. He left three children—two sons and one daughter.

His death occurred July 28, 1868. A large concourse of people testified their respect at his funeral, when he was buried with the highest Masonic honors.

At the opening it is intimated that Mr. Mills was a character. It is hard to make him, by the pen, live again. He was, as his picture says, an uncommonly good looking man; of commanding presence, but the furthest possible from being repellant. Jovial to the last degree, in his bluff, hearty way, he had a mirth-exciting word for every one; so much so that the very sight of him coming, was a guaranty that fun was ahead. His humor was irresistible; but it was not so much what he said, as the inimitable way of his saying it. Naturally it will be inferred that he was a man of strong sympathies, which is but the simple truth. He was the one to whom the appeal in distress was never directed in vain. Making no pretensions to goodness, and despising all show of the self-satisfied spirit, he disregarded conventionalities, and often was contented to appear to less advantage than in his real character. All follies of his life were forgotten, and his virtues remembered, when death took him from sight. He rests under the tall granite monument in Fulton Street Cemetery.



John E. Morrison.

JOHN E. MORRISON.

The subject of this article was one of those who, in 1833, settled in Ionia county. His birth was at Reading, by Seneca Lake, in New York, July 10th, 1805. He was raised in Wayne county, under unfavorable circumstances. At the age of twenty he moved with his father to Oakland county, Mich. At the age of twenty-eight, with his wife, one child, and some property, he made his appearance at Ionia.

The journey—driving cattle, sheep and hogs—occupied nine days; of course, camping in the woods.

Mr. Morrison has always been a farmer; formerly in Berlin, now in Ionia. He has held town office a good deal; Berlin making use of him as supervisor, justice of peace, etc. In 1835, when all the county was a town of Kalamazoo county, he was elected clerk. When Ionia county was organized, he was elected treasurer.

May 4th, 1830, he and Miss Eliza McKelvy took each other for better or worse; and still (1876) remain together, in spite of all facilities for divorce, and through the courtesy of Death, who seldom allows so long a union. They do not look as though they were, with trembling step, treading on forbidden ground; but rather as though the green old age they are passing was their own. We have a special liking for old things; especially for marriage relations of long duration; and we especially venerate the old man and woman who, having passed a long life together, lovingly die at the same time. When the fifty years comes round, please remember us in your cards of invitation.

The baby boy Morrison brought with him, is Joseph Morrison, of Stanton.

LYMAN MURRAY.

Born at Brutus, Cayuga county, N. Y., Nov, 13, 1819; but raised in Seneca county, Ohio, he grew to manhood under unfavorable circumstances, with little chance for education. He early acquired the habit of reading, and aided only by books, picked up a fair education, so that we find him quite early a teacher. In that business he has been engaged more or less until recently.

In 1846, he left Ohio and came to Kent county. He had been twice married before coming, his first wife living but a short time. With his second wife, Mary Jane Thompson, he located in Sparta, but two years afterwards removed to Alpine, where he now (1876) resides —a farmer.

Lyman Murray.

The people in Alpine have ever been disposed to recognize Mr. Murray as one of their leading men: and he has, perhaps, more than any other man, been kept in public business—almost a stereotype supervisor.

But Mr. Murray's public service has not been confined to the town. For four years (1867–70) he served in the House of Representatives; was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1867, and senator in 1874.

Mr. Murray is a very unpretentious man, who bears the title of "Hon." very modestly. His years do not admonish him that his life-work is by any means completed; and he is not old enough to talk about before his face.

JAMES MILLER.

He was born at Winchester, Conn., Feb. 11th, 1823. He is a lineal descendant of Thomas Miller, who emigrated from Birmingham, Eng., about 1650. He is the son of Joseph Miller, who, for twenty-seven years, was a lawyer in Connecticut; then removed to Richland, Kalamazoo county, where he died, in 1864.

CROSSCUP & WEST. PHILA.

James Miller.

Mr. Miller in his youth had the advantages of the common school, and a good academic education. Besides, he had the rare advantage of having an able and scholarly father, whose wisdom he early learned to appreciate. His father was his tutor in his earlier studies and in his profession—the law; and he feelingly recognizes that guiding spirit in the establishment of his moral principles.

Applied to for the data from which to give a sketch of his life, Mr. Miller said his life-history was a tissue of negatives. He could tell what he had *not* done, and gave a long list. "He had not held office nor sought it." (There he was in error; he was justice of the peace, and a good one.) That he had not been a political aspirant, we all know. But the party to which he belongs—the wrong party in Kent county to win—have by sheer force compelled him to be their candidate for the most honorable offices. "As a lawyer, he has not promoted quarrels, but has sought to make people behave themselves." That's true as preaching. "He had not cheated, swindled or deceived." We all knew that before he said so. He continued the statement of what he had not done much further; but when it came to telling what he *had* done, he said, "Nothing; my life is all negative."

At the age of twenty-one he commenced the practice of law at Grand Rapids. In 1846, he married Miss Ada Smith—the same spoken of as the one who gave name to Ada.

He has always remained at Grand Rapids, and has secured the reputation among the lawyers of being one of the few who are always right. Independent in thought, he had rather be right than be president. "His best satisfaction he finds in books; and while he takes a hopeful and general interest in his fellows and their affairs, and diligently studies and watches the grand unfoldings of the age, lending a hand in the way of aiding and fostering its developments, when necessary, he is not from habit, circumstances, or predilection, disposed to meddle overmuch in matters which will be as well taken care of without, as with his effort." This quotation is from Miller himself, and who knew better than he?

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursels as others see us."

Miller has *not* that gift. When he gets to be an old man we will tell him what we think of him. Until then, we hope he will go on just about as he has done—working for his own interest and the good of society — promoting peace, and bringing sinners to their knees.

JONATHAN E. NASH.

Jonathan E. Nash.

Mr. Nash is a native of Massachusetts; born at Greenfield, May 28th, 1820. His early advantages were good. At the age of twenty-six, as Yankee young men are apt to do, he "came West," and found himself in Sparta, Michigan, where he pitched his shanty, took up land, and engaged in subduing it, and in lumbering. In time, he put up a saw-mill; and, as is generally the case, that was the nucleus of a little village, which has deveoped into what is now the snug place—Sparta Centre.

He has been much in public life—supervisor, justice of the peace, etc.; a general factotum of the town. If the prayers of those who know him best avail, he will live forever; for they have become so accustomed to swear by Jonathan, that they will be slow to adopt another form. For further notice, see the history of Sparta.

ABEL PAGE.

Abel Page.

Abel Page was born in Rindge, N. H., Jan. 30, 1785. In 1807, he married Miss Zilpha Barnes, daughter of a prominent farmer of Vermont, and located at Rutland, in that State. In 1836, his fortune having been suddenly swept away by an unfortunate indorsement for a friend, he emigrated to the territory of Michigan, and located at Grand Rapids. There, although over fifty years of age, he applied himself cheerfully, energetically and successfully, by agriculture and the locating of lands, to the recovery of the competence so necessary to the comfort of his wife and six children.

Deacon Page had a delicate refinement of nature which might seem to unfit him for the rough experiences of a pioneer life; but his industrious and enterprising disposition, coupled with a magnificent physique, made toil no burden to him; and he delighted in the rural life which afforded an opportunity to read fresh wonders every day from the open book of Nature. He varied his more hardy labors by the cultivation of fruit and flowers, for which he had a passionate fondness, and which throve marvelously under his sympathetic touch. He planted the first nursery in the Grand River Valley, and for years supplied the early settlers with the choicest varieties of grafted fruits, and with plants rare in this western region. Deacon Page was one of the founders of the Congregational church in Grand Rapids, and for twenty years labored, heart and hand, with his pastor, the Rev. James Ballard, for the temporal and spiritual advancement of his beloved Zion. His piety, though entirely unostentatious, was eminently practical, imparting a rare sweetness to his manly strength of character, and making his daily life a quiet example and an abiding influence. His active membership with the Sabbath school and Bible class was life-long; he was an earnest student of the scriptures, and an able expositor thereof. No weather was sufficiently severe to detain him from the appointed services in the house of God; even when he considered it too inclement for the exposure of his family and horses, he would traverse on foot the two miles through the woods between his home and the church. Being social and kindly in his nature, he made any place or assembly brighter and better for his presence; and, at his death, the whole community felt that a truly good man was gone to a home for which his earthly pilgrimage had been a steady preparation. The first illness that he had ever experienced was that which proved fatal, in April, 1854. His estimable wife, a true helpmate, had preceded him in the year 1849; and the eldest son, William, fell a victim of cholera, at Detroit, in 1841, at the age of twenty-five. Of the other children, Sophia married the Hon. Daniel D. Bacon, of Monroe, Mich., and died in the year 1851. Loraine became the wife of the Hon. Wm. A. Richmond, of Grand Rapids; and Harriet married Dr. Cyrus Knapp, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Abel T. inherited the homestead farm, near Grand Rapids, and Aaron B. located at Grand Traverse, where he still resides.

Com.

Death levels us not—the body may lie
Entombed in the earth, but that is not to die;
The tomb is not lowly that is hallowed by tears,
And whose record of life is of deeds, and not years.
The grave closes not o'er the good and the wise,
They still live on earth, and they live in the skies.

LOREN M. PAGE.

For a long time, Mr. Page has been one of those whom everybody knew, being one of the pioneers—often an official man. He was born at Concord, Vt., March 29th, 1811; was brought up on a farm, with the common advantages of Yankee boys, until he was sixteen. Then receiving a severe wound, which was likely to render him inefficient on a farm, he learned the trade of painter; serving an apprenticeship in Canada, and working there until the age of twenty-three. Then he returned to Vermont, where for three years he spent his time alternating between painting and teaching, as is very common in the New England States. There the schools in the winter are taught only by young men.

In 1836, he heard flattering reports concerning Michigan, and especially of the Grand River Valley, and came on, arriving at Grand

Loren M. Page.

Rapids, Sept. 7th. He got work with Aaron Sibley, whom the next year he bought out; going into trade in groceries, etc., on Monroe street. The same year he married Miss Jane Soper.

A life of hard labor has had its varied fortune, reverses and disappointments; but leaving him a comfortable independence for approaching age.

Mr. Page has had much to do as a public servant of the city; assessor, five years; alderman, etc.

During the war, he was represented in the army by five sons; one of whom —Fernando—came home with *both* of his feet shot off; one of the *very* few who survived such a loss.

Mr. Page is an unpretentious man, whose air bespeaks native kindliness, and whose geniality invites confidence. Long life and happiness attend him.

SHERMAN M. PEARSALL.

In this article, Mr. Pearsall will partially be allowed to be autobiographical.

He was born in Cayuga county, N. Y., Dec. 11, 1817; received a good academic education, and made use of his education as a teacher. He moved to Michigan in 1827; was married Dec. 19, 1841. In Feb., 1843, the memorable cold winter, he located himself at the place where he has since lived. Looking at his fine residence and broad acres, he is happy to feel that things are not as they used to be, when on those same acres he got lost, hunting for his cattle; and when he stubbornly joined issue with the forest trees, and changed the heavily timbered land into fields of yellow grain.

CROSSCUP & WEST PH.A.

Sherman M. Pearsall.

With a strong constitution, not enervated by indulgences, he has never known sickness. With energy to fight the battle of life, he has secured independence. Because he meant to be a man, his townsmen have put him forward, making him one of their leaders.

As a temperance man, he is a pioneer, if not *the* pioneer in setting the example of *not* furnishing liquor at a raising. He was told that his large barn *could not* be raised without liquor. He said, "It shall be, or I will go without a barn." And, as it proved, the prophets of evil slandered Alpine. The barn was raised, and the good people of the town named it "Temperance," and departed, giving three cheers—one for Pearsall, one for his barn and a third for his baked pigs.

Mr. P. has served or *rested* long in the (in Alpine) sinecure office of justice of the peace. He says: "A more peaceable, quiet town it is hard to find. One of my predecessors, who had served four years, told me he had not had a case of litigation in that time. I have done about the same amount of business. But I have chopped, cleared and fenced one hundred acres of timbered land; have never used an ounce of tobacco, or a gill of liquor; have not seen ten days in the last thirty years or more, when I have not been able to do a good day's work; for which I ought to feel a good degree of thankfulness. I have seen this region changed from a wilderness to beautiful farms, with fine houses, where families have been growing up, and have been educated along side of my own. We have had six boys and two girls. One died in infancy; one son died in the army; one son, seventeen years old, was drowned; one daughter is married and living in Grand Rapids. The rest are at home."

As Mr. Pearsall is still in the vigor of life, we will leave him to work his way a little longer; but will confidently trust, that, as he walks the streets of Grand Rapids, his face will not (like some that could be mentioned), be a red beacon light, warning all who approach—"Go not *near* the whisky hole!"

Sailing o'er life's fitful ocean,
With eye upon the steady pole-star;
Giving rocks and shoals a lee-way;
Steering by the chart and compass;
Safe is gained the wished-for haven.

JOHN W. PIERCE.

October 26th, 1874, was a sad day for Grand Rapids. The announcement of the sudden death of their general favorite, J. W. Pierce, seemed to spread a funeral pall over the city. From 1836, he had been identified with the place; everybody knew him, and to know him was to esteem with a feeling alike to love. Socially a favorite—everybody's friend and genial companion, a man above the suspicion of guile; keen, witty and openhearted, there was a pleasant magnetism about him, that won and retained friends. No one could dislike him. He was a man of shrewd good sense, and of sound business capacity; honest and honorable in all his dealings, eminently social, and hearty in his intercourse with others; simple in his habits and tastes—in fine, a most lovable, genial gentleman.

CROSSCUP & WEST, PHILA.

John W. Pierce.

Mr. Pierce was born at Geneseo, N. Y., Dec. 4th, 1814. He had a good academical education; spent his early years in preparation for mercantile business, which business he followed during his life.

He came to Grand Rapids in 1836, as a clerk in the employment of the Hon. Charles H. Carroll, then owner of the Kent plat. He pretty soon opened a book store, the first in the Valley. This book store was at the northeast corner of Kent and Bronson streets, where he remained in business until 1844, when he embarked in general trade on the corner of Canal and Erie streets, where he erected the first brick store on Canal street. In 1871, his buildings on Canal street were destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of $30,000. The next day he said: "It is nothing but property. It has not put a weed on my hat." With characteristic energy and good nature, he set about the work that fire had made a necessity. But it is not our purpose to specify the buildings he erected, or the business he did. John W. Pierce was more known as a *man* than in his relation to business and money.

In 1842, he married Sarah L., daughter of Col. Roberts. In his family, he was the honored and beloved husband and father. He was always ready to help the public; was one of those who were always on hand when it was proposed to do some good thing. He held several public offices, but never was in the habit of asking for them The public knew full well that if they trusted their interests with John W. Pierce, all would be right.

Mr. Pierce was below ordinary size, very athletic, with a finely strung nervous temperament; was simple and temperate in his habits; always exemplary in his morals. No one ever suspected that he intentionally could do wrong. His word we all believed, for we knew him.

Such is but an imperfect pen portrait of John W. Pierce. His genial face is shown in the accompanying picture. The present generation will cherish the remembrance of his genial personality.

"Were I so tall as to reach the stars,
Or grasp the heavens with a span,
Still I'd be measured by my soul,
For that's the standard of the man."

So wrote Watts, and so felt John W. Pierce.

ABRAM W. PIKE.

Mr. Pike, whose definition of the rights of the public over the officers of their creation, has identified his name with an important political axiom, was born at Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 5th, 1814. His early life was spent in humble circumstances on a farm, with but the common school advantages for education. He came into Michigan in 1827. At the age of nineteen he went into a store at St. Joseph, as clerk. He was for a time an assistant in the Indian Mission School at Niles. In 1838 he entered into the employ of the Port Sheldon Company, and was by them placed in charge of their store at Grand Rapids. He was afterwards placed in charge of the property of the company, to wind up their affairs; in which business he spent three years. It is from the recollections of Mr. Pike that the article on Port Sheldon was written. In 1844 he took up his residence at Grand Rapids, where he has since resided. Mr. Pike has been twice married; first in 1841 to Miss Lenora Prior, who died in 1853; second to Miss Eliza J. Roberts, in 1855. His business has always been in connection with merchandizing; most of the time as one employed.

Abram W. Pike.

He is a man below the common size, active and energetic, social, genial and trusty. It has never been his habit to put himself forward, and is no office-seeker. He was city marshal in 1847-8; otherwise he has not been an official character. Still youthful in appearance, heart and action, it is to be hoped that many years may pass before we miss his genial presence, where the hearty greeting of those who have known him long, is sure to meet the response of soul-revealing courtesy

DR. ALONZO PLATT.

The doctor has been so long at Grand Rapids that he is regarded as one of the city fathers — one of those whose identity with the city began early and has continued until the present time. Now, in a green old age, he and Dr. Shepard are the patriarchs of the medical profession, and long may it be before their shadows shall be less, or before the younger members of that noble profession shall be so lacking in self-respect, as not to doff their beavers in respect to their superiors.

Dr. Alonzo Platt.

Dr. Platt is a native of Stephentown, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., where he first saw the light, January 10, 1806. He was educated at Lenox Academy, Mass., and graduated at the Berkshire Medical School, Dec., 1827. He practiced in his profession two years in Western New York; came to Michigan in 1832; stopped at Ypsilanti one year; removed to Ann Arbor, and from thence to Grand Rapids, in 1842. Settled at last, he has always remained. And now, with locks unsprinkled with gray, he is still in the practice of his profession; doing all the business he wants to, and enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*, and well-earned fortune when patients do not need him.

He is willing to give place to younger and more needy men; and without envy, bids them God-speed; hoping that having laboriously won for themselves fortune and respect, they may eventually enjoy old age as he is doing.

It does not seem hardly fair to characterize a man when there is a fair prospect that he will read the article. But there are some things that must be done; and we cannot afford to delay printing this book until all spoken of are dead.

Nature was not very liberal with Doctor Platt. She left him with a poor constitution—with an unconquerable diffidence. What nature denied him, he felt; but an indomitable *will* enabled him to triumph over natural deficiencies, and achieve position as a man among men; and place himself favorably before the public as a citizen and as a physician.

In religion, he is an Episcopalian; and has been for thirty years a warden in St. Mark's Church.

As a man, he is a very modest one, and a good deal less disposed to take on airs than some who don't know half as much. He thinks less of himself than others think of him, and he is now too old to think of reforming.

There, Doctor, I know you will not like that; but I could not help it. It is with the writer as it was with the little boy who was reprimanded by his teacher for whistling in school. He said: "I didn't whistle; it whistled itself."

William T. Powers.

WILLIAM T. POWERS.

Mr. Powers is one of the men who, starting from humble beginnings, has achieved fortune and position by innate force and deathless energy. He originated in New Hampshire; born at Bristol, July 8th, 1820. He had a very limited education; was apprenticed to the cabinet business; and, as apprentice, journeyman and proprietor, he worked at that trade until after he came to Michigan. At Lansingburg and Troy he made and lost a little fortune.

He came to Grand Rapids in 1847, with about $500, and commenced business on a small scale, employing one man. His shop was near the foot of Canal street, on the east side. One year after, he entered into partnership with Maurice Ball, and the business was enlarged. In 1851, they built a saw-mill on the canal, and also a cabinet factory, in which were employed about twenty-five men, which number was afterwards increased to forty, or more. This partnership business was successful, and was the basis of the fortunes of both the partners. It was dissolved in 1855.

In 1856, Mr. P. built, at the head of the rapids, the first circular saw-mill in the State. In it he put a machine, of his own invention, for splitting plank into scantling. That was the beginning of the now perfected machinery for splitting and edging lumber.

In 1866, he commenced his great work of improving the water-power on the west side; built the dam, and the canal—expending $100,000. On this he has erected several buildings for manufacturing purposes, saw-mill, brush factory, faucet factory and machine shop.

Near the junction of Canal and Pearl streets he put up several buildings, which have since been burned and rebuilt. In 1873, he put up the Arcade on which he expended $80,000, exclusive of the lots. So much for Mr. Powers as one developing the material interests of the place. With wealth at his command, he does not feel like stopping.

In 1857, he was Mayor of Grand Rapids; otherwise he has never been in public life.

Mr. Powers is a man with strongly marked peculiarities, of great physical strength; as a business man enterprising and daring. He has much of inventive genius. Proper culture would have made him great in that line. He has invented many things of value. These he has reached, not through science, but by his intuitive mental grasp, and by experiment.

Precociously, in 1839, before he was 21, he married Miss Louisa Hall, of Troy, N. Y. She is still with him.

As Mr. Powers is not sufficienty venerable with years to warrant speaking out "right before his face," we dismiss him with this account of his doings. His head is getting somewhat white, but he has not got the old man's privilege. We hope and believe, however, that when in good old age, he shall shuffle off mortality, a very good obituary notice will follow.

LEONARD H. RANDALL.

He was born in Darien, Genesee county, N. Y., Nov., 1829, and his early life was somewhat favorable to mental development. His father was a well-to-do farmer, who gave him a fair chance for a good common education. When 14 years of age, his father changed his residence to Genesee county, Michigan, where, having lost his property, he died in 1844, leaving young Leonard, a boy of 15, the main stay of the family. This position he held for four years, when a second marriage of his mother left him free to act for himself. His first movement was to improve his education, which the circumstances of the past years had left very imperfect. He started out with a slender purse, walked to Detroit, and returned to the scenes of his earlier years, where he made an arrangement to work for his board and go to school.

At 20 he went into a store in Canada, where he spent three years. Then he commenced business for himself in a small way, and was successful — so that, on coming to Grand Rapids in 1857, he had about $5,000 capital. He there went into the grocery trade, mostly as a wholesale dealer. His little capital with which he began, under his sagacious management, has expanded until he is understood to be one of the heavy men of the city, engaged in a diversity of business—lumbering, banking, etc.

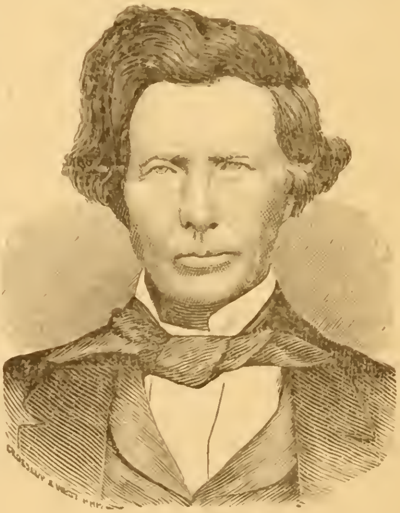
The ability of Mr. Randall was soon recognized. In 1871, he was Mayor of the city, in which office he proved himself efficient. Since 1875 he has been city treasurer.

Mr. Randall is still in active business, pushing his own fortune and that of those he has taken under his wing, for it must be confessed, that it is a weakness of his to bring forward and establish as business men, those who are in his service.

If he is not spoiled by being sent to Congress (a thing seriously talked of), the community have much to expect from his business capacity and his public spirit.

HIRAM RHODES.

Mr. Rhodes was one of the pioneers of Ada—coming in 1837; and he always filled a large space in the town, in the double sense of the broad acres he occupied, and personal esteem. An unpretending, simple hearted man, of solid worth and good intellect, he was looked up to as one of the solid men; the leading farmer and a leading citizen. Quietly pursuing his own business, he never mingled in the strife for place and position; but felt that home and its associations were more congenial.



Hiram Rhodes.

He was born in Dutchess county, N. Y., in 1804. His father moved to Monroe county, N. Y., when he was quite young; and there he shared the rough life and the privations of the pioneers of those days. In 1831, he removed with his wife and one child to Salem, Washtenaw county, Mich., where, as a pioneer, he resided until he came to Ada. In Ada he located, and occupied some six hundred acres of the best land on the right bank of the Grand River, where he spent the rest of his days. He died October 22, 1856, leaving a wife, two sons and three daughters. One son and two daughters have followed him in death.

Of Mr. Rhodes, there is no brilliant career to record, and no striking deeds characterized his life. In three places he led the life of a pioneer; and he had just placed himself where he could say his hard life was over, and where he hoped to enjoy the well-earned independence he had achieved; where he might develop his family—when death took him away.

He was a man above medium size; reticent, and might be mistaken for cold-hearted. He was eminently a family man. With his own, he was reverenced as wise, and beloved as warm-hearted and kind. Few fathers have been more honored, or more deserved esteem and reverence.

WILLIAM A. RICHMOND.

William A. Richmond.

The parents of the subject of this sketch—Jonathan and Rebecca Richmond—emigrated from Westport, Mass., to Aurora, N. Y., in the year 1807, performing the long journey through the wilderness on horseback.

They were among the first settlers of Cayuga county; and, from the home there established, sent forth, during fifty years, a large family to assist in developing different portions of the great West. The eldest son, William, gave his energies through a busy life of thirty-five years, to Michigan; and two of his children have been identified, for ten years past, with the young and promising State of Kansas. The next generation may reach the Pacific coast, but the peculiar joys and hardships of their forefathers can never be theirs, for pioneering, in its true sense, is numbered among the things of the past.

William Almy Richmond was born in the beautiful village of Aurora, on Cayuga Lake, on the 28th of Jan., 1808. He was educated at the Cayuga Academy, among the faculty of which institution was the honored Salem Town, author of the well-known "Speller and Definer."

The intervals of study were occupied in active exercise with the plow, the hoe, the scythe and the flail; but, while his hands were busy on the farm, his thoughts were longingly wandering to the great busy world which lay outside his quiet native village. In despair of ever making the lad a practical agriculturalist, his father, in the year 1826, obtained a clerkship for him with Mr. Henry Howard, of Geneseo, Livingston county, N. Y. This Mr. Howard was subsequently the first State Treasurer of Michigan.

In 1828, lured by attractive reports from the peninsular territory, Mr. Richmond, then a young man of twenty, joined an exploring party, and penetrated the wilderness as far as the village of Pontiac. Returning to the East, he entered the employ of a silk house in Pearl street, New York city, where he remained two years; and then, for the same length of time, engaged in the mercantile business on his own responsibility. In the summer of 1834 he came to Michigan, with the intention of locating; but being attacked by the prevailing cholera, and afterwards by bilious fever—the faithful guardian of western wilds—he retreated from the apparently unfriendly soil. In 1836, a strong tide of emigration commenced to flow westward, and Mr. Richmond started once more from Aurora, on horseback, accompanied by Mr. Philander Tracy, making the already far-famed Grand River Valley the objective point. They found at Grand Rapids a stirring little trading-post, of perhaps two hundred inhabitants, and there decided to locate. In company with Chas. H. Carroll, John Almy and Lucius Lyon, Mr. Richmond contracted for the so-called Kent Plat, and became an eighth owner therein. In the same year, 1836, he was elected to the convention assembled at Ann Arbor, by proclamation of Gov. Mason, for the purpose of converting the Territory into a State. From that time, Mr. Richmond was identified with the leading interests of Grand Rapids, and the State at large, in both business and official capacities.

In 1838, he was appointed by President Van Buren Receiver of the Ionia Land District; and by President Polk; in 1845, Superintendent of Indian Affairs. He served in the State Senate from 1842 to 1845, and one of the important bills passed through his influence was that appropriating 6,000 acres of land for the building of the first bridge across Grand River, at Grand Rapids. In 1850, he was a candidate for the Lieutenant-governorship with Gov. Barry; and he held two commissions as brigadier-general of State militia. Mr. Richmond took an active interest in the extension of railroads within the State, and was for some time one of the directors of the Michigan Southern. Politically he was a democrat, and his religious creed made him a loyal and active churchman. Besides attending to his private business—which was mercantile and banking—he filled the several public offices to which he was called with acknowledged credit and ability. He was a man of enlightened views, of clear intellect, of sound judgment, of first-class business talents, and of progressive enterprise. Such a man must necessarily be intimately associated with the growth and prosperity of the section with which he identifies himself; and the name of William A. Richmond is enrolled among Michigan's honored pioneers. He died at Grand Rapids, in the summer of 1870, at the age of sixty-two. R. R.

JUSTUS C. ROGERS.

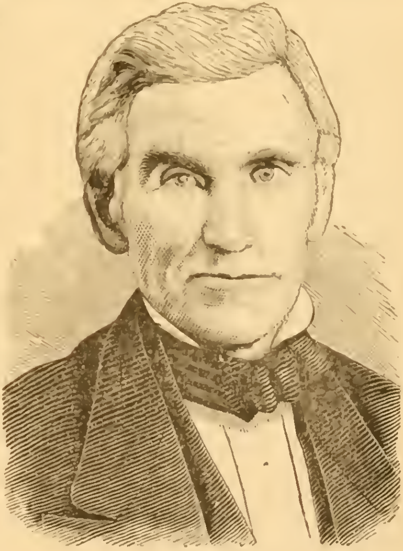
This man is mentioned as one of the earliest settlers of Wyoming, where he has always resided. He is a Vermonter, born Feb. 22d, 1813, at Middletown, Rutland county. His father was a farmer and tanner; and he, until his majority, followed the same occupations, varying them by attending school or teaching during the winters. At the age of 22 he married Miss Eliza M. French (who still is with him), and set out to find him a home in the West. After a stormy passage on the lake, in which the vessel was stranded, he arrived at Detroit, and from there on foot, with his pack swung on his back, he went through Illinois and Michigan, bringing up at the Grand River Valley, finally locating at Wyoming, where he has always lived, a respected, useful and honorable citizen.

Mr. R. is a man after no model but his own; enthusiastic and ardent in his ideas as a reformer. He has been long known for his zealous antagonism to tobacco — writing, printing, and preaching against its use. He has shown himself an able writer. For a time he was assistant editor of a paper — "The Great Western Journal."

Justus C. Rogers.

Whatever may be the opinion of others concerning the wisdom of his ideas, all concede that conviction of right is the only guide of his life and conduct — that as a devoted philanthropist, he labors alone for the good of mankind. Serious, almost to melancholy, he is always ruled by an overpowering idea. Latterly he has devoted himself to mathematical pursuits, and especially to the construction of more perfect tables of Logarithms. Into this work he throws himself with his peculiar enthusiasm, and he is undoubtedly master of it. Whether it is called for or not by the exigencies of science is very problematical. But his full tables, carrying the decimals to fifteen figures, is proof of indefatigable labor and inextinguishable zeal.

He is, and has been, a scientific farmer; clearing up and improving a large farm, and making himself prominent in the Agricultural Society, as its President, etc.


Leonard Slater.

LEONARD SLATER.

[For a sketch of the life and work of this pioneer missionary, see page 301.]

LEONIDAS SCRANTON.

Leonidas Scranton.

Mr. Scranton was born June 21, 1822, at Covington, Wyoming county, N. Y. In early life he had the advantage of a good common school education; and in addition, pursued his studies in the Academy at Romeo, under Prof. Notting, having a strong penchant toward mathematics and surveying.

At the age of nineteen, we find him with Wm. A. Burt, assisting in the survey of township lines in the Upper Peninsula, with whom he learned the practical part of Government surveying. He followed that business until 1847; either attending school or teaching in the winter. In 1847, he came to Grattan, and purchased land on Sections 12 and 13.

In 1845, he was in charge of one of Dr. Houghton's surveying parties in the mineral region of the Upper Peninsula. The Doctor was drowned while conducting this survey.

He was married this year to Miss ——, daughter of Ephraim Calkin, of McComb county.

In 1856, Mr. S. was elected Register of Deeds for Kent county, which office he held for four years. While in this office, he, for his own convenience, made abstracts of all the titles in the county, on a plan originated by himself; which abstracts, now the property of the county, have been established by law as "*prima facie*" evidence of titles. This was rendered necessary by the fire which destroyed the county records.

After the battle of Bull Run, he entered the service of the country, as 1st Lieutenant in the 2d Michigan Cavalry; spent the winter of 1861-2 in the Camp of Instruction at St. Louis, under Gen. Gordon Granger; was first under fire at New Madrid, Mo.; participated in the siege of Corinth—was under Sheridan.

July 1, 1862, in a fight at Brownsville, being in command of Company F, on picket when the attack was made, by persistent fighting, he gave time for preparations by the General, for which he was promoted to Captain. It is sufficient to say that for three years he was mingled with the fortunes of the army in Tennessee and Kentucky, serving under Sheridan and Rosencrans; was promoted Major Oct. 26, 1862; accompanied Sherman to Atlanta, in command of his regiment. He was in the fight at Buzzard Roost; and opened the battle at Resaca; driving in the rebel pickets and outposts, and taking the first line of earth-works before the infantry came up. He was in the fight at Locust Mountain, and again at Powder Springs. He was commissioned Colonel, Dec. 20, 1864. His commission as Colonel was given at the close of his service as a compliment to a gallant officer,

Peace restored, Col. Scranton returned to Grand Rapids, where he has settled down to the business of carriage building. Still in his prime, long may he live.

ALONZO SESSIONS.

For many facts concerning Mr. Sessions, the reader is referred to the History of Berlin.

From the earliest times he has been identified with the interests of Ionia county. He had his origin in New York; born at Skaneateles, Aug. 4th, 1810; lived with his his father, with common advantages for personal improvement, until he was of age. At the age of 17 he commenced teaching, and for a number of years was a part of the time so employed. For a time he was clerk in a store at Bennington, Genesee county.

CROSSCUP & WEST PHILA.

Alonzo Sessions.

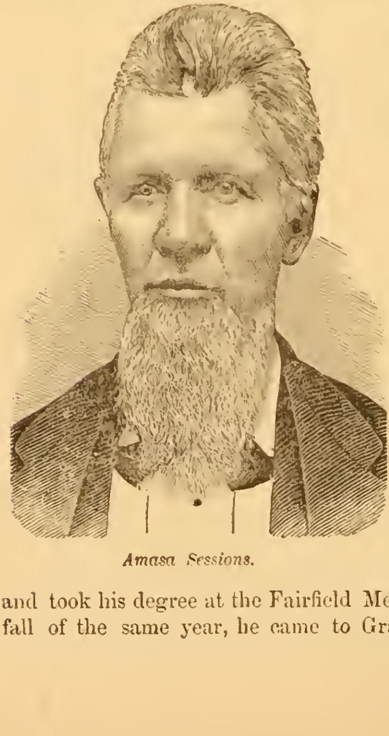
In October, 1835, he came to Michigan to reside. Mr. Sessions is a man of commanding presence, energetic, with strong convictions—a natural leader—one of those who will have decided friends, and whose go-ahead energy will provoke and secure opposition. His honor and integrity are, by those that dislike him, conceded to be beyond doubt. With a genial and social nature, and rare conversational powers, he is an agreeable companion and warm friend; perhaps not very valuable as an antagonist. His stern sense of honor, and unyielding self-respect have not always led him to steer clear of others' antagonism—but by his friends he is considered a friend worth possessing, and by those, who love him not, he is respected as "a foeman worthy of one's steel."

Soon it was found that Mr. S. was a man the public could make use of He was made Justice of the Peace in 1836, Supervisor of Cass, and chairman of the board in 1838, sheriff of the county in 1840. For seventeen years he was supervisor and eight times chairman of the board. He was in the State Legislature from 1856 to 1862. Internal Revenue Assessor 1862—four years. Director of First National Bank at Ionia; its President since 1866; President of the Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company. Was Presidential Elector in 1872. At present (1877) he is Lieutenant-Governor of Michigan.

In 1837, he married Miss Celia Dexter, daughter of the pioneer of Ionia. He has seven living children, and has lost about as many.

AMASA SESSIONS.

Brother of the foregoing, now resident in Ionia, has been, in fortune and adventure, identified with him. As we have been unable to obtain the facts of his life-history, further than they are given in the history of Berlin, the reader is referred to what is there said of him.


Amasa Sessions.

CHARLES SHEPARD.

Dr. Shepard is one of the pioneer physicians of the Valley, being the third who established themselves as resident physicians. The first was the now venerable Lincoln of Ionia; the second, Willson, the too early dead. Dr. S. was born at Fairfield, Herkimer county, N. Y., July 18, 1812, in humble circumstances, and had but the common school chance for education. Ambitious, he went to studying medicine with Dr. H. W. Doolittle. He attended lectures and took his degree at the Fairfield Medical College, March, 1835. In the fall of the same year, he came to Grand Rapids, then but a backwoods village. There was little to do, and he eked out an existence by surveyng. He and Willson soon after entered into partnership.

Charles Shepard.

From this humble beginning he has grown with the growth of the region; has long been the leading physician, and has taken rank among the most prominent citizens. He has been more especially known as *the* surgeon, having performed most of the operations which are tests of surgical skill. Now he leaves the most of medical practice to those who need the business, and limits himself to his office.

Dr. S., for several years, was one of the City Fathers, and at one time, mayor.

In 1836, he married Miss Lucinda Putnam. He has had the great misfortune to lose his wife and five children—his all. His wife died in April, 1872.

Dr. Shepard is still alive, and will read this notice. Therefore, as he has taken a new lease of life, little will be said to characterize him. If the wishes of the people could avail, he will live forever. But if he ever does die, there will be a rousing funeral.

Robert P. Sinclair.

ROBERT P. SINCLAIR.

This gentleman is of Irish parentage; the family coming to America in 1811, and settling in Seneca county, N. Y., at a place now known as Sinclair's Landing, on Cayuga Lake. Here Mr. Sinclair became an extensive land owner and dealer in grains, amassing a large fortune.

Robert S. was born at Romulus, Oct. 17th, 1814. In his early life he had every advantage for obtaining a finished education. He fitted for college at Homer and Ovid Academies. In the fall of 1835, he entered Geneva College as a Sophomore. After one year, he went to Edinboro, Scotland, where he graduated in 1839; having, during his vacations, traveled in England and France. Shortly after graduating he returned to America, and came to Ann Harbor, Mich., where he read law with Kingsley Morgan, and was admitted to the bar in 1843. For some years he was a business man in Washtenaw county, building and running a flouring mill. In 1846, he sold out and came to Grand Rapids, where he established himself as a lawyer and insurance agent, serving the county four years as Judge of Probate.

Soon after the breaking out of the war, at the solicitation of the Irish citizens, he obtained authority to raise a regiment of infantry. For this purpose he was commissioned Colonel, and raised the Michigan 14th Infantry, commonly called the "Irish Volunteers." The regiment first went to St. Louis, Mo., and were first ordered to report to Gen. Halleck, at Pittsburg Landing, afterwards to Gen. Pope at Hamburg Landing. They were engaged in the battles at Farmington and Corinth, and were with the army at Big Springs. They made a forced marched from Big Springs to Tuscumbia. Ala. Against orders, and on his own responsibility, Col. S. put his regiment in light marching order, and brought it through in better shape than any other. The regiment was at the siege of Corinth, in the battle at Stone River, and several others of less notoriety.

In the spring of 1863, broken health compelled Col. S. to retire from the service. Resigning his commission, he returned to Grand Rapids.

In 1866, he was appointed Revenue Collector for the Fourth District in Michigan. In this office he did not long remain, as the Senate did not confirm his and many others of President Johnson's nominations.

A private citizen once more, Mr. S. returned to his old employment, which has resulted in fixing him as one of the solid men of Grand Rapids.

He was married Sept. 17th, 1850, to Miss Julia H. Allen.

Mr. Sinclair is a man of more than ordinary height; quiet and unassuming in his deportment—rather inclined to be diffident; never blows his trumpet, or tries to make a display. As a lawyer, he seldom appears at the bar, confining himself to office business. He is more known as a business man than as a lawyer. It is not best to fully characterize the living. As we trust Col. S. has yet good years to pass before giving in his final account, we will leave the characterization incomplete.

Henry Spring.

HENRY SPRING.

This gentleman, who has been prominent as a merchant and member of the city council, was born at Farmersville, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., Feb. 7, 1830. His father was a farmer there, and is now a resident in the town of Cannon. Soon after coming to Michigan, in 1846, young Henry commenced clerking in the stores at Grand Rapids. In 1854, he began business as a trader, in partnership with Amos Rathbun and David Burnett. In 1869 the well-known firm of Spring & Avery was formed, which was dissolved in 1876. He is now the leading partner in a heavy dry goods store. In 1870, he was elected alderman and served two years in the city council.

Canton Smith.

In 1854, he married Miss Annis A. Salisbury.

Still in his prime, and as we hope, with the best part of his life-work before him, we say little of him; trusting that the past is only an earnest of the future.

CANTON SMITH.

A pioneer of 1837, Mr. Smith has been, and is, one of the landmarks; having been from the first, until lately, a leading hotel-keeper, long identified with the National — which, rebuilt, has been christened the "Morton."

He was born at Scituate, R. I., Oct. 26th, 1822; was bred a farmer.

In 1827, he married Miss Ann Angell, a woman of rare excellence, who died about 1864.

Mr. Smith has always been an unobtrusive citizen, quietly attending to his own business, diversifying it a little with roving adventure.

Now, in the quiet of independence, with enough of this word's goods and a fair young wife, he is enjoying his ease. He has "seen the elephant;" has hunted grizzlys; fed the hungry, and been happy. May his last days be his best.

J. Mortimer Smith.

J. MORTIMER SMITH.

Born in New Milford, Conn.; moved to Dutchess county, New York, in childhood; to Michigan in 1836. Bought land and entered largely into the real estate business. Married in Washington City, 1855.

MARTIN L. SWEET.

Martin L. Sweet.

Mr. Sweet is one of those men, who, without the advantages which render rising in the world natural and easy, have placed themselves in business and social prominence. He originated in New York, as did most of the early settlers in the Grand River Valley. Born at Paris, Oneida county, February 21st, 1819; brought up to hard work in a grist-mill, with limited chances for education, and obliged to work for all he ever expected to have, he has justly the credit of being ranked as a self-made man. He worked for others at his trade as a miller until 1842, when he came to Michigan, and built a flouring mill at Delhi. In March, 1846, in company with John L. Clements, he commenced running the "big mill" at Grand Rapids—that mill, whose blackened timbers are now (1876) the sole remnant of the early structure on the canal. "*Requiescat in pace*" must now be said of that structure, which, in its origin, was a part of an unwise enterprise, only partly carried out.

But thinking of the venerable old mill, which had become hoary with age, we have departed from Mr. Sweet. In 1854, he built a large mill on the east side of Canal street, which, too, has gone up in smoke.

In 1868, he completed the hotel at the foot of Pearl street, and which is known as Sweet's Hotel.

He has long been engaged in banking; succeeded Daniel Ball as a private banker. His bank in time became the First National. Of that bank he was for many years the president.

Mr. Sweet served the city four years as alderman, and one year as mayor.

It is sufficient to say of him that *financially*, he is a *success;* that personally, everybody likes him for his frank simplicity and business integrity. He puts on no airs, and feels himself no bigger than he did when he was a poor boy, sitting by the hopper at the mill, picking out what should not be ground with the wheat.

Still hard at work, and not venerable with age, the time has not come to give the results of his life. We know this much—that while he lives he will go ahead, and will help to keep things moving; and we hope his genial presence and business enterprise will not soon be among the things missing at Grand Rapids.

CONRAD G. SWENSBERG.

Conrad G. Swensberg.

One of the institutions of which Grand Rapids is justly proud, is the Commercial College—established and sustained by a man still young, whose sense of honor, at the time when quack "commercial colleges" were springing up in all parts of the country, led him, modestly beginning, to attempt to start a school which should be all it claimed; whose basis should be thorough instruction and strictly honorable dealing. With this end in view, he came to Grand Rapids with one whom in charity we will leave namelss, and opened a school—he doing the work, his partner managing to pocket the avails; and in six months leaving him to pay the debts that had been incurred, to the amount of $1,200.

Mr. S., happily relieved of Mr. Blank, set himself to work to carry out his cherished plan, carrying the load that had been left upon him. This was in 1866.

As it is expected and hoped that Swensberg's Commercial College will be one of the institutions of the city, and that it will, as long as he has the charge of it, speak for itself, through its graduates, it has been judged sufficient to give its origin, its principles, and the results of its ten years' existence.

Prof. S., scorning all quackery, aims to make the instruction thorough, exhaustive and practical; and the testimony of leading business men is uniform, to the superiority of the training received under him. The Professor, having no horn of his own to blow, relies upon the *results* of his labors, and not on his professions. Those results have established the fame of his school as one that, standing on an honorable basis, needs no puffing.

Professor Swensberg is a German; born at Cassel, Sept. 20th, 1835. When eleven years old, he came with his parents and an only sister to the United States. His father settled at Linn Grove, Erie county, Ohio. Being the only son, he was wanted on the farm (studying at intervals), but allowed to indulge his fancy for ship-building. His course of life and home associations, added to a fine physical organization, resulted in that cheerfulness of disposition, business-like habits, and practical character, which have rendered him so successful as a teacher.

In 1857, his parents moved to the city of Muscatine, Iowa, where they soon after died. He then tried pioneer life in Iowa and Minnesota; taking up government land, and laying out townships and villages. For two years he was clerk on the steamboat Equator, on the Mississippi. He held, during his residence in Iowa, various positions of trust from State and county. In 1861, in accordance with a long cherished desire, he entered upon a course of study at Oberlin, O., having previously spent some six years in the study of German and music. For four years he centered at Oberlin, but in that time entered the army as a private; was directly promoted to assistant-adjutant, and afterwards to commissary-sergeant. A letter from his commanding officer to the author speaks of him as a very meritorious officer, worthy of a higher position. In 1866, as before stated, he came to Grand Rapids. The Professor is not a cypher out of his school. He has a heart to encourage and a hand to aid every good work, and is identified with some of the manufacturing interests of the city, as well as its Christian and benevolent institutions. Still a young man, long may his genial presence and active spirit have their natural influence.

Calvin Thompson.

CALVIN THOMPSON,

Was born Oct. 1, 1820, at Guilford, Chenango county, N. Y. In 1836, he came with his father's family to Jackson county, Mich., and in 1843, at the age of twenty-three, he located his present beautiful homestead on section 25, in the town of Courtland, where, by industry, economy and fair dealing with his fellow men, he has become one of the most thrifty and independent farmers of the county.

He is one of the public men of his town, filling various offices—supervisor, etc. He has two sons, John and William, each of whom he has settled on a first-class farm in Courtland.

He died in 1876.

JACOB WINSOR.

He was the son of Darius Winsor; born in Onondaga county, New York, June 11th, 1816; and came with the family, in 1833, to Michigan. He spent his younger days in the employ of others, in the mercantile business, especially with the Indians. Early in life the two brothers—Zenas G. and Jacob—in partnership carried on a very diversified business—Indian trade, general trade, dealing in lumber, building and running saw-mills—in fine, anything that had money in it. They built the stone store at the corner of Monroe and Waterloo streets, one of the first solid structures in Grand Rapids. In the earlier years of Grand Rapids their firm was one of the best known, doing

Jacob Winsor.

in general that kind of round-about business which was compulsory at the time, when everything was barter and no cash. With their ups and downs, their successes and reverses, they were on the whole one of the most successful and enterprising business firms in the Valley.

Mr. Winsor was in business an adventurer. For some years he was a silver miner in California; and he also, when the plaster fever and salt enthusiasm were on the people, invested heavily, worked energetically, and made a good deal of money—over the left.

Jacob Winsor was not a man easily characterized, and not easy to understand. He was below ordinary size, quick and nervous, positive and energetic, caring little for public opinion, putting his roughest side out. He was sympathetic and kind-hearted; a genial man in his family, and very social with the world. In business he was all push. He scorned hypocrisy; whatever faults he had he never attempted to hide, and it excited his ire if people gave him credit for any movement, however beneficial to the public, if he knew that his own interest was the motive of his action.

When a disease that never relents warned him that death was near, he looked destiny squarely in the face, and with philosophical coolness set about putting things in order for his leaving. He died December 22d, 1874.

His wife was Harriet Peck, of Lowell, who survives him.

MISS MARY W. WHITE.

This lady, the pioneer, and for a generation the only teacher at Grand Haven, was born at Ashfield, Mass., September 18th, 1813. Her advantages in early life were good. She was educated partly in the Sanderson Academy and partly by that famous lady teacher, Miss Mary Lyon, from whom she feels she gained her inspiration as a teacher. She commenced teaching at the age of sixteen; first a private, and then a district school in Ashfield. Afterwards she, with her sister, taught a boarding school in Amherst, Mass.

June 10th, 1835, she came to Grand Haven, and soon opened a private school in the house of Mr. Ferry, nearly without pay. On the organizing of the district, she took charge of the school; in which she continued constantly, with the exception of a few months, until 1852. She then taught at Steubenville, Ohio, one year; and afterwards, ten years as associate teacher in the seminary at Rockford, Illinois; making in all thirty-four years of zealous labor as a teacher of the young.

Miss White, now verging towards old age, is in the quiet enjoyment of a competence, and is the honored head of the bachelor-home of her nephew—Senator T. W. Ferry, who was educated by her; and whose pride is, in her age, to cherish the guide of his youth.

WARREN W. WEATHERLEE.

Warren W. Weatherlee.

In early times at Grand Rapids, the old settlers will recollect a modest young man who spent much of his time teaching school. We had not then the palatial school houses which are our pride at the present day; but everything was on a modest scale. The young man referred to, was the subject of the present sketch. He has been identified with the city until the present time. Never a public man, except in his younger years, as a teacher, in which business he secured a good reputation. He was, early in the history of the noted hardware concern, so long identified with the name of the noble Wilder D. Foster, employed as a salesman. In this capacity he has ever since remained—the right-hand man of the concern.

He was born in Madison county, N. Y., in 1820; had the advantages of an academic education; learned the trade of cabinet maker; early assumed the business of a teacher. In 1844, he came to Grand Rapids, which was then a small place—one of the outskirts of civilization. His life has been an uneventful one. With high business capacity, he has chosen to remain in others' employ, rather than assume the hazards of doing business in his own name. The confidence of the firm in him is unlimited; and he don't work on a meager salary. His history has the one lesson: "Fidelity, energy and devotion to the interest of an employer, will be appreciated and rewarded," especially by such men as W. D. Foster. It is not always the best men that make the greatest spread, or whose biography is the most conspicuous.

DR. ELMER WOODRUFF.

The subject of this article was born in the town of Farmington, Connecticut, Feb. 22, 1816. In his early childhood his parents removed to Cortland, N. Y., where they settled on a farm. Until seventeen years of age he worked on the farm, with the common advantages of country boys at the time. He then was apprenticed to the trade of cabinet and chair maker. In 1836, he came to Michigan, and worked at his trade at Homer, Calhoun county, and at Union City, on the St. Joseph River. At the last place he married Eleanor, the daughter of John Burt, of Homer. He afterwards removed to Albion, where he carried on his business as cabinet maker until 1857. He then abandoned his trade, and turned his attention to medicine.

Elmer Woodruff.

Fired with the thirst for gold and adventure, in 1851 he set out for California, but an untoward accident compelled his return, having gone no further than the isthmus. There he was accidentally shot through the lungs, and life was only saved by four months of the most careful and skillful treatment. His case excited interest among the medical savans of New York, and a fac-simile representing it is now in the Anatomical Museum there.

In the year 1859, he commenced medical practice in the town of Decatur, Van Buren county. From there he came to Grand Rapids, where he has been in successful practice as a botanic physician ever since.

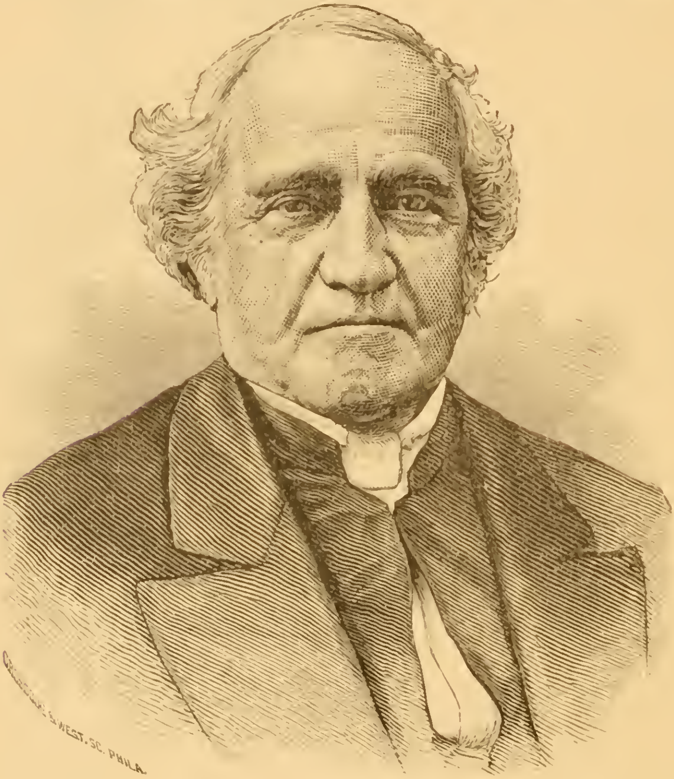
It is understood that the doctor is engaged in writing a philosophical work. It will be time to speak of it when it appears. He is original in his conceptions, and an innovator on current philosophy. With the enthusiasm of one who believes what he writes, he hopes to enlighten mankind.

The doctor has raised a family of one son and three daughters, all of whom are settled in life. Not an old man, he is still resident at Grand Rapids, as a physician, in quiet office practice; and is identified with the Spiritualists, as one of their leaders.

CORNELIUS VANDER MEULER.

This man was a marked character, having a history in Holland and in Michigan. He was born at Middelhamus, in the kingdom of the Netherlands, in 1800. His early life was not conspicuous, and his education but common. He engaged in secular business until he was about 35 years of age. During this time he was a free-thinker, and man of the world. At this period his mind was turned to religion, and for the rest of his life he was a devout and laborious minister of the gospel.

The religion of the State was too cold for such as Vander Meuler. At about this time there was a secession from the State church, in which he heartily joined, being the first in his place to secede. He was made an elder in the church there established, and in 1838, became their pastor. He moved to Utrecht, where he for a time studied under the Rev. H. P. Scholte, and was ordained and went to Rotterdam. He became a kind of apostle in the new movement; preached fearlessly and under civil persecution and social ostracism. His zeal had abundant results. Fearless and reliant, he preached in the open fields, in barns, and private houses. Mobbed and persecuted, he rose in enthusiasm, defying law and popular violence.


WEST. SC. PHILA.

Cornelius Vander Meuler.

For the sake of religious freedom, in 1841, many Hollanders removed to America. Vander Meuler was the religious leader of the emigrants from the province of Zeeland, who founded the village of Zeeland, in Michigan. With them he labored until 1859, when he went to Chicago. In 1861 he came to Grand Rapids, as pastor of the Second Reformed Church, where he labored until age and infirmity compelled him to resign in 1873. He died August 23d, 1876, and was buried at Zeeland.

With the Holland people his will always be an honored name. An extended memoir has been published in the Holland language. Personally, Mr. Vander Meulen was an admirable man—genial, social, and somewhat humorous. He was high-principled and manly. To know him was to be his friend. His life was an eventful one, and it came to a dignified close.

FRANCIS VAN DRIELLE.

Francis Van Drielle

Among the Hollanders who came to this region about 1848, was the man whose name heads this article. He is a native of Zeeland; born June 6, 1816. When about twelve years old his father died, leaving him the oldest of four children, dependent upon his mother, who had no means of support except her labor. She, earning barely a dollar a week, contrived by the closest calculations to keep her family together. Would you know the close calculations of honest poverty, get Van Drielle to tell of his noble mother's management. Francis found, after a while, employment with a baker; from the effects of carrying the baker's basket around the town, he has never recovered.

In 1847, in hopes of bettering his fortune he came to America. He at first found employment for about a year on the Delaware & Hudson Canal. In July, 1848, he came to Grand Rapids, where he dug in the canal. He soon found employment in the mill of Clemens & Sweet, in whose employ he remained fifteen years. In the meantime some favorable investments in real estate had given him confidence to start business for himself, and he went into the flour and feed business, in which he has since remained. In 1868 he built a block of stores on the south side of Monroe street. The result of all is he is now in the enjoyment of an abundant competence.

Mr. Van Drielle is strongly identified with the Reformed Church, in which for 20 years he has been an elder. In his present condition he does not forget the state of humility from which he has risen, but thankful to the Divine Providence that has favored his efforts, cheerfully enjoys life, and hopes still to act for the welfare of others.

WM. C. YOUNG.

Wm. C. Young.

This A No. 1 farmer, whose hearty hospitality makes his home a very desirable place to become acquainted with, represents his life as an uneventful one; simply directed to the building up of a fortune, and establishing a good name as a plain, honest, open-hearted and social man. As such, we welcome his hearty countenance to this book, and wish a greater percentage of the world were of the same stamp.

He began life at Little Britain, Orange county, N. Y., in 1821; was bred a farmer, and always has been one. At the age of twenty-one, he spent some two years looking over the United States—South and West—seeking the place where all things would be to his liking. He found no such El Dorado; but finally, in June, 1844, gravitated to the township of Cannon, where he made a large purchase of government land, and where he has always lived; where he has made farming a success; prospered and grown rich; being one of the heaviest farmers in Kent county.

In 1850, he took to himself a wife—Miss Maria J. Arnott. They have two living sons—David and Willis.

Mr. Young makes no display; but, as a Christian gentleman of the old school, is a free contributor to religious and charitable purposes; and is believed in, by those who know him, as a prompt man, whose word is a bond, and whose honesty is without reproach.

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